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THE NEW YORKER

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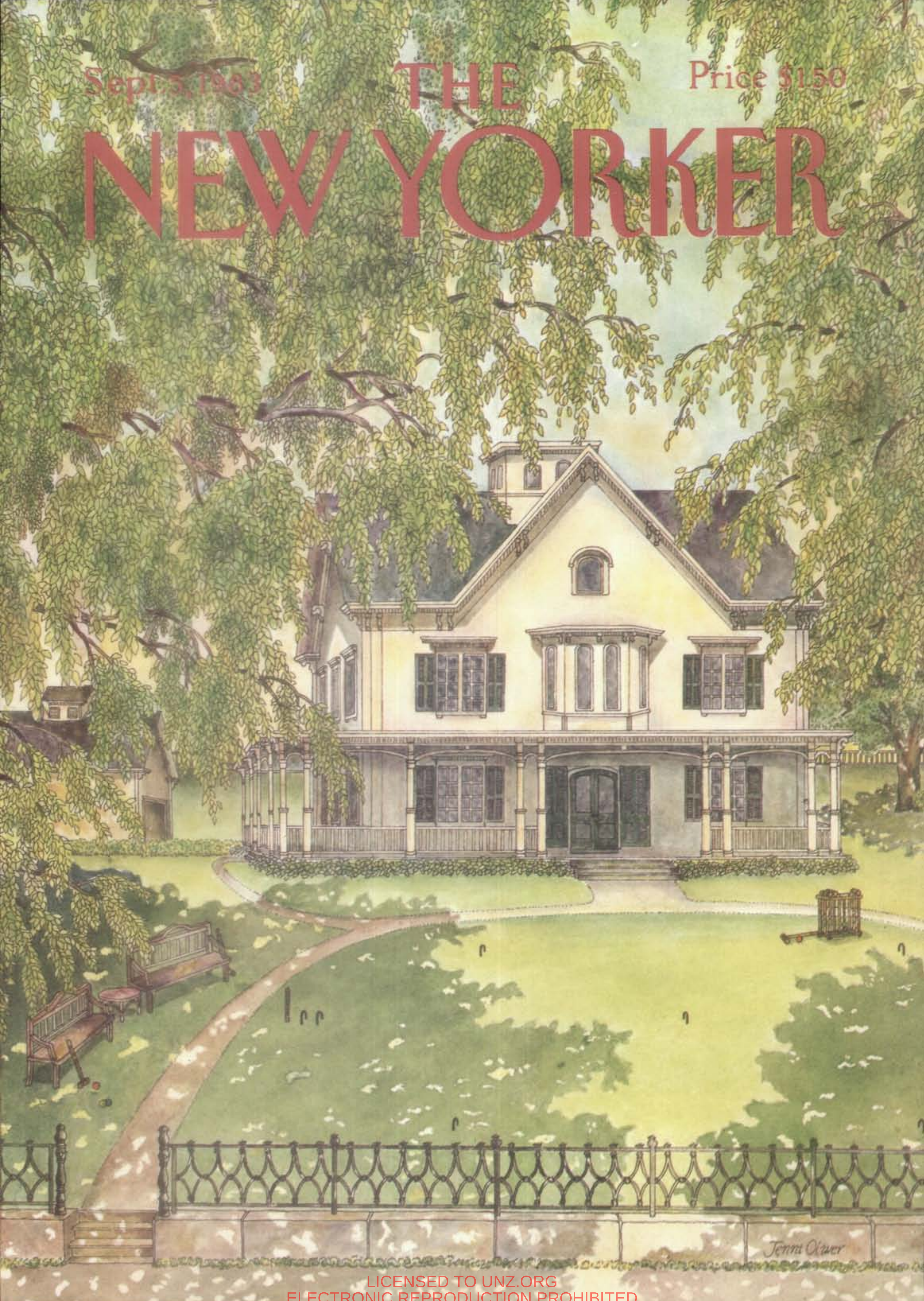
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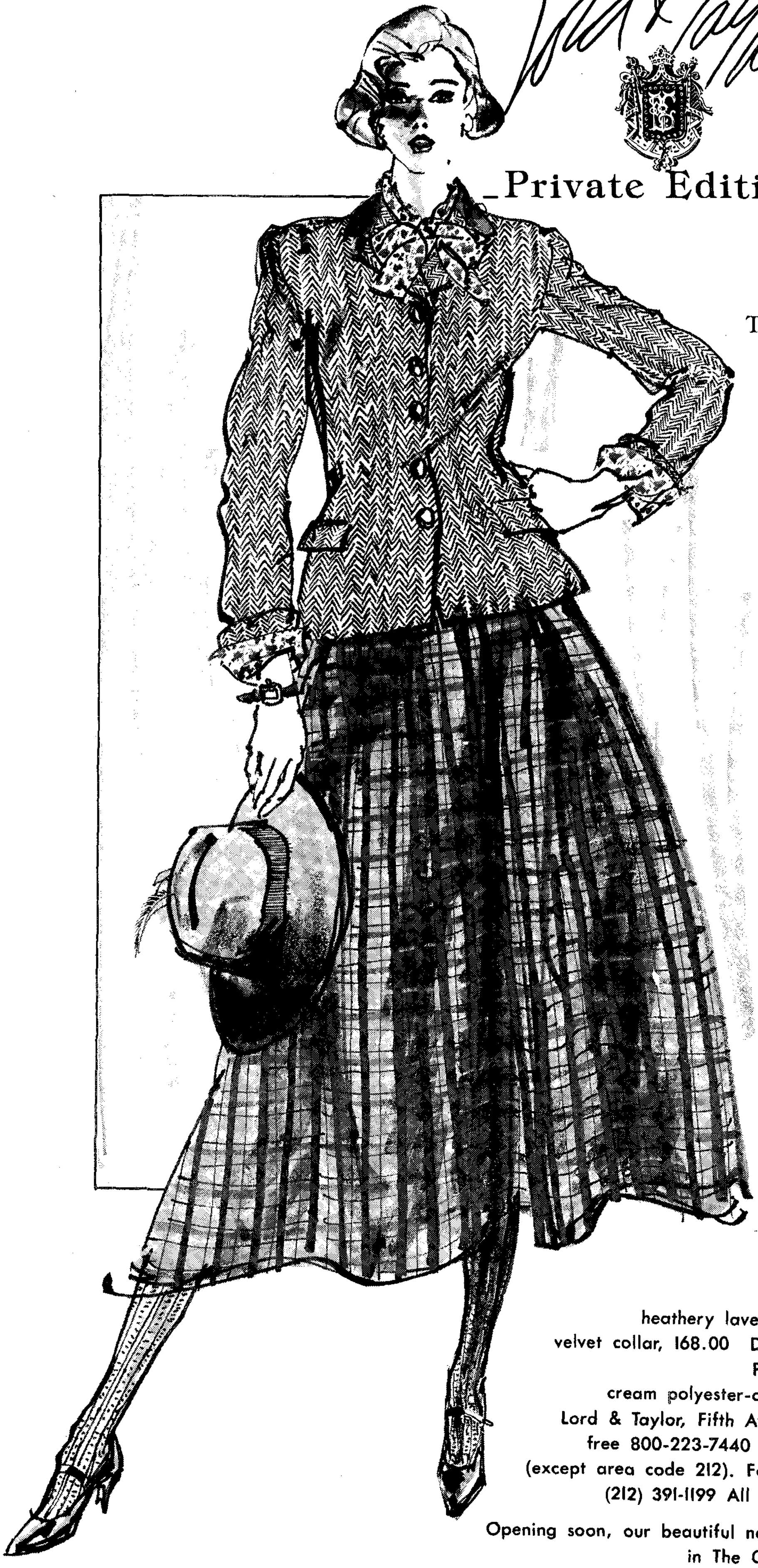

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) No performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 6-7.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Now with Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by Michael Moriarty and Philip Bosco, breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Corn Is Green—An inept production of the sturdy old classic by Emlyn Williams. Cicely Tyson is an unconvincing Miss Moffat, though Peter Gallagher does well as Morgan Evans, the raw Welsh lad whom Miss Moffat pushes upward *into* Oxford *and* so, one guesses, into the authorship of "The Corn Is Green." (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book "How to Become a Virgin." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

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Jeeves Takes Charge—An amiable entertainment devised by Edward Duke from the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Mr. Duke, who appears as Jeeves and Bertie Wooster and many members of their immediate circle, is the entertainer. The stylish period settings are by Carl Toms. (6/27/83) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

The Knack—This tame and rather listless revival of Ann Jellicoe's comedy about three young men in a basement flat in London and a young woman who pokes her head through an open window and then joins them is almost redeemed by the spirited, witty performance of Daniel Gerroll. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 11.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 11: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays are being presented in two parts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part I:

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33

"SCRAPBOOK OF Y. V. ANDROPOV" . . . . *Bruce McCall* 38

"THE JAGUAR SUN" . . . . *Italo Calvino* 40

"THE ROCKETTES" (POEM) . . . . *John Updike* 42

"FINALE" (POEM) . . . . *Dick Allen* 46

PERSONAL HISTORY (VED MEHTA'S CHILDHOOD—PART III) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 49

"INSIDE AND OUT" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Phillips* 93

LETTER FROM EUROPE . . . . *Jane Kramer* 94

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 102

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 104

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 106

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 112

COVER: *Jenni Oliver*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Joseph Farris, Michael Maslin, William Steig, Mischa Richter, Vahan Shirvanian, Warren Miller, Ed Fisher, Edward Koren, Mick Stevens, Jack Ziegler, Stan Hunt, Arnie Levin, Robert Weber, Gahan Wilson, Barney Tobey*

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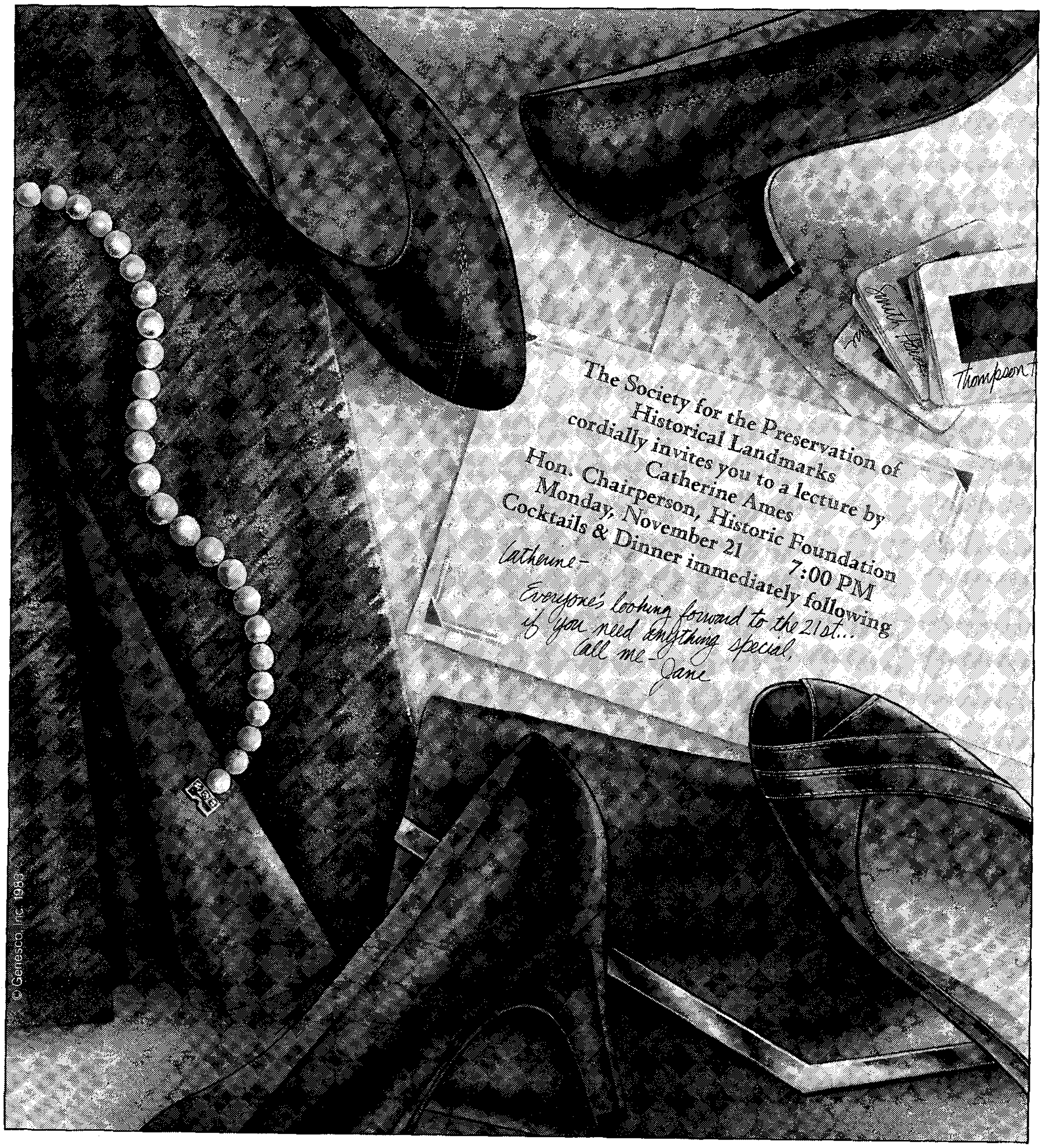
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday and Friday at 8, and Sunday at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Preppies—A foolish, harmless musical spoof. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 11.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—Eddie Albert, Colleen Dewhurst, and an army of others, in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Lily Knight. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Birney, John Thomas Waite, and Maureen Moore heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,712 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:15, and Sunday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinée Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursday, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—Opening performances of a two-week engagement. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 7-9, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 10, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. The solid weekend jazz lineup: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, pianist **JAKI BYARD'S** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **STANLEY TURRENTINE,** a compelling, funky tenor saxophonist whose music is accessible, fun, and sounds great on a car radio, leads his combo through Sunday, Sept. 4. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 5-6, will belong to flutist **HERBIE MANN** and his Latin-jazz sextet. Music from ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesday, Aug. 31, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO;** Thursday, Sept. 1, an evening of comedy with the Bond

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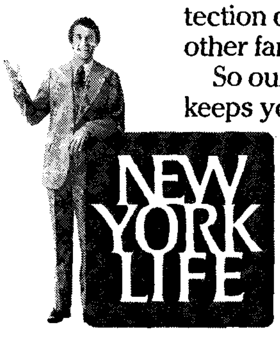

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Coalition, the Legendary Wid, Bob Nelson, Kenny Warren & "Leroy Cool," and film clips, too; Friday, Sept. 2, **BILL MONROE & THE BLUEGRASS BOYS**; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 5-6, Allan Holdsworth and IOU; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, **MONTEITH & RAND** and singer **BONNIE KOLOC**. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **MICHAEL MOORE** work out through Saturday, Sept. 3; Sunday, Sept. 4, will be claimed by **KIRK LIGHTSEY**; and on Monday, Sept. 5, **STEVE KUHN** will take charge with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays from eleven to two, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ**, who was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, winds up his stint on Saturday, Sept. 3. On Monday, Sept. 5, **ELLIS LARKINS**, the resident keyboard celebrity, will return. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Aug. 31, Broken Glass, the Dice, the Pet Clams, and the Taxed. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues, chants the blues, talks the blues, and sings stirring versions of "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "The Glory of Love," and "Somebody Loves Me." Her shows begin at nine-thirty. Sundays through Tuesdays, singer-pianist Peter Dean has the floor at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 31, Zenska Pesna; Thursday, Sept. 1, Mike Marshal and Darol Anger, with banjo wiz **TONY TRISCHKA**; Saturday, Sept. 3, Holland-America Line; and Saturday, Sept. 10, **SKYLINE**, Tony Trischka's bluegrass band. Music from nine.

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Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Sept. 4, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will take over the bandstand at about nine-fifteen. Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer heads his group from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ILLINOIS JACQUET**, the flame-throwing tenor-sax and bassoon soloist, fronts a big band here through Sunday, Sept. 4; on Tuesday, Sept. 6, West Coast trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** will bring in his quintet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Friday, Sept. 2, guitarist **DANNY KALB**; Saturday, Sept. 3, the Washington Squares; Sunday, Sept. 4, Jane Brucker; Tuesday, Sept. 6, Ferron (at eight and eleven); and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, **QUEEN IDA & THE BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND**, a bayou-blues-and-Cajun outfit. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. Wednesday, Aug. 31, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, and singer **EBONY JO-ANN**; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 1-3, pianist and singer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS**; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 6-8, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY**; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, singer Val Eley's trio. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, the Jack Fragomeni trio is here; Mondays, Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**DICK WELLSTOOD**, who plays just about anything at all in a stride-piano style, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5, have been allotted to pianist **MIKE ABENE**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Sept. 3, and **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** beginning Tuesday, Sept. 6, and the Sunday and Monday guys, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

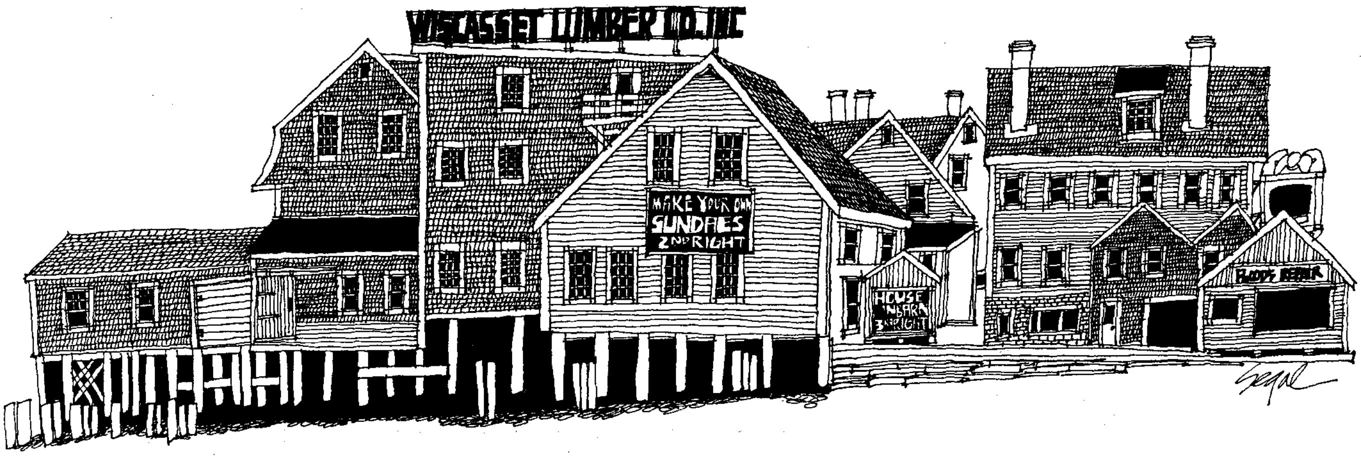
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can spot the down-home folks; they're the guys in Bermudas and sockless loafers who look like former high-school football players. The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 31, **DOUG SAHM**, who plays great Tex-Mex-Cajun-acid-country-rock-and-blues, and Delbert McClinton, who has a great *name*; Thursday, Sept. 1, the Steve Morse band. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. Lots of groups: Wednesday, Aug. 31, pianist **JOE ALBANY'S** quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 1-3, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD**; Sunday, Sept. 4, Horizon, with singers Bobby Watson and **CARMEN LUNDY**; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 8-11, **ALIVE!**, a Berkeley-based quintet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer-pianist Buddy Barnes performs a show entitled "To Mabel Mercer, with Love" Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 31, French hornist **JOHN CLARK**; Thursday, Sept. 1, Joe Coleman; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, pianist **MC COY TYNER**, intense and rhythmic as always; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and, lately, more-than-occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednes-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We're the new AT&T. A new company with a new symbol. But we're not exactly a newcomer. We have more than a hundred years' experience and a worldwide reputation. With the breakup of the Bell System, we know we must earn your confidence all over again—under new circumstances.

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And we'll offer you the most advanced technology from our world-renowned Bell Laboratories. That's a guarantee.

We'll be the brand name that means dependable, state-of-the-art phones for your home, the best information systems for your business and the one and only long distance service that lets you reach out and touch anyone, any time – across the nation and around the world.

We'll use our research, development and marketing talents to keep American communications technology the best in the world.

We're the new AT&T. Our new outlook is also our competitive strategy and our goal: to give you every reason, every day, to choose us.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Aug. 31, trumpeter **JACK WALRATH'S** quartet; Thursday, Sept. 1, vibraharpist **HARRY SHEPPARD'S** quartet; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, violinist **LEROY JENKINS**; Sunday, Sept. 4, trumpeter **TED CURSON**; Monday, Sept. 5, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD**; Wednesday, Sept. 7, the Pinch and Jeffe Bullitt; Thursday, Sept. 8, J.G. & the Initials, J'zzing, and the Boobs; Friday, Sept. 9, oboe specialist **PAUL MC CANDLESS** and pianist **ART LANDE**; and Saturday, Sept. 10, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH.** Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Sept. 2, the Dice; Saturday, Sept. 3, the Pə-dant-iks; Friday, Sept. 9, Our Daughter's Wedding; and Saturday, Sept. 10, the **FLESHTONES.** Live music from about eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER,** chief arranger for and trumpeter with the influential Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties, leads a septet through an updated version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Aug. 31, the **POLICE**; Thursday, Sept. 1, reggaeist **MAX ROMEO**; Friday, Sept. 2, the dB's; Saturday, Sept. 3, the Europeans and Pulsallama; Thursday, Sept. 8, Yellowman; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, Big Country. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 31, Connie James; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 1-2, guitarist **DOC POWELL**; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER**; Monday, Sept. 5, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Sept. 6, trombonist **BENNY POWELL** and a quintet; Wednesday, Sept. 7, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO**; Thursday, Sept. 8, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB**; and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 9-11, a sextet headed up by saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER.** Music from ten.

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SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, pianist **JORGE DALTO & THE INTERAMERICAN BAND,** with percussionist **CARLOS PATATO VALDEZ**; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, Sept. 6, Edison Machado; Wednesday, Sept. 7, percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS**; Thursday, Sept. 8, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday, Sept. 9, Brazuca; and Saturday, Sept. 10, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the South African pianist known for years as Dollar Brand, is here through Sunday, Sept. 4, playing his lilting, rolling music with his quintet, which features saxophonist **CARLOS WARD**; Monday, Sept. 5, will belong to pianist, composer, arranger, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his youthful, excitable orchestra; and on Tuesday, Sept. 6, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL,** who has played "Poinciana" about as many times as there are angels on the head of a pin, will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Where the spirit of fifties' rhythm and blues lives on, thank heavens: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, **ROSCO GORDON,** a Memphis R. & B. singer and pianist, will lead his band. Music from about nine.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll in the Roller Skating District: Wednesday, Aug. 31, Legendary Earthlings and the Catch; Thursday, Sept. 1, Intuition and Looker. Dancing to recorded music-with-a-beat Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to four; live shows from about ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for exuberant audiences: on Sept. 5, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and La Sonora Ponceña will share the stage with guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **TED CURSON.** On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, drummer **LENNY WHITE** and trumpeter **DONALD BYRD** will lead their respective groups; and on Tuesday, Sept. 6, Ruth Brisbane will sing with musicians from "One Mo' Time." Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Altoist **LEE KONITZ** and his moving-but-cool-school nonet wind up a week here on Saturday, Sept. 3; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5, the **MEL LEWIS** band will enjoy a two-night gig; and on Tuesday, Sept. 6, **KEITH JARRETT,** who makes Gene Kelly moves without ever leaving the piano bench, will come in with the great drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and bassist **GARY PEACOCK.** Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** and **GEORGE MRAZ** play piano-bass duets through Sunday, Sept. 4, and starting Tuesday, Sept. 6, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** will sing here. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tom Charlap has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday, Aug. 31, **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS** have the floor; and starting Thursday, Sept. 1, Haywood Henry will move in to play saxophone with his group. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SUN RA & HIS ARKESTRA—First City, 76 E.13th St. 505-0090. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4, at 9:30 and 11:30.

JAKI BYARD AND THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4, at 10 and midnight.

AIR SUPPLY—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 6-7, at 8.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON—With Kashif. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday. Sept. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8 and midnight.)

LAURA BRANIGAN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Sept. 9, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

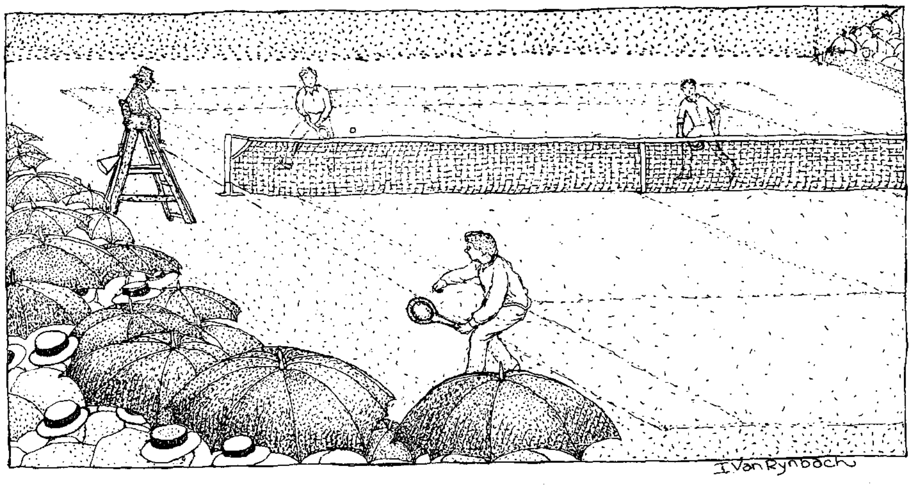
GALLERIES

TOM BUTTER—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

DOUG HILSON—Striking, life-size portraits made by deft erasures on a canvas blackened with graphite. Through Saturday, Sept. 10. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ROBERT LAURENT (1890-1970)—About twenty drawings and four or five sculptures dating from the twenties to the fifties. Through Sept. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CREATIVE TIME—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer. At **BATTERY PARK CITY,** Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts.: Art on the Beach (bring your beach pail) consists of six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. On Sept. 4, at 6:30: Johanna Boyce (dance). (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to the performance is five dollars.) . . . **ART IN THE ANCHORAGE,** Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn: Ten art installations shown in an indoor space under



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"Come to think of it,
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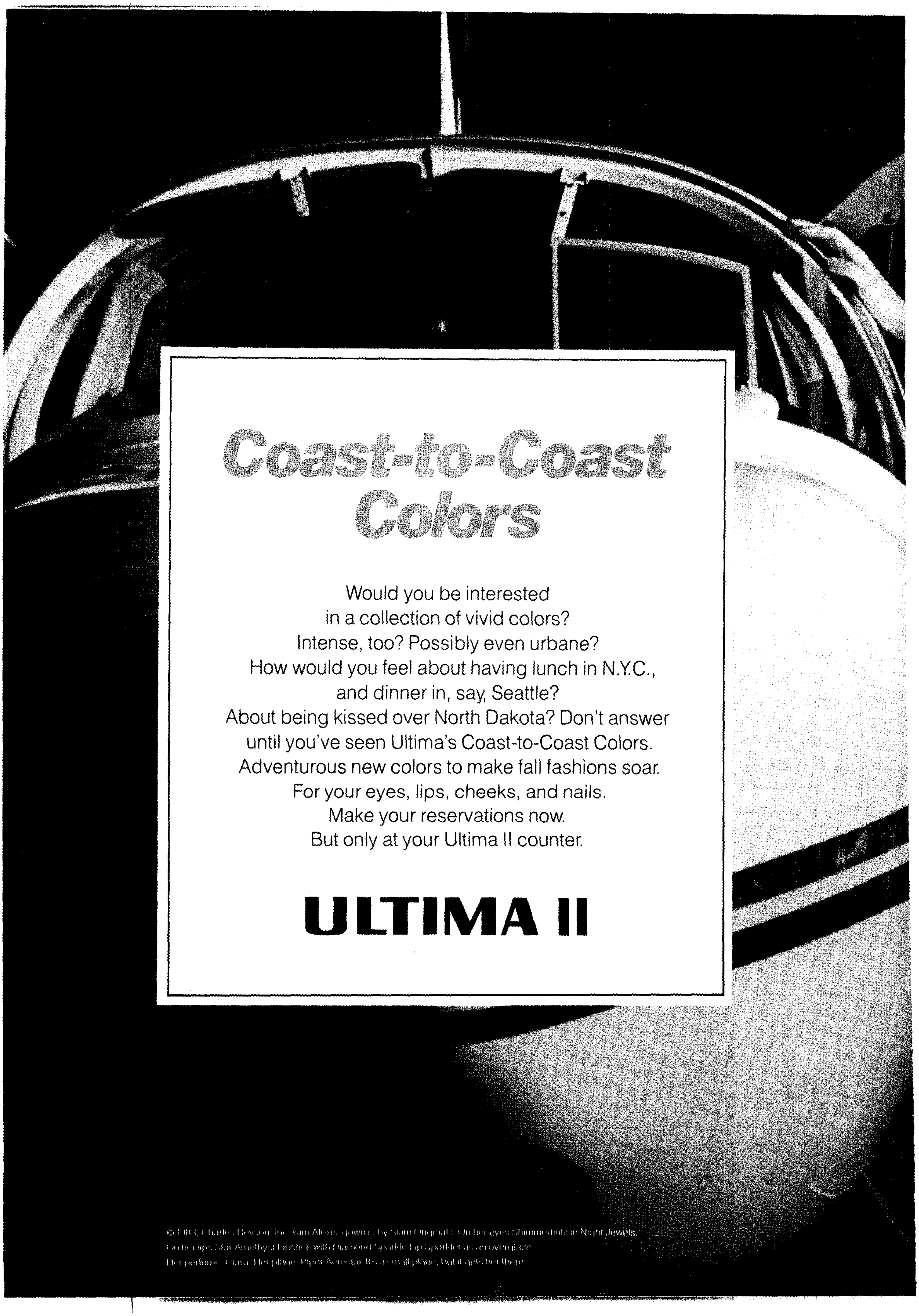


Coast-to-Coast Colors

Would you be interested
in a collection of vivid colors?
Intense, too? Possibly even urbane?
How would you feel about having lunch in N.Y.C.,
and dinner in, say, Seattle?
About being kissed over North Dakota? Don't answer
until you've seen Ultima's Coast-to-Coast Colors.
Adventurous new colors to make fall fashions soar.
For your eyes, lips, cheeks, and nails.
Make your reservations now.
But only at your Ultima II counter.

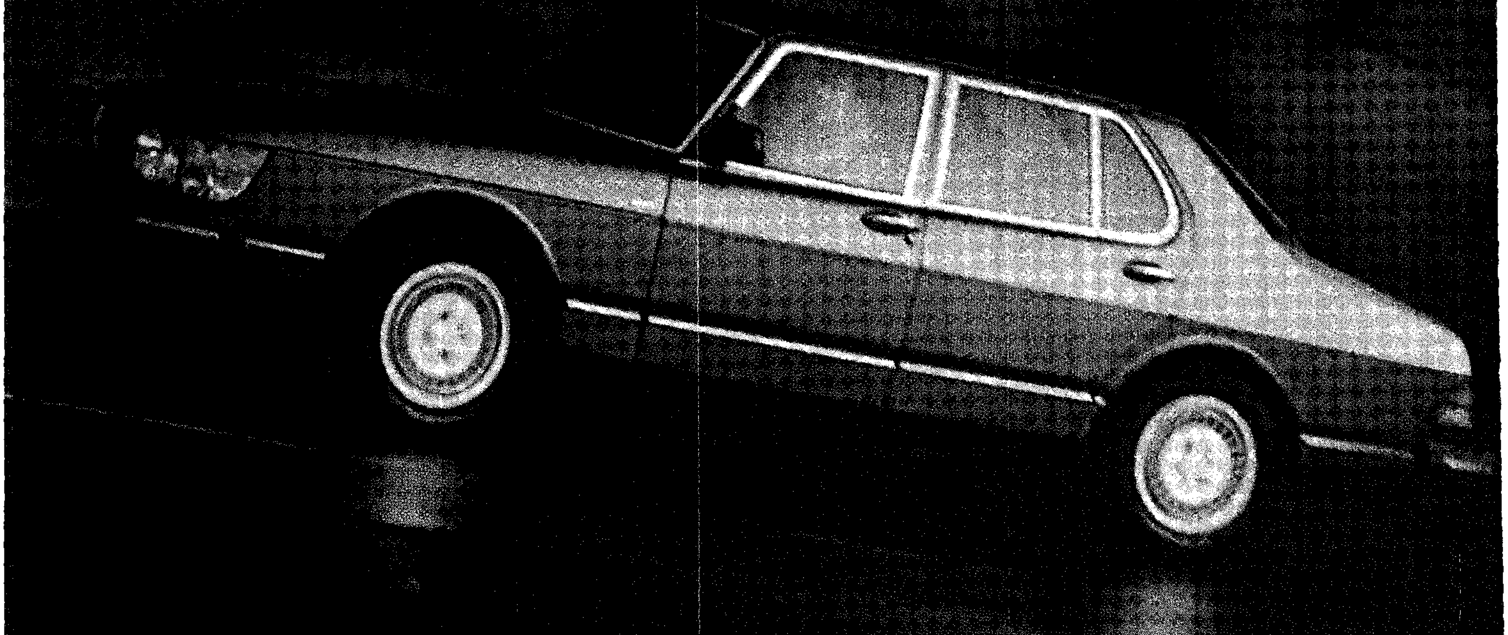
ULTIMA II

© 1983, Charles Revson, Inc. Pam Alers' gown by Stam Originals. On her eyes: Shimmertints in Night Jewels.
On her lips: Star Amethyst Lipstick with Diamond Sparkle Lip Sparkler as an overglaze.
Her perfume: Ciara. Her plane: Piper Aerostar. It's a small plane, but it gets her there.

JONES NEW YORK
SPORT

[illegible] ABRAHAM & [illegible]

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR SOMEONE WITH 3 KIDS, A MORTGAGE AND HEFTY ORTHODONTIA BILLS TO DRIVE A CAR HE ACTUALLY LIKES?



Congratulations. Here you are, an adult in contemporary America, with a full complement of domestic responsibilities.

And some years from now (after you've put the kids through college and after you've passed through much of your middle-age crisis) you figure you will be in a position to finally afford a car that will bring back the joys of driving you remember fondly from the days when you were irresponsibly single.

Except there is no reason for you to wait. Just by coincidence, there is a car with exceptional performance and handling that can liberate a person from the tedium of driving a boring car: the Saab 900.

Saabs start at about $11,000 which should be quite compatible with most commitments to real property, child rearing, and the correction of varying degrees of overbite.

So if you're concerned that you may grow old before you realize your ambition and that inflation and the necessities of family life have put you out of the car you want, take heart. They may well have put you right into a Saab.

Saabs range in price from $10,750 for the 900 3-door, 5-speed to $16,910 for the 900 4-door, 5-speed APC Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.

SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8, Kirk Nurock will perform, among other musical works, "Sonata for Piano and Dog." For tickets, call 571-2206.

GROUP SHOWS—At the FOURCADE, 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . THE URBAN CENTER, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Roughly thirty-five paintings and works on paper made in New York by such artists as William Glackens, Milton Avery, Howardina Pindell, and Saul Steinberg frame an exhibit that shows how the availability of work and living space has affected artists in Manhattan since the turn of the century. Background documents include maps and models. Through Sept. 17. (Open Saturdays.) . . . ZABRISKIE, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted filing cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picaresque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Saturday, Sept. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ARTHUR MCKINLEY—This photographer got himself and his camera into a number of executive suites around Manhattan, and came up with a series of color prints providing views of the city (from the Mobil Building across to the Chrysler Building; from CBS to ABC) as seen by those at the top. Through Sept. 16. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Mondays and Thursdays, 9:30 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9:30 to 6; Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

RUTH ORKIN AND MICHAEL GEORGE—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred and fifty photographs from the National Archives catalogue people and events in American history from 1860 to 1960—Clara Barton, for instance, or the San Francisco earthquake. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ About forty prints, by O. Winston Link, of the old Norfolk & Western steam-powered locomotives in action. Most of them were taken at night. Through Sept. 22. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; included among the seventy-five works are ten recent acquisitions not previously exhibited in public, among them an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. . . . ¶ A mounting of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum." Through Sunday, Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A hundred or so portraits by French printmakers, sixteenth century to early twentieth. Through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Some Contemporary Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ A display of the color lithograph that Jim Dine made for the Metropolitan Opera's hundredth-anniversary poster. Also, nine trial proofs. Through Oct. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

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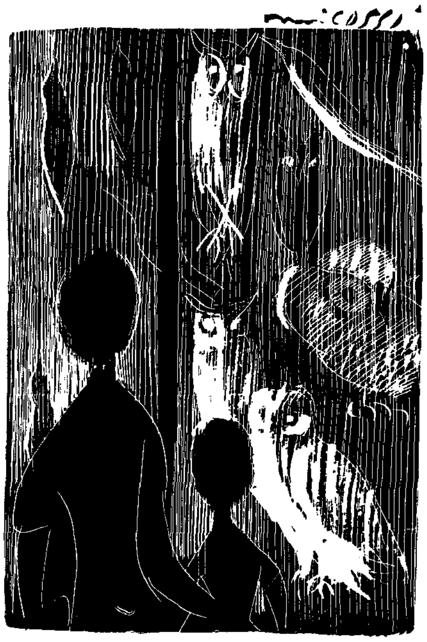
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings: Postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ An offering by representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Labor Day, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ On Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 6-7, at 9, Ron Rocco will present, in the rotunda, a performance (employing audio-visual equipment and incorporating dance, music, light displays, and a two-hundred-foot-long rope which will be made into a cat's cradle) whose theme is Eskimo mythology.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's painting "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which show that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Monday, Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaboration with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. More than a hundred original drawings (many shown for the first time), plus original photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a comprehensive show offering original manuscripts, rare printed editions of scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works brought to you by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Both shows start Thursday, Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection show of letters, manuscripts, and first editions centers on famous literary figures who found inspiration in travel and includes an incunabulum, printed in 1491, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" a diary excerpt, dated 1804, in which Washington Irving describes his first morning in Paris; and a first edition (1939) of "Journey to a War," W. H. Auden's account of a trip to China. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Labor Day, from 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that recreates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sunday, Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

IN THE COUNTRY

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8:15: Willie Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2, at

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8:15, and Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2:30 and 8:15: Liberace. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 8:15: Neil Young. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 5, at 8:15: Santana. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: Jennifer Muller & the Works. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4: Anton Dolin in a one-man play, "Conversations . . . Diaghilev, Nijinsky, etc.," by Maxim Mazumdar. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 8; Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 3, at 7:35; and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 5-7, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 10, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader).

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 10: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at Piscataway, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 4: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, at San Diego.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Astarita and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 3; the Maskette, Sunday, Sept. 4; the Manhattan Handicap, Monday, Sept. 5; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturday at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3, at 7:30; thereafter, Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30. Last day Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Racing begins Monday, Sept. 5, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 31. Post time opening week will be Monday, Sept. 5, at 1:30, and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 6-10, at 8. The Pegasus, Monday, Sept. 5.

Running—The Fifth Avenue Mile will start at 4 on Saturday, Sept. 3, at 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Friday, Sept. 2, at 8. . . . ¶ The opening game in the North American Soccer League first-round playoffs, Tuesday, Sept. 6, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday, Aug. 31, through Thursday, Sept. 8, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Sept. 9, at 10:30; Saturday, Sept. 10, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 11, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, except Labor Day, when post time will be 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19.

Yachting—America's Cup at Newport: Challengers' final trials, through Thursday, Sept. 8.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of **NON PASQUALE,** a pop opera, based on Donizetti's opera "Don Pasquale," with a libretto by Anthony Giles and Nancy Heikin, and starring Ron Leibman. The second of two productions by the company. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval will close with a performance by Culture Club. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Thursday, Sept. 1, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Sunday, Sept. 4, at 8.)

Walking Tour—"Brooklyn Bridge: A Centennial Celebration," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 4, starting at City Hall at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Sept. 3-5; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 10-11; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, from noon until sundown.

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a *twenty-five-minute son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing, at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 4, at 9 and 9:45. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Sept. 11 (day). Milwaukee, Sept. 12-14 (night). Cleveland, Sept. 23 (n), Sept. 24-25 (d), and Sept. 26 (n). Boston, Sept. 27-29 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Sept. 14-15 (night). Chicago, Sept. 16 (n) and Sept. 17-18 (day). Pittsburgh, Sept. 19 (n) and Sept. 20 (d). Montreal, Sept. 30 (n) and Oct. 1-2 (d). . . . **LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Oct. 4. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Oct. 11 in the home park of the American League champion.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 17:** Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; Fordham vs. Catholic University, at Fordham; Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium; Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge; Manhattan vs. Siena, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St.; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Rutgers vs. Boston College, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 24:** Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Ithaca, at Fordham; and Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse. . . . **FRIDAY, SEPT. 30:** Columbia vs. *Pennsylvania, at Giants Stadium.* . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 1:** Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge; and Rutgers vs. Penn State, at Giants Stadium. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 2:** Manhattan vs. St. Peter's, at John F. Kennedy Field. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 8:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point; Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, at Hanover; Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester; Manhattan vs. Rutgers (Newark), at John F. Kennedy Field; Navy vs. Air Force, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Boston College, at New Haven.

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Professional Football—**SUNDAY, SEPT. 11:** Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 18:** Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 25:** Jets vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Shea Stadium. . . . **MONDAY, SEPT. 26:** Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 2:** Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, at Giants Stadium. . . . **MONDAY, OCT. 3:** Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 9:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 10. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all exhibition games): Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Sept. 29. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens (exhibition game), Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers (exhibition game), Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Oct. 7.

Racing—At Laurel, Md.: Sept. 14-Dec. 9.

Yachting—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 13.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season will open on Sept. 26, with Berlioz' "Les Troyens," and will run through April 21. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Rafael Kubelik conducting, Sept. 14 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 15 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 5. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Yin Cheng-Zong, piano, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Miriam Fried, violin, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ United States Marine Band, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Camerata Berne, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Swedish National Orchestra of Gothenburg, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Bamberg Symphony, Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Boston Philharmonic, Oct. 10. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Robert Mann, violin, and Yefim Bronfman, piano, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Homero Francesch, piano, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Musica Antiqua Köln, Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Arnold Steinhardt, violin, and Lincoln Mayorga, piano, Oct. 8.

Dance—Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, at the City Center, Sept. 20-Oct. 9.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 23 at Alice Tully Hall and Avery Fisher Hall and then continues at Alice Tully Hall, Sept. 24-Oct. 8. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Fall Antiques Show, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Oct. 6-9. . . . ¶ New York Armory Antiques Show, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 6-9. . . . ¶ Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 10.

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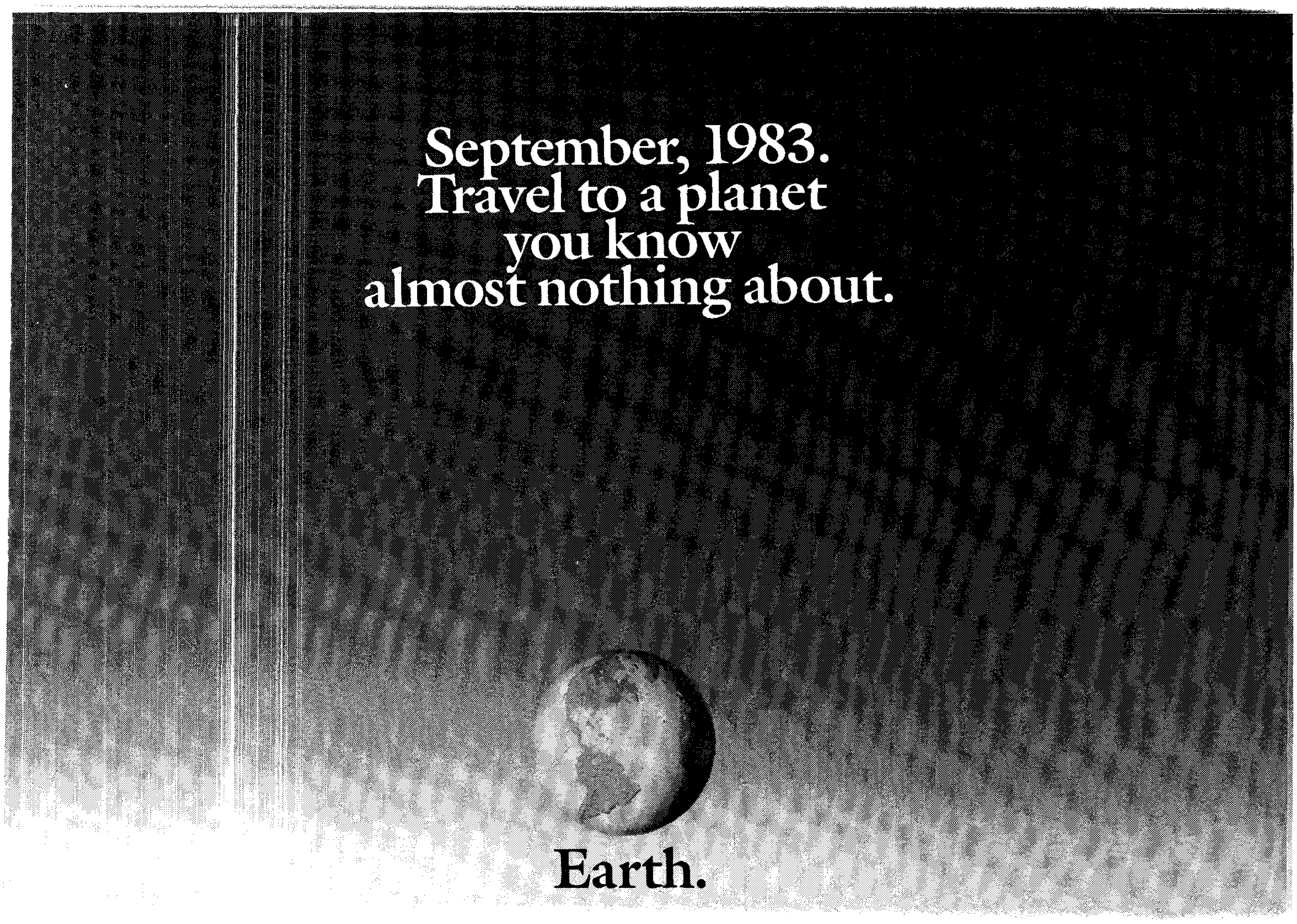

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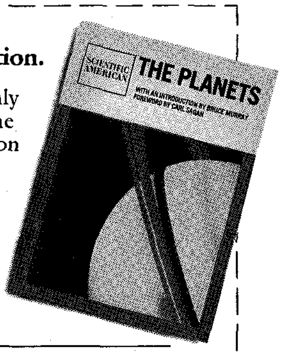

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

A program of films from Columbia Pictures. Some days are devoted to a special genre or a particular person, for example, Sept. 2, five Rita Hayworth films; Sept. 3, six Frank Capra films; Sept. 4, five Western films; Sept. 6, three Kim Novak films; Sept. 7, four Barbara Stanwyck films; Sept. 9, five Joan Crawford films; and Sept. 10, five sci-fi films with special effects by Ray Harryhausen.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Star Is Born" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 1: "Flashdance" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†).
From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 1: "The Ruling Class" (†).
From Sept. 2: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (directed by Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Risky Business" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 1: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.
From Sept. 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Risky Business" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Passante" (Jacques Rouffio; in French), with Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 8: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno. From Sept. 9: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
Theatre 2: "Daniel" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 8: "The Grey Fox" (†).
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D. From Sept. 2: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.
Theatre 2: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 1: "The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.
From Sept. 2: "Ghandi" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 8: "Flashdance" (†).
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 1: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.
From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 1: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.
From Sept. 2: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Sept. 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in *the late afternoon.)*
Theatre 1: "Below the Belt" (1980, directed by Robert Fowler), with Regina Baff.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Conjugal Warfare" (1975; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "The Given Word" (1962; Anselmo Duarte; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Sept. 2-3: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marília Pera and Jorge Julião; and "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English). Sept. 4-6: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta. From Sept. 7: "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; a Senegalese film, in Wolof).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.
Theatre 2: "The Grey Fox" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 8: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret. From Sept. 9: "The Moon in the Gutter" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.
Theatre 2: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"WarGames" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Staying Alive" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th St. (757-2715)
"Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly. Part I will be shown through Sept. 8, Part II will be shown starting Sept. 9.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Sept. 8: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
From Sept. 9: "The Moon in the Gutter" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 1: "The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.
From Sept. 2: "Gandhi" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 3: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†). From Sept. 4: "Lonely Hearts" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes.
Theatre 2: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly. Part IV will be shown Aug. 31-Sept. 6, Part V will be shown starting Sept. 7.
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Ways in the Night" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in German). From Sept. 2: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Theatre 2: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 8: "The Twelve Chairs" (†). From Sept. 9: "City News" (Zoe Zinman and David Fishelson).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret. From Sept. 2: "Don't Look Back" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Sept. 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 8: "Risky Business" (†). From Sept. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 1: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace. From Sept. 2: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 8: "The Grey Fox" (†). From Sept. 9: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1. "WarGames" (†) and "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1. "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles

Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D. From Sept. 2 (tentative): "The Road Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†).
Theatre 3: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 1: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis. From Sept. 2: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Yor" (directed by Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown.
Theatre 2: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 4: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 5: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.
Theatre 6: "Octopussy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 3: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.
Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D. From Sept. 2: "Stryker."
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Getting It On." From Sept. 2: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis. From Sept. 2: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 5: A program of jazz films.
From Sept. 6: "Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Sept. 8: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.
Sept. 9-10: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 31: "Variety Lights" (1949; Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Sept. 1: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Edgar Kennedy; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable and Rudy Vallée.
Sept. 2-3: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French) and "Jour de Fête" (1950; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Sept. 4-5: "My Favorite Wife" (†); and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.
Sept. 6: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "Early Summer" (1951; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).
Sept. 7: "Closely Watched Trains" (†) and "Loves of a Blonde" (†).
Sept. 8: "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Leopoldo Trieste; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
From Sept. 9: "Lucie Sur Seine" (1983; Jean-Louis Bertucelli; in French).

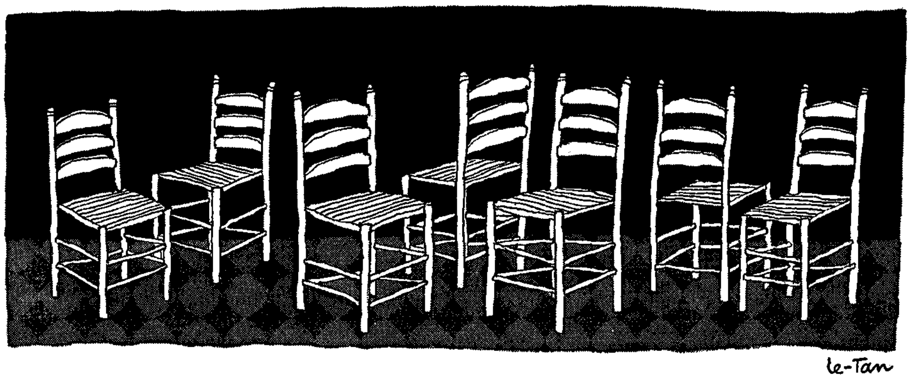
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 1: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, Birgitta Valberg, and Birgitta Pettersson.
Sept. 2-3: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.
Sept. 4-6: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Quest for Fire" (1982; Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.
Sept. 7-8: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook), with a cast of children.
Sept. 9-10: "Where's Poppa?" (†); and "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 31: "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern and Steve Guttenberg.
Sept. 1: "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair; and "Roller Boogie" (1979; Mark L. Lester), with Linda Blair.
Sept. 2-7: "The Ninth Configuration" ("Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane;" 1980; William Peter Blatty), with Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders.
From Sept. 8: A four-day program of films directed by women.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Aug. 31: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni; and "The Pit and the Pendulum" (1961; Roger Corman), with Vincent Price, John Kerr, and Barbara Steele.
Sept. 1-3: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Suddenly Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.
Sept. 4: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
Sept. 5: "Apocalypse Now" (†); and "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.
Sept. 6-7: "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren; and "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976; John Carpenter), with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston.
Sept. 8-10: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 1: "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.
Sept. 2-3: "Papillon" (1973; Franklin Schaffner), with Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.
Sept. 4: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" (1979; Robert Wise), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and De Forest Kelley; and "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (1982; Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and Ricardo Montalban.
Sept. 5-6: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Sept. 7-8: "King Solomon's Mines" (†) and "Zulu" (†).
Sept. 9-10: "Casablanca" (†); and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Aug. 31: "The Meadow" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Isabella Rossellini and Michele Placido; and "In the Name of the Father" (1971; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).
Sept. 1: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.
Sept. 2: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
Sept. 3: "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "Private Benjamin" (1980; Howard Zieff), with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber.
Sept. 4: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, Edith Evans, and Joan Greenwood; and "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern.
Sept. 5: "Mon Oncle" (1958; in French) and "Jour de Fête" (1950), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Sept. 6: "That Hamilton Woman" (†); and "Rembrandt" (1936; Alexander Korda),



with Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence.

Sept. 7: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and "The Lacemaker" (1977; Claude Goretta; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton.

Sept. 8: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

Sept. 9: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Sept. 10: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French) and "Playtime" (1968), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 31: "The Out-of-Towners" (1970; Arthur Hiller), with Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis; and "The Odd Couple" (1968; Gene Saks), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Sept. 1-3: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "The Clock" (1945; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Robert Walker.

Sept. 4-6: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Sept. 7: "Ragtime" (†).

Sept. 8-10: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Cover Girl" (1944; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 31: "Zatoichi, the Fugitive" (1964; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Betrayal" (1966; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

Sept. 1: "Oscar Wilde" (1960; Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson; and "The Fan" (1981; Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Sept. 2-3: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

Sept. 4: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

Sept. 5: "Spite Marriage" (†); and "College" (1927; James Horne; a silent film), with Buster Keaton.

Sept. 6: "Woodstock" (1970; Michael Wadleigh), a film of the 1969 festival.

Sept. 7: "Bandit vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese); and "Sword of the Beast" (1965; Hideo Gosha), with Mikijiro Hira.

Sept. 8: "Inside Daisy Clover" (†) and "Sparkle" (†).

Sept. 9-10: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 31: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "The Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

Sept. 1: "The Spiders, Parts I and II" (1919; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.

Sept. 2-3: "The Uninvited" (1944; Lewis Allen), with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell; and "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave.

Sept. 4: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Sept. 5: "Murder She Said" (1962) and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Sept. 6: "The Dawn Patrol" (†) and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (†).

Sept. 7: "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor.

Sept. 8: "City for Conquest" (1940; Anatole Litvak), with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan; and "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young.

Sept. 9-10: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (†) and "The Shadow of the Thin Man" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Sept. 1 at 2:30: "Monsieur Vincent" (1947; directed by Maurice Cloche; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay, Lise Delamare, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale, and Alain Delon. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 2:30: "Au-delà des Grilles" (1949; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: "Minne l'Ingénue Libertine" (1950; Jacqueline Audry; in French, with English subtitles), with Daniele Delorme. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at noon: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935; Leo McCarey), with Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Thérèse Raquin" (1953; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone, and Sylvie. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 5: "La Marie du Port" (1950; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin and Blanchette Brunoy. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at noon: "Ruggles of Red Gap." . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 2:30: "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Madeleine Renaud, Danielle Darrieux, Charles Dauphin, Gaby Morlay, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Signoret. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 5: "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Fernand Gravey, Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook, Isa Miranda, Simone Simon, and Odette Joyeux. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at noon: "Une Certain Tradition de la Qualité (1945-55)" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2:30: "L'Ecole Buissonnière" (1949; Jean-Paul Le Chanois; in French, with English subtitles), with Bernard Blier. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 6: "Les Miracles N'ont Lieu Qu'une Fois" (1951; Yves Allégret; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at noon: "Une Certain Tradition de la Qualité." . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2:30: "Le Silence Est d'Or" (1947; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Maurice Chevalier, François Périer, and Dany Robin. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "La Marie du Port." . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at noon: "Une Certain Tradition de la Qualité." . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Minne l'Ingénue Libertine." . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 6: "Monsieur Ripois" (1954; René Clément; in French and English), with Gérard Philipe, Joan Greenwood, and Valerie Hobson. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at noon: "Une Certain Tradition de la Qualité." . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: "La Justice Est Faite" (1950; André Cayatte; in French, with English subtitles), with Valentine Tessier and Claude Nollier. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "Un Chant d'Amour" (1950; Jean Genet; a French film, with no dialogue); and "Le Rideau Cramoisi" (1953; Alexandre Astruc; a French film, in English), with Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at noon: "Mat" (1926; Vsevolod Pudovkin; a Russian silent film, with English intertitles), with Vera Baranovskaya and Nikolai Batalov. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: "Pot-Bouille" (1957; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux, Gérard Philipe, and Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 5: "La Fête à Henriette" (1953; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Dany Robin and Hildegard Knef. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 5.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 2, tentative.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here

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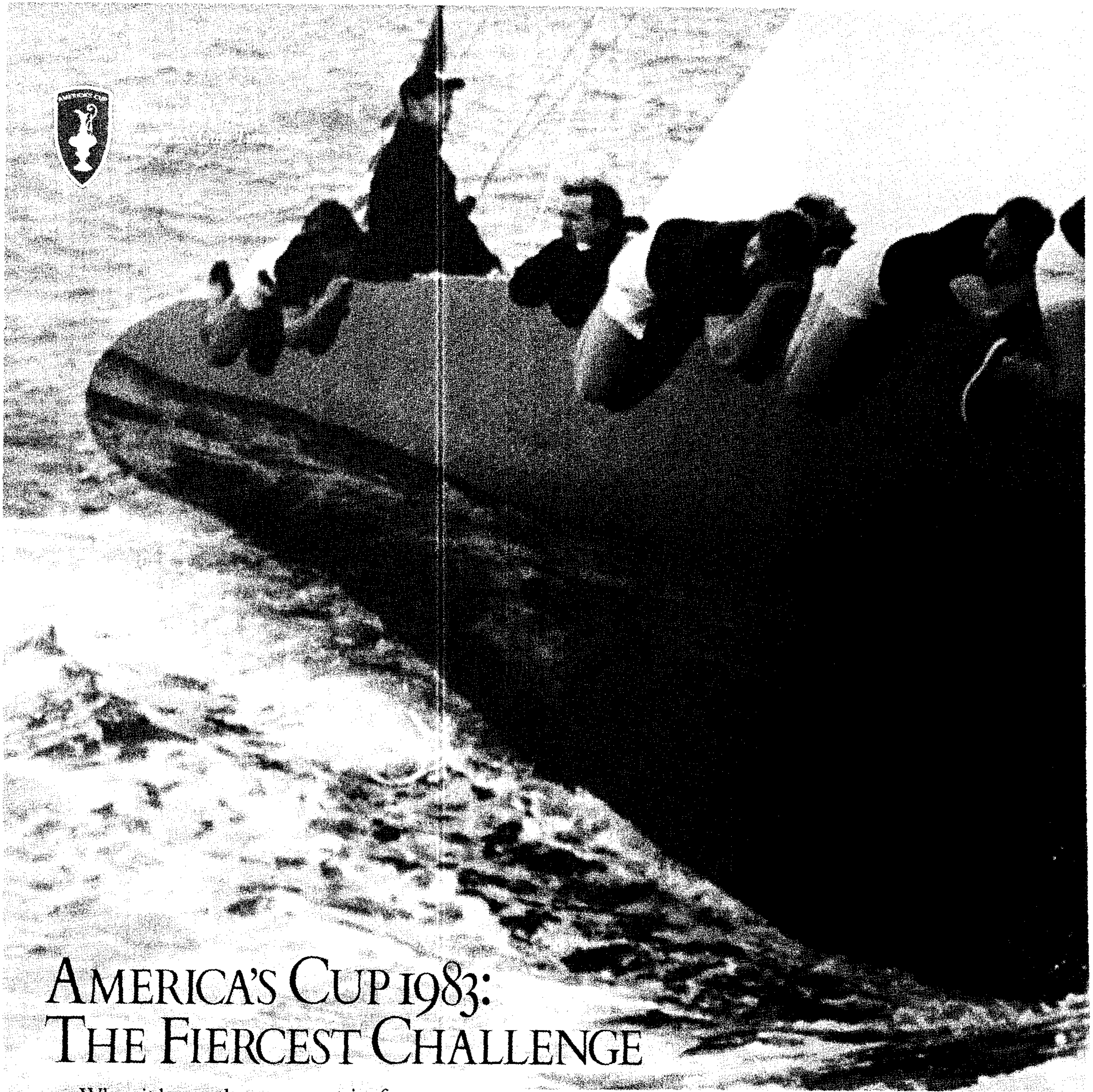

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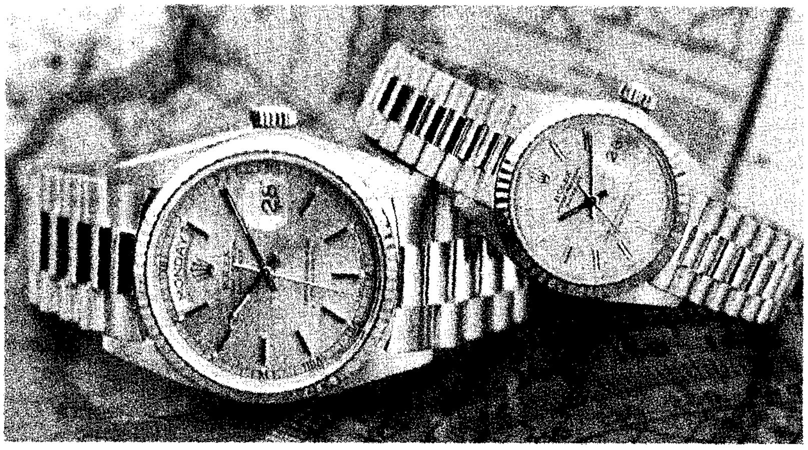

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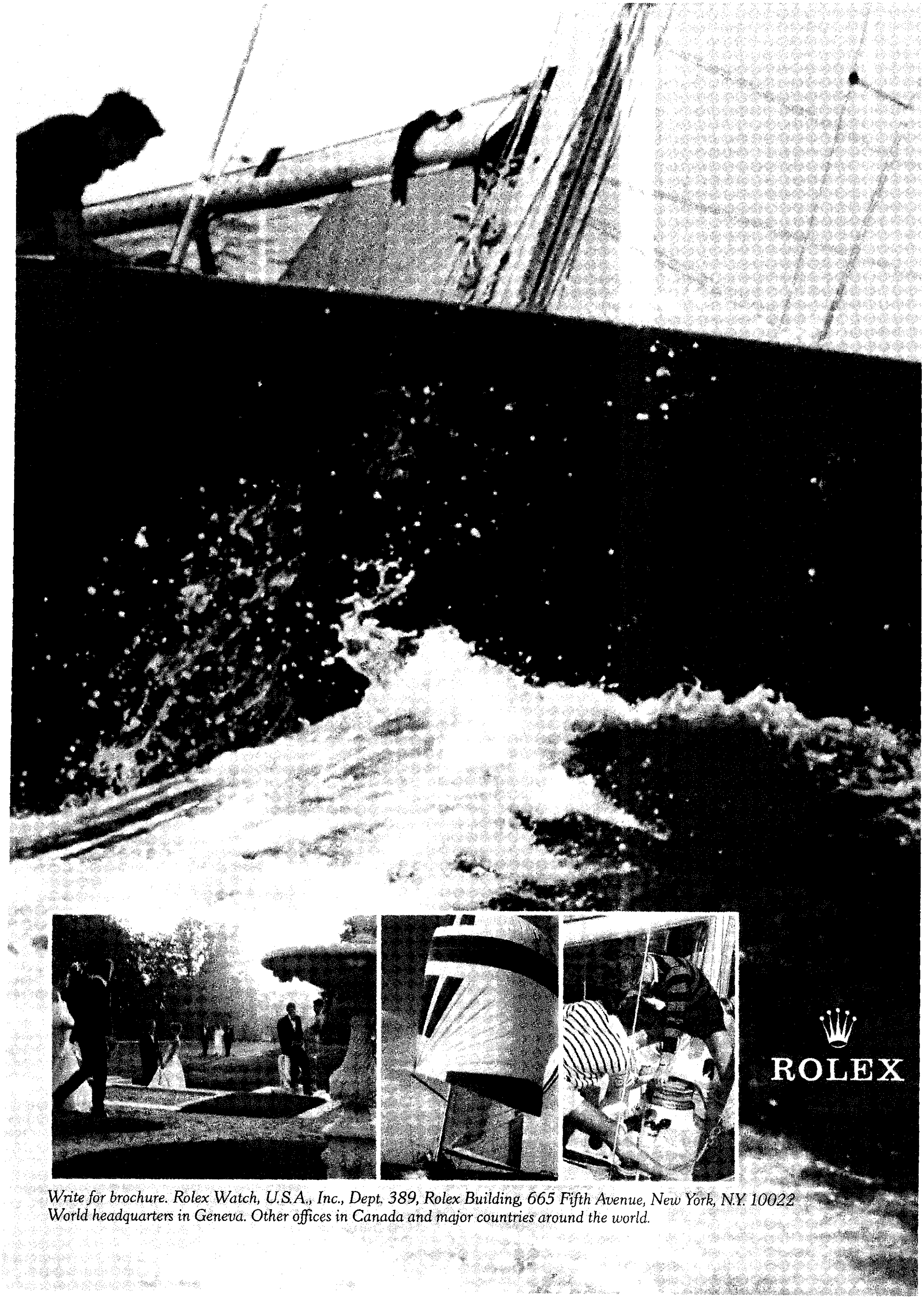

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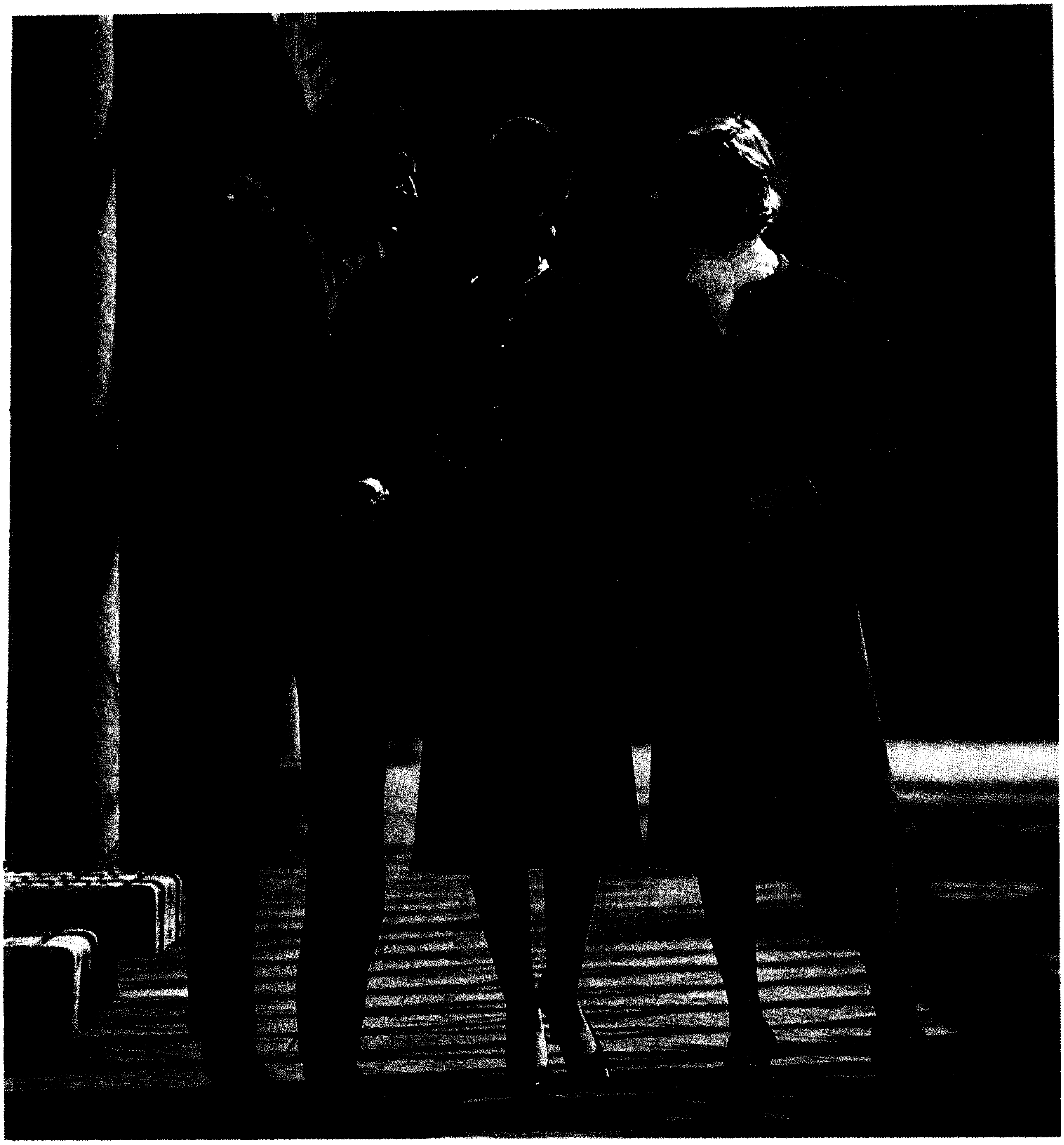

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known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Sept. 2.)

Casablanca (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. Although their romance was certified by a collection of Academy Awards, they didn't press their luck and never appeared together again. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film, he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in his movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). Questioned about his purpose and motives, he informs the police: "I came to Casablanca for the waters." "Waters? What waters? We're in the desert." "I was misinformed." It's far from a great film, but it has a special appealingly schlocky romanticism, and you're never really pressed to take its melodramatic twists and turns seriously. The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, Marcel Dalio, Helmut Dantine, S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinskey, Curt Bois, Dan Seymour, Ludwig Stossel, Ilka Gruning, Frank Puglia, Madeleine LeBeau, John Qualen, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson, singing "As Time Goes By." Academy Awards: Best Picture; Best Director (Michael Curtiz); Best Screenplay (Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Howard Koch). And the Thalberg Memorial Award went to the producer, Hal B. Wallis. Based on the play "Everybody Comes to Rick's," by Murray Burnett and Joan Alison. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 9-10.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1936)—In this Michael Curtiz version—a military swashbuckler—the foreground story is conventional nonsense about two brothers (Errol Flynn and Patric Knowles), lancers in India, who have quarrelled over a girl (Olivia de Havilland). In historical terms, the film is simply a bad joke, yet the patriotic inanities serve a rousing melodramatic function and when the charge comes it is so spectacularly staged and choreographed that it takes over the movie, and it is really all that one remembers. This sequence is a testament to the virtuosity of the second unit. From a screenplay by Michael Jacoby and Rowland Leigh, with a Max Steiner score. With Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, David Niven, C. Aubrey Smith, Spring Byington, Henry Stephenson, and C. Henry Gordon and J. Carrol Naish, E. E. Clive, Robert Barrat, and Lumsden Hare. (Tony Richardson did an altogether different version in 1968.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 6.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A wryly tender Czech film about how a shy, scared young man, who comes from a long line of patsies and fools, succeeds in bed but loses his life. This first film directed by Jiří Menzel is based on the well-known ironic novel by Bohumil Hrabal, who collaborated with Menzel on the scenario. It's set during the Second World War, and most of it takes place at a village railway station; it's fairly simple—the modest sort of film that shows human concern and decency but isn't very stimulating and that sometimes takes the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film (as this one did). But it's also a sophisticated, elliptical folktale, with quirky moments of small-town passion and a funny sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks. In Czech. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

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Daniel—With Timothy Hutton, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

The Dawn Patrol (1938)—Edmund Goulding is the director and Errol Flynn the star of the remake of the famous 1930 Howard Hawks film starring Richard Barthelmess. With its flying scenes, its continual din of the big guns, the bad nerves at headquarters, and schoolboy aviators being sent up to be shot down by a vicious German ace, the film was generally lauded as a stirring attack on the futility of war, though the Hawks version, made in peacetime, was far more pointed in its disillusionment, and this Goulding version, made on the eve of the Second World War, turned the plot to patriotic purposes. The most perceptive movie critic of the day dismantled the pacifist claims made for it; see "Graham Greene on Film." With David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp, Melville Cooper, Barry Fitzgerald, and Carl Esmond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 6.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

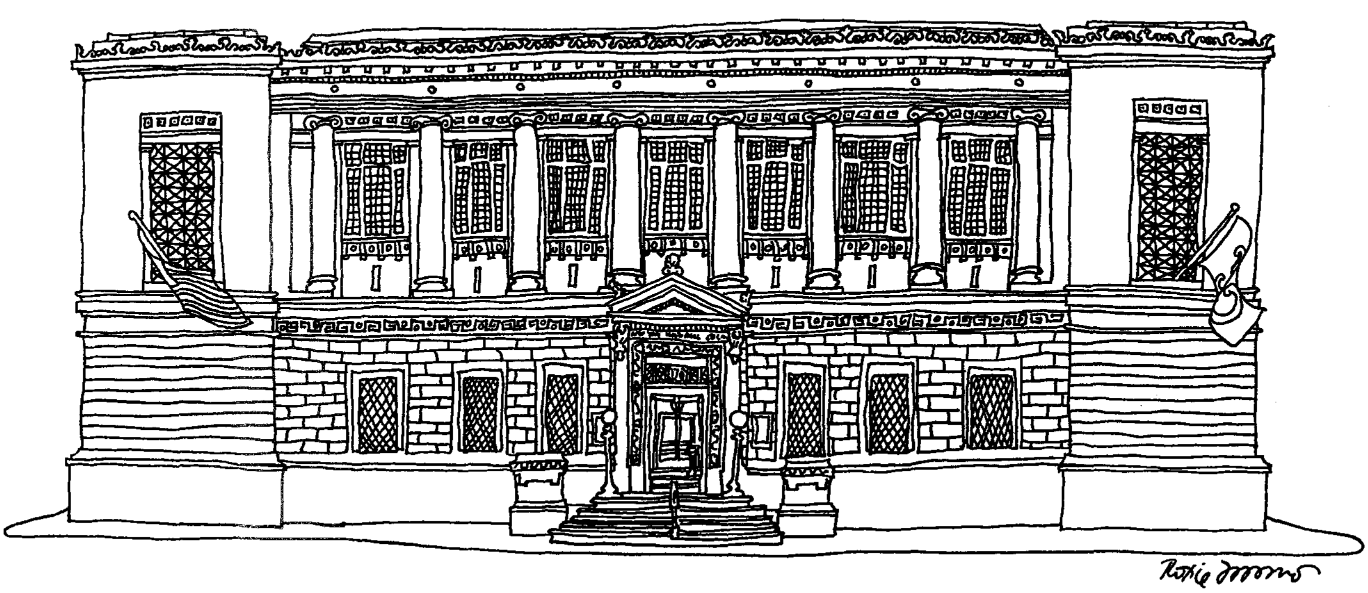
Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected cinema-verité film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 2.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle, and the people talking are popinjays in perukes shaped as geometrically as the shrubs at Marienbad. This impishness congeals, because there's no dramatic motor in the sequences. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Cinema II.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Sept. 8.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 2.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action



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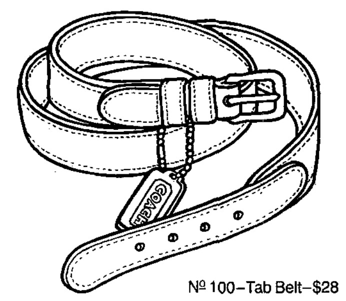

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comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Conection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 1.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Richard Lester's camera keeps cutting into and away from the comedians (Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern), who never get a chance to develop a routine or to bring off a number. They're rushed pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical farce by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus and set in ancient Rome. We get the sense that Lester thinks it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of burlesque clowns singing a duet. He trashes the men, even old Buster Keaton, and the women are blank-faced bodies or witless viragoes. Some of the best effects are the least doctored: Hordern's vocal inflections, a satirical entrance song by Leon Greene. And Lester's fracturing technique is sometimes successful—as in the parody recap of the love duet, which has lyrical wit, like the song in the snow in "Help!" Mostly, Lester's visual gags seem just pointless agitation. He proceeds by fits and starts and leaves jokes suspended in midair; it's as if he's forgotten what it's all for. And for an audience the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. With Michael Crawford, Annette Andre, Patricia Jessel, and Beatrix Lehmann. Cinematography by Nicolas Roeg; sets and costumes designed by Tony Walton; script by Melvin Frank (who was the producer) and Michael Pertwee. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 8-10.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi, the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; starting Sept. 2.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 8.)

Inside Daisy Clover (1966)—Natalie Wood plays the heroine, a teen-age singing movie star (fill in Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, et al.), in Robert Mulligan's film, based on Gavin Lambert's adaptation of his own novel. The people who make Daisy a star seem to have some terrible secret that we're never let in on; the movie is full of lurking evil that seems unrelated to anything. It's an inside-Hollywood movie with a gothic atmosphere—all portent, little content. It's short on characters, detail, activity, dialogue, even music; it's so determined to be stylish and knowing that rather than risk banality it eliminates almost everything. What's left are sinister, funereal pauses and a few ghoulish people, such as the head of the studio (Christopher Plummer, whose performance mightn't be so maddening if it were just speeded up). Even the showy recording-room sequence, with the heroine breaking down while post-syncing a song with her image on a large screen, doesn't work right—it's *too* showy. The film seems to be working against itself—cynical yet sentimental, it rarely achieves a satisfying emotional tone. Natalie Wood's way of acting teen-age is to be like a brassy Tom Sawyer. As the young star's no-good, vaguely homosexual husband (one of the most cryptic roles ever written), Robert Redford gives the only fresh performance. With Ruth Gordon as Daisy's mother, and Katharine Bard, Roddy McDowall, and Harold Gould. Produced by Alan J. Pakula; choreography by Herbert Ross; art direction by Robert Clatworthy; music and songs by André Previn, with lyrics by Dory Previn. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—A smashing kitsch entertainment—H. Rider Haggard's 1886 pulp adventure novel about a search for legendary African diamond mines, given the full M-G-M Technicolor treatment, and with an additional romance between an English lady on safari (Deborah Kerr) and the valiant white guide (Stewart Granger) provided by the scenarist, Helen Deutsch. You have to be prepared to put part of your mind to sleep, so that you don't get too outraged by the colonialist underpinnings of this sort of fiction; the noblest character is the loyal black servant Umbopa (played by Siriaque, a Watusi), who turns out to be the Mashona chief. (In the 1937 British version, Paul Robeson was a magnificent, smiling Umbopa.) One can enjoy this picture for the superb trumpery that it is: the stunning African fabrics worn by the natives are American-made, and the Watusi dances were choreographed by Jack Cole. The film really was shot in the African highlands, though—at Murchison Falls and Mount Kenya—and the elephants and mandrills and leopards and cobras are all startlingly clear and close. It's one exciting incident after another, and there's even a suggestion of sex, when Kerr and Granger wake after a night of hiding high in a tree and look passionately at each other. (An incident early on, when an elephant tramples a native, may frighten small children, but children generally love the rest of the film.) Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton; cinematography by Robert Surtees, who won the Academy Award for it. With Richard Carlson, Hugh Haas, and Lowell Gilmore. Also with Kimursi, of the Kipsigi tribe, and Sekaryongo and Baziga, of the Watusi tribe; the Africans take all the acting honors. (A cut-rate sequel, "Watusi," in 1959, had a script by James Clavell.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 7-8.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. With Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt. In Czech. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since D. W. Griffith did it in 1908 (and again in 1911). This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon, prevents the consummation of the marriage, and, like a smart kitty, purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he directed this screwball-classic hit. Randolph Scott plays the vegetarian scientist who was Dunne's companion on the island. Written by Bella and Samuel Spewack, with Leo McCarey, who was also the producer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4-5.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza; through Sept. 3.)

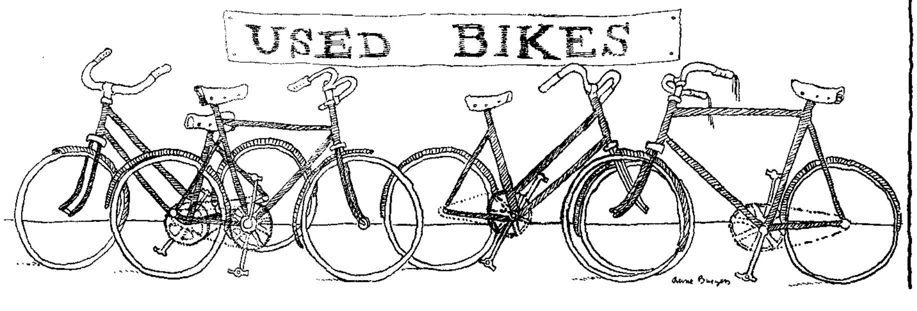
Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Pauline at the Beach—Directed by Erich Rohmer. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Poltergeist (1982)—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Olympia Quad.)

Ragtime (1981)—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. (Dog excrement has been put on the seat of his shiny new Model T Ford.) When the piano player can't find a legal remedy, he becomes a bomb-planting terrorist. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him, and we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited his band of urban guerrillas. Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras. The narrative shifts are jerky; the film seems chewed up rather than edited. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner; returning to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, Cagney has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger. Also with Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Regency; Sept. 7.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own



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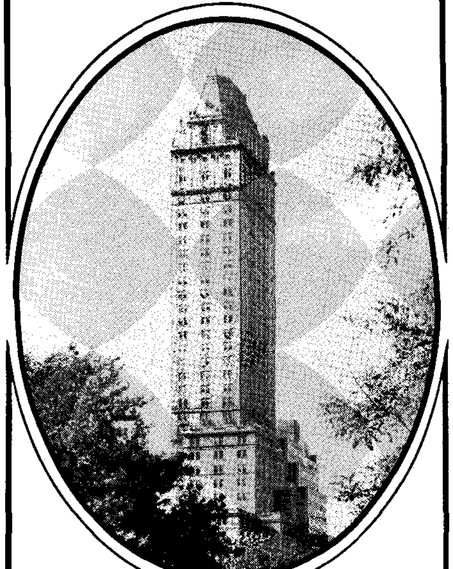

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sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (Embassy.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Risky Business—With Tom Cruise, directed by Paul Brickman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 8.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 2, tentative.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Gramercy; through Sept. 1.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-10.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (East-side Cinema; starting Sept. 2.)

Sparkle (1976)—As Sister, the hell-bent lead singer of a trio (made up of the three daughters of a domestic servant), the young singer-actress Lonette McKee has the sexual brazenness that stars such as Susan Hayward and Ava Gardner had in their youth. Sister puts the dirty fun of sex into her songs, with the raw charge of a rebellious, nose-thumbing girl making her way. She's terrific, but she has barely had a taste of singing in public when she falls for a sadistic pusher who degrades her. She goes downhill unbelievably fast, and the picture loses its zing when the action shifts to the rise of her docile and dewy-eyed little sister, Sparkle (Irene Cara), who is guided by a hardworking, dimply manager (Philip M. Thomas). His almost canine devotion defeats the attempts of gangsters to muscle in on her career. The director, Sam O'Steen, may have got a little carried away by the smoky theatrical milieu, but he keeps the movie full of atmospheric detail, and the tawdry black-vaudeville scenes have the teeming, bodies-spilling-out-the-edges quality of Toulouse-Lautrec. The crowded look of the film helps to compensate for the skeletonic Joel Schumacher script, which seems heavily indebted to the story of the Supremes. As a teen-age boy who nonchalantly steals a car to take Sister out, Dorian Harewood has the vitality to match McKee's. The songs are by Curtis Mayfield. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

Spite Marriage (1929)—Buster Keaton's last silent comedy, with Dorothy Sebastian, Leila Hyams, and Hank Mann. The hero is a pants presser in a tailor's shop who falls in love with an actress and gets a job in the theatre. The film is a joy and it was a great success despite Keaton's problems with M-G-M; the studio dumped him anyway. (Thalia; Sept. 5.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (R.K.O. Century Art.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero from Brooklyn's Bay Ridge, is a weirdly stripped-down-for-action musical. The whole movie seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. Travolta still has his star presence; he holds the screen more strongly than ever—but too flagrantly. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Ziegfeld.)

Superman III—Gus Gorman (Richard Pryor), a computer wizard, is ordered by his boss (Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus fakes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him, and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did "Superman II"), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy, Pamela Stephenson, Annie Ross, and—fleetingly—Jackie Cooper, Marc McClure, and Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 6.)

The Thin Man Goes Home (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Ann Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe; Robert Riskin and Dwight Taylor did the writing; Karl Freund did the cinematography. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-10.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews State.)

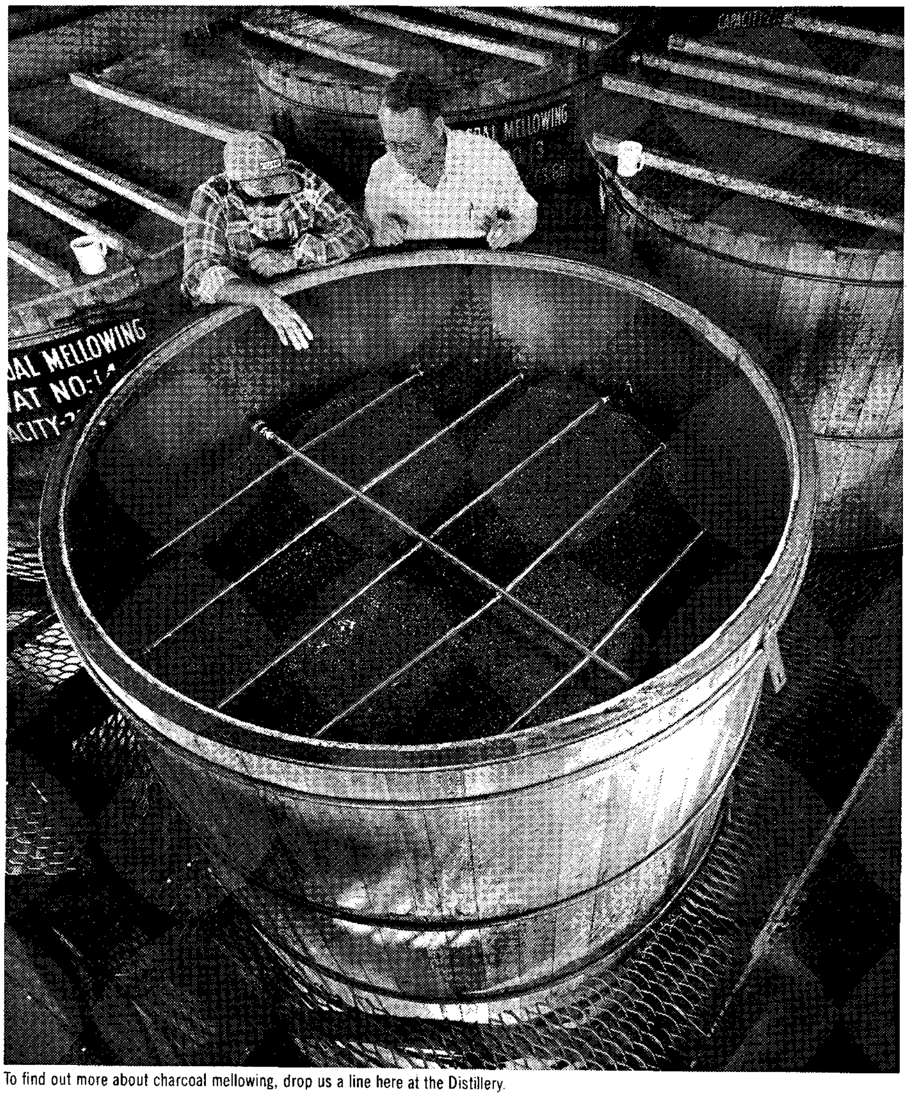
THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed this comedy-fable, has given himself only a small role at the beginning, and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The plot, which is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs, is set in pre-revolutionary Russia. This gives Brooks an opportunity to show his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere; the whole enterprise is a little forlorn, though. Not bad, really—just so-so. The three leads are Ron Moody, who has a great moment toward the end clutching a piece of chair; Dom DeLuise; and Frank Langella, who comes across as supercilious in the witlessly written role of the handsome juvenile. Based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag." (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 8.)

WARGAMES—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Guild, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Cinema Village; Sept. 9-10.)

ZELIG—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)

ZULU (1964)—A British Empire Western, set in Natal in 1879. Chins jut bravely, eleven Victoria Crosses are handed out, and there is a sly and entirely convincing performance by Michael Caine as an upper-class officer. Directed by Cy Endfield. Fun. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 7-8.)



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THE
NEW YORKER

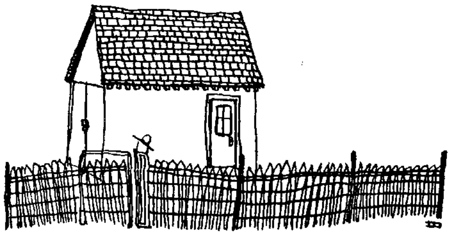
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S ten-thirty in the morning at Columbus Avenue and Ninety-fourth Street. The arm of the traffic light casts a diagonal shadow across the pavement which almost touches the manhole cover near the center of the intersection. White lines painted on the black asphalt mark off the crosswalks, and in one of them two women shepherd a group of small children across the street, the children going in twos, holding hands and chattering. A man pushes an empty hand truck out of a drugstore. Two teen-agers stroll along; they, too, are holding hands. They are both dressed in white trousers and white shirts. The girl has several dozen tiny blond braids into which colored beads have been woven. She shakes her head, obviously enjoying the clicks that the beads make, and they both laugh. "Say you're sorry," the boy says. A maroon van with Chinese characters on the side goes through the intersection. On the four corners, apartment buildings rise as much as twenty-five stories into the hazy blue sky. There are six visible clouds, soft and yellow-white. Above the clouds, the sky, very high up, dissolves into a deep blue, and, higher still, into blue-black, and, still higher, into black, in a zone populated by man-made objects: satellites sending signals to earth and observing the earth and the heavens. Beyond is the endless black in which the other planets of our solar system move, and, beyond them, widely scattered stars. One of the stars is Vega, and one of the satellites has recently sent down signals indicating that moving around this star is what might be another solar system.

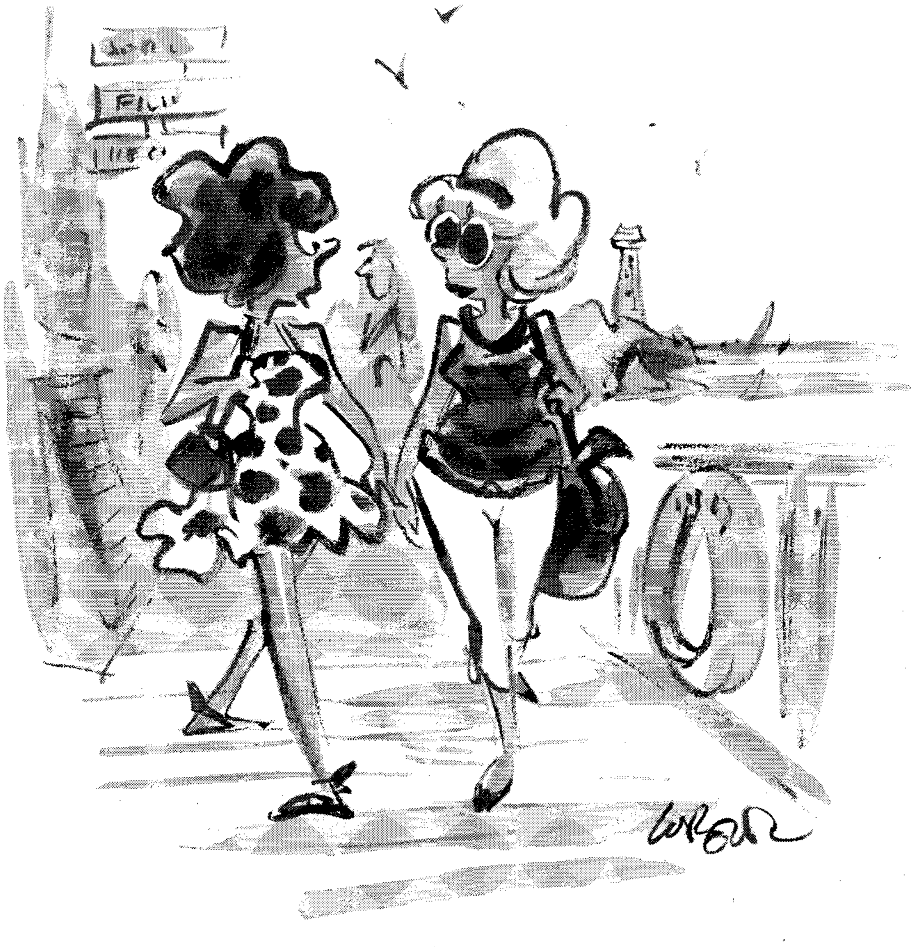
•

BENIGNO (NINOY) AQUINO, who was shot and killed last week as he debarked from a plane in Manila after three years of self-imposed exile in the United States, was a born politician who, like his arch-rival, Ferdinand Marcos, had wanted to be President of the Philippines ever since he was a young man. Marcos, older by fifteen years, came up the military route, as a Second World War guerrilla hero. Aquino, too young to fight in the war, became a journalist in the best flamboyant Filipino style—Richard Harding Davis derring-do combined with blatant scandalmongering and gossipeering. Both men earned law degrees. In 1965, Marcos, after serving in the Senate, was elected President, and he was reëlected to another four-year term in 1969. Had Aquino opposed him in a fair election in 1973, Marcos might well have lost, but that possibility was foreclosed when Marcos—who had sought constitutional changes that would permit him to run for a third term or remain in power indefinitely—declared martial law in September, 1972, and threw Aquino into military prison at Fort Bonifacio, near Manila. Aquino was kept there for nearly eight years except for a brief period of house arrest. In May of 1980, Marcos, whose declaration of martial law enabled him to continue in the Presidency, allowed Aquino to travel to the United States for a heart-bypass operation. It was successfully performed in Dallas, and thereafter, until his fateful decision to return home, Aquino heeded the advice of most of his family and friends and stayed in the United States, where he held research fellowships at Harvard and M.I.T. He was always determined to go back to the Philippines, however, and the question was simply when and in what circumstances. Since he was under a death sentence by a military tribunal for alleged murder and subversion, he was fully aware that he faced execution or further imprisonment, and that he might well be assassinated; in fact, Marcos had recently warned him that an assassination might be ordered by his political enemies. And Aquino discussed the possibility of assassination with reporters aboard his plane shortly before it landed, observing that it might take place "very quickly," and adding, with typically mordant wit, "This may be the last time I can talk to you about this." An hour or so later, at the bottom of the stairway from the plane at Manila International Airport, Aquino, who had put on a bulletproof vest, was shot in the head by someone, possibly a soldier, though the Marcos government claims that a man wearing an airport maintenance worker's uniform was the killer; this man was shot and killed moments afterward by security police.



We first met Aquino in the mid-nineteen-fifties, when he was a youthful assistant to Ramón Magsaysay, one of the most popular of Philippine Presidents. Aquino was only about twenty-two years old at that time—a bouncy, brash, and highly articulate young man who, it was obvious, lived and breathed politics. Magsaysay, the acknowledged hero of many reform-minded Filipinos, was Aquino's as well, but even then Aquino was determined to be his own man and candidate when his time came. Following his venture into journalism, and after he married felicitously but also romantically into a wealthy sugar-growing and sugar-refining family, the Cojuangcos, his political star became fixed in the Cojuangco firmament, in the province of Tarlac, in central Luzon—the heartland of the sugar barons. He became a town mayor and then vice-governor and governor of Tarlac, and soon thereafter he and Marcos were tangling in the national legislature; each man took the other's measure early. When Marcos, as President, declared martial law, it was quickly apparent that despite a pretense of belief in democracy he was moving ever deeper into dictatorship behind a flimsy legal façade; and after martial law was lifted, in January of 1981, he managed by an elaborate system of legal hocus-pocus and political trickery to go right on ruling the country. Human and civil rights continued to be flagrantly violated, and both the military and the economic situation grew worse. Having painted himself into a corner, he kept renewing a promise that fair elections for the National Assembly would be held the next year, but he clearly had no intention of ever giving Aquino a legitimate chance at the Presidency.

In the years before Aquino became a full-time politician, we saw him from time to time in Manila, in this country, or in one European capital or another. He was always ebullient and full of gossip, and he was often angry, mostly at Marcos and other Nacionalista Party leaders; Aquino was a leader of the Liberal Party, to which Marcos had originally belonged. Gradually, over years, Aquino built up what was probably the most careful and authentic dossier ever compiled against Marcos and his authoritarian regime, and he made good use of it in speeches, lectures, and articles, especially after he came to America; one had only to mention Marcos's name at any gathering, and the table would be covered with piles of indictments of the man and his illegitimate martial-law methods. The last time we saw Aquino, a year or so ago, he had concocted a scheme for Marcos to edge out of his predicament by gradually relinquishing his legal and quasi-legal powers and, as Aquino put it, "withdrawing as a hero." In the light of all that Marcos had done to him, Aquino was strangely forgiving, adopting a sort of Gandhilike attitude toward his oppressor. "All I want to do is bring democracy back to the Philippines," he told us. "If it can be done peaceably, through persuasion, so much the better. The only alternative is revolution and more bloodshed." Aquino never gave up. Sometimes he would rub people the wrong way with his brashness, but he never stopped rubbing, and he mostly rubbed well, thanks to his sincerity and his command of the facts; and sooner or later he would make one of his wry, sardonic comments, and, even in the context of the long-drawn-out Philippine tragedy, everyone around him would start to laugh. He had the rare quality of being able to poke fun at himself as well as at his foes. Had he lived, he would almost surely have found himself back in prison—"for his own protection," as Marcos would no doubt have put it. Whatever happens now, even if it is increased violence leading to rebellion, he will continue to haunt Marcos, as the two men haunted each other through their entangled political careers.



"It's getting serious.
They're spending two weeks together at tennis camp."

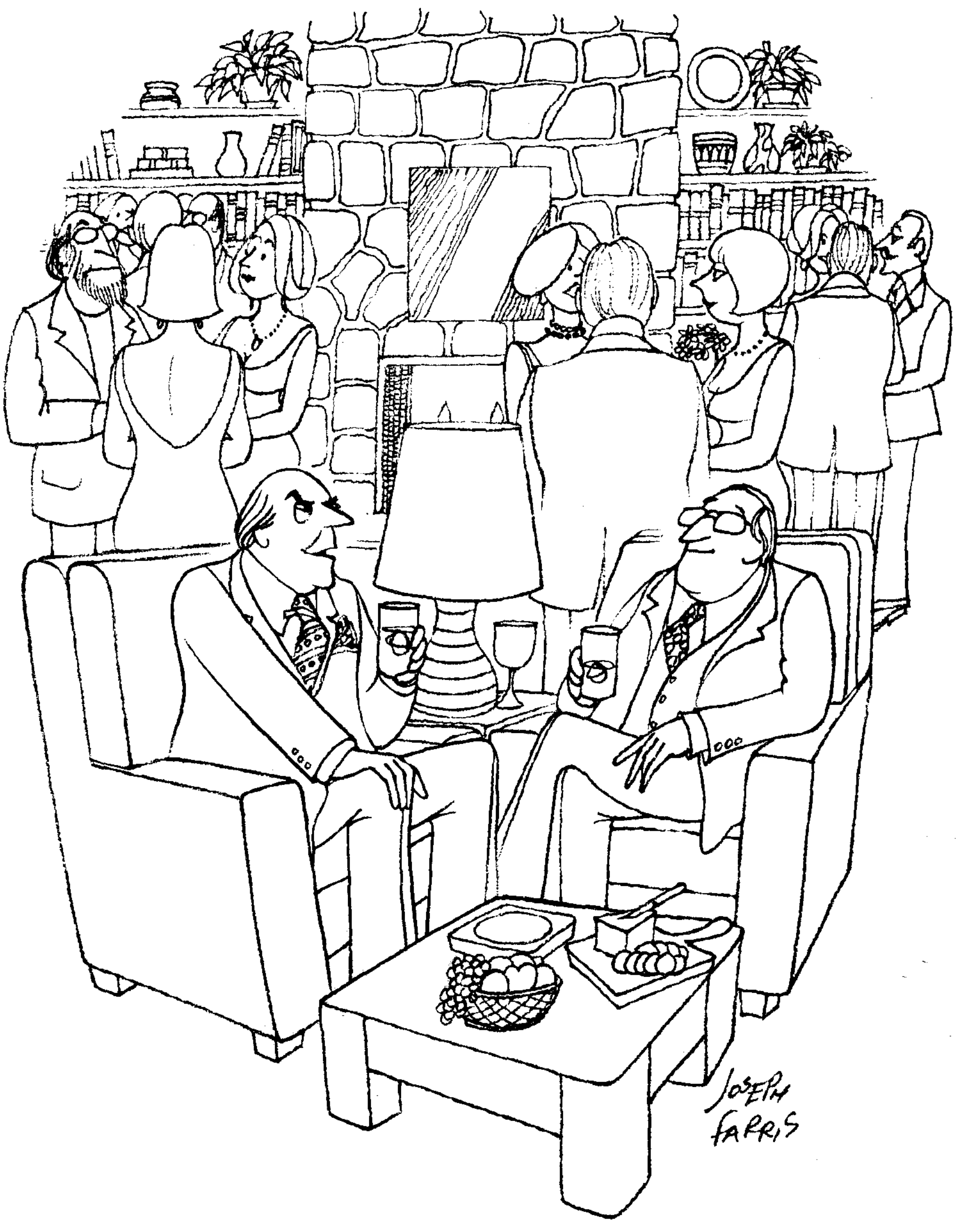
• •

Festival

A FRIEND has written from Bayreuth:

The main topics of conversation during the first week of this year's Bayreuth Festival were the broiling temperatures inside the Festspielhaus—the theatre that Richard Wagner built for the performance of his operatic works—and the première of a controversially eclectic new "Ring," directed by Sir Peter Hall and conducted by Sir Georg Solti. The festival opened in the middle of the worst heat wave Bavaria has experienced in many years. Outside, thermometers hovered in the mid-nineties; and inside the theatre, with nineteen hundred dedicated Wagnerians packed into steeply raked rows of armless wooden seats, and with an almost complete lack of ventilation (air could enter only from the stage), temperatures climbed well over a hundred. After the two and a half hours of "Rheingold," a good portion of the elaborately dressed opening-night audience was scarcely able to move. (The official reason for the absence of air-conditioning or ceiling fans is fear of an electrical fire and of potential damage to the hall's famous acoustics.) When the audience stumbled out at the end of "Götterdämmerung," most of the men were in shirtsleeves and most of the women were wearing as little as possible.

Two days after the "Ring" concluded, the heat finally broke—during the second act of "Parsifal" (a roof-rattling thunderstorm accompanied Klingsor's magic spells)—but four long evenings of acute discomfort, together with a surprising amount of mediocre singing, had put even the most devoted Wagnerians in an unforgiving mood. There were cheers for Solti and for the hardworking singers, many of whom were encased in heavy wool-and-leather costumes, but there were thunderous boos for Hall and for the designer, William Dudley, when they appeared before the curtain at the end of "Götterdämmerung." (The audience singled out three exceptional performances—those of Hildegard Behrens, a slim, silver-voiced Brünnhilde; Jeannine Altmeyer, an opulent Sieglinde; and Aage Haugland, a darkly malevolent Hagen—and applauded two last-minute replacements, both of them in "Siegfried": Manfred Jung stepped into the title role after the dress rehearsal when a clarion-voiced East German tenor came down with a slight cold and a bad case of nerves; and Bent Norup took over the role of the Wanderer when the baritone scheduled to sing it became ill on the afternoon of the first performance.) There had also been a tidal wave of booing at the end of the controversial Boulez-Chéreau "Ring," in 1976, but the atmosphere after this "Götterdämmerung" was subtly different. A German friend summed up the difference when he said, "They booed Chéreau because he challenged them to think and made them angry; they're booing this production because they think it's inept."



"My philosophy is to sit down and the hell with being counted!"

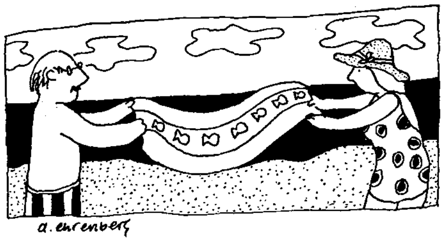
• •

The Solti-Hall "Ring," which began as an effort to present a mythological story as naturalistically as Wagner had conceived it—with real water, realistic animals, a visible rainbow bridge, a dinosaurlike dragon—arrived onstage as an uneasy mixture of old-fashioned scenery that could have been lifted from Joseph Hoffmann's production of 1876 and a series of abstract circles and curve-topped rectangles that resembled the stripped-down designs of the late Wieland Wagner. With the exception of a shallow semicircular swimming pool for three naked, green-haired Rhinemaidens (forty thousand litres of water had to be drained from the stage in forty-two minutes to make room for the Nibelheim scene), the entire production was mounted on an immense mobile platform, which not only could be slid back and forth on tracks permanently installed in the stage floor but could also be lifted, lowered, tilted, and spun completely around in the air by two enormous hydraulic arms. The platform, which cost almost two hundred thousand dollars to install, had been designed to emphasize the distance between the three worlds of the "Ring": the underground caverns of Nibelheim; the primitive Gibichung settlements of pagan Germany; and the heavenly domicile of the gods in and around Valhalla. Although it moved with considerable noise, it did provide some memorable moments. In "Rheingold," the platform tilted forward ominously to emphasize the catastrophe caused by Freia's abduction. In "Walküre," it became a vertical cliff face holding four Valkyries dressed in black leather pants suits and black boots and strapped forty feet in the air. As the girls gamely belted out their war cries, the platform slowly tilted backward, lowering sufficiently to permit other Valkyries (who were dragging naked, bloody bodies of fallen warriors in from the wings) to jump aboard. In "Siegfried," Siegfried's encounter with the Wanderer took place on the platform's upper side; then the platform revolved a hundred and eighty degrees to reveal Brünnhilde strapped in the center of a glowing circle that resembled a large pizza. (Miss Behrens, with remarkable composure, spent several minutes shackled to the underside of the platform and emerged to sing one of the most difficult scenes in opera.) In "Götterdämmerung," the platform revolved again after the fall of the Gibichung hall, and ended as a great abstract curve bathed in a golden glow that appeared to be communicating hope for the future. Although the design was an ingenious one, this "Ring" ultimately sank beneath the weight of its overcomplicated technology. The lumbering platform dominated the stage (after the first few surprises the audience began trying to figure out where and when it would move next), reducing the singers to inanimate ciphers; they tended to gather in groups and stare at Solti. Moreover, after Chéreau's witty, iconoclastic intellectualism the Solti-Hall approach, which deliberately avoided a *Konzept*—a strongly argued interpretation of the "Ring"—appeared to finesse the central question of what Wagner had really meant by it all. Wagnerians feel cheated if they are not provided with a *Konzept*, and Sir Peter astutely tried to obviate such dissatisfaction by issuing a statement before the cycle got under way in which he explained that he, Dudley, and Solti had decided to be as faithful as possible to Wagner's original ideas. "I believe that Richard Wagner elevated a fairy story into an adult myth," he wrote, "and that the craggy naïveté of the text . . . is at one with the period in which Wagner wrote the music. The romanticism is in the music, and I have tried to reflect that by remembering nature in the 'Ring.' . . . I find a classical story of the conflict between power and love; of how heroic love eventually redeems characters who have been corrupted by power. This might sound simple, but I believe in naïveté in the theatre. I would like this production visually and in its actions to make sense to a child." Solti, in an interview before the première, said, "We are doing a romantic staging that reflects very strictly Wagner's musical and scenic instructions." Unfortunately, it was often difficult to relate these statements to what was going on in the Festspielhaus. Solti's musical texture was surprisingly muted until he reached "Siegfried;" then he relaxed and released floods of solidly romantic orchestral sound. Hall's direction seemed more concerned with keeping the singers in touch with Solti ("This is a conductor's production," whispered a Swiss critic sitting next to me) than with creating dramatic tension on the stage. William Dudley's sets and costumes, which were inspired by such diverse elements as a Turner snowstorm, an elegant Samurai, and a Tibetan tribe living in the Zaskar Mountains ("My Gibichungs are a mountain people," he explained, "and this remote Tibetan tribe is probably as close as we'll ever get to the people of the ancient Norse myth"), plunged the audience into a permanent state of confusion.

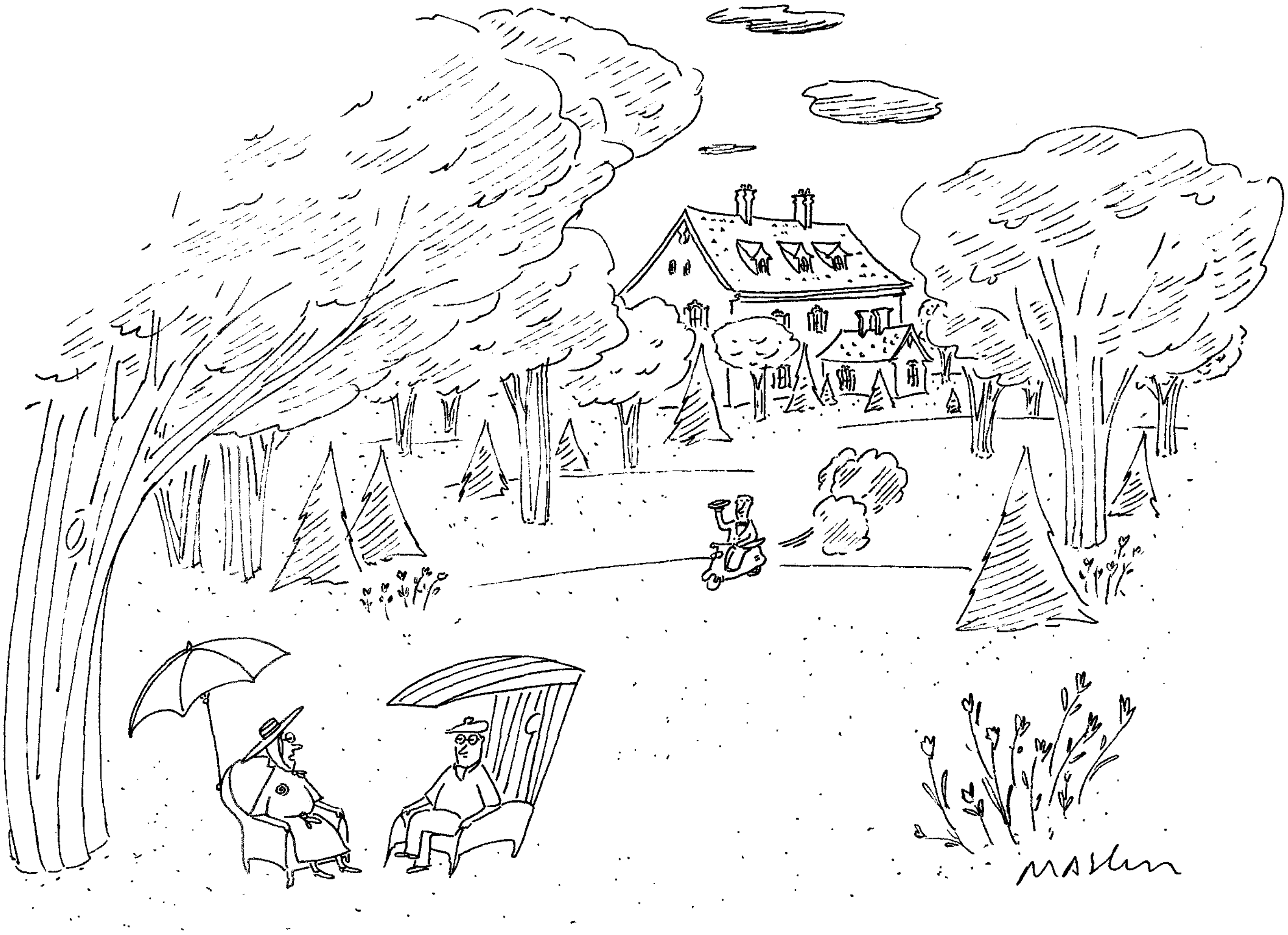
Some of the doubts surfaced at a tense press conference the day after the "Siegfried" première, when Sir Peter was asked point blank if he had indeed had a *Konzept* for the production. "I think of the 'Ring' as a morality opera about good and evil," he replied, with some asperity. "It's strongly philosophical, strongly psychological, strongly political, but it's these things only *after* it's a myth. . . . Wagner was perhaps the most progressive artist in history, but if he'd wanted to write a political piece about standing on the barricades in Dresden he would have done so. Instead, he wrote a piece about gods and giants and dwarfs, nature and sexuality, enchantments and spells, alterations of reality, crime and punishment, and the corruption of power. We're trying to put as many layers of this complex work on the stage as we can without trying to quarrel about what it means. And so when I talk about being naïve I'm talking about working honestly in terms of passion, purity, and clarity of emotion. That, if you will, is our *Konzept*."

Paper Bags

IT should have been a day of unalloyed joy and celebration for the paper-bag fraternity. And on the surface it was—everyone stood around the mezzanine of the International Paper Building, on West Forty-fifth Street, downing small sandwiches without tops and murmuring nice things about the work of the sixty finalists in the first nationwide grocery-bag art competition. The crowd, which included paper manufacturers, artists, and officials of the National Alliance of Supermarket Shoppers, admired sculptures of tennis shoes and video games made from paper bags. It oohed at an embroidered bag. Several people were much taken by the sculpture of a hamburger entered by Annette Bergren, of Mediapolis, Iowa. Just below the smooth surface, however, many of those present—to be precise, those directly involved in the paper-bag industry—were not entirely at ease. A current of tension, a foreboding, perhaps like that of the first clipper-ship captain to see a steam engine, bubbled up in one conversation after another. The worries had nothing to do with paper-bag art. They had to do with plastics. *Plastics!* Plastics, as in plastic shopping bags with holes at the top to serve as handles. "We're concerned," David H. Carleton, who runs the brown-paper-bag division of the American Paper Institute, a manufacturers' trade association, told us. "Concerned but not panicked. Nineteen-eighty-three happens to be the one-hundredth anniversary of the paper bag, and we're using that occasion to promote the advantages of our bag. For example, it's biologically degradable. Also, it stands up unsupported—it doesn't fall over. And it allows for better separation of contents. Your tomatoes and your can of tomato juice stay distant from each other. Your bread isn't crushed. With plastic, because of the handles, you can lose some of your volume—and the egg carton doesn't stand up on its own. Also, the paper-bag industry is all-American. It's not subject to boycotts and embargoes. If you can get a thousand people all charged up to march around a nuclear power plant, you should be able to do *something* for the paper bag." Mr. Carleton added that paper bags make good covers for schoolbooks. Anyway, he said, there is no need, just yet, to start saving paper bags as mementos of a more innocent age. "Twenty-five billion were sold last year in this country alone," he told us, suddenly sounding almost merry.


a. ehrenberg

That is good news for Janeen Borelli, of Benton, Pennsylvania, since it would be very hard to use a plastic bag to make a bas-relief of the faces of a man and a woman. Janeen, who won first prize in the competition for her design, said she'd started by soaking a grocery bag in water. "I didn't have any direction at all at first. I just mashed up all this wet paper, and I saw a nose, so I made a face. And then I made another one. It's much easier to make masculine faces than feminine ones, I found." An art student at Col-



"That will be Williams with your Twinkie."

• •

lege Misericordia, in Dallas, Pennsylvania, Janeen said she was happy to be in New York. "But," she continued, "I never thought a paper bag would get me here. I was kind of hoping some more serious work might do it." Janeen's relief is one of sixty examples of bag art which will be on public view through late September. The works of other finalists, selected from more than a thousand entries, include renderings of a lion and a rooster, a so-called Hog hat from Arkansas, a model of the Three Bears' house, and a bag with a poem written in careful calligraphy on one side. The poem, by John Price, of Cape Coral, Florida, begins like this:

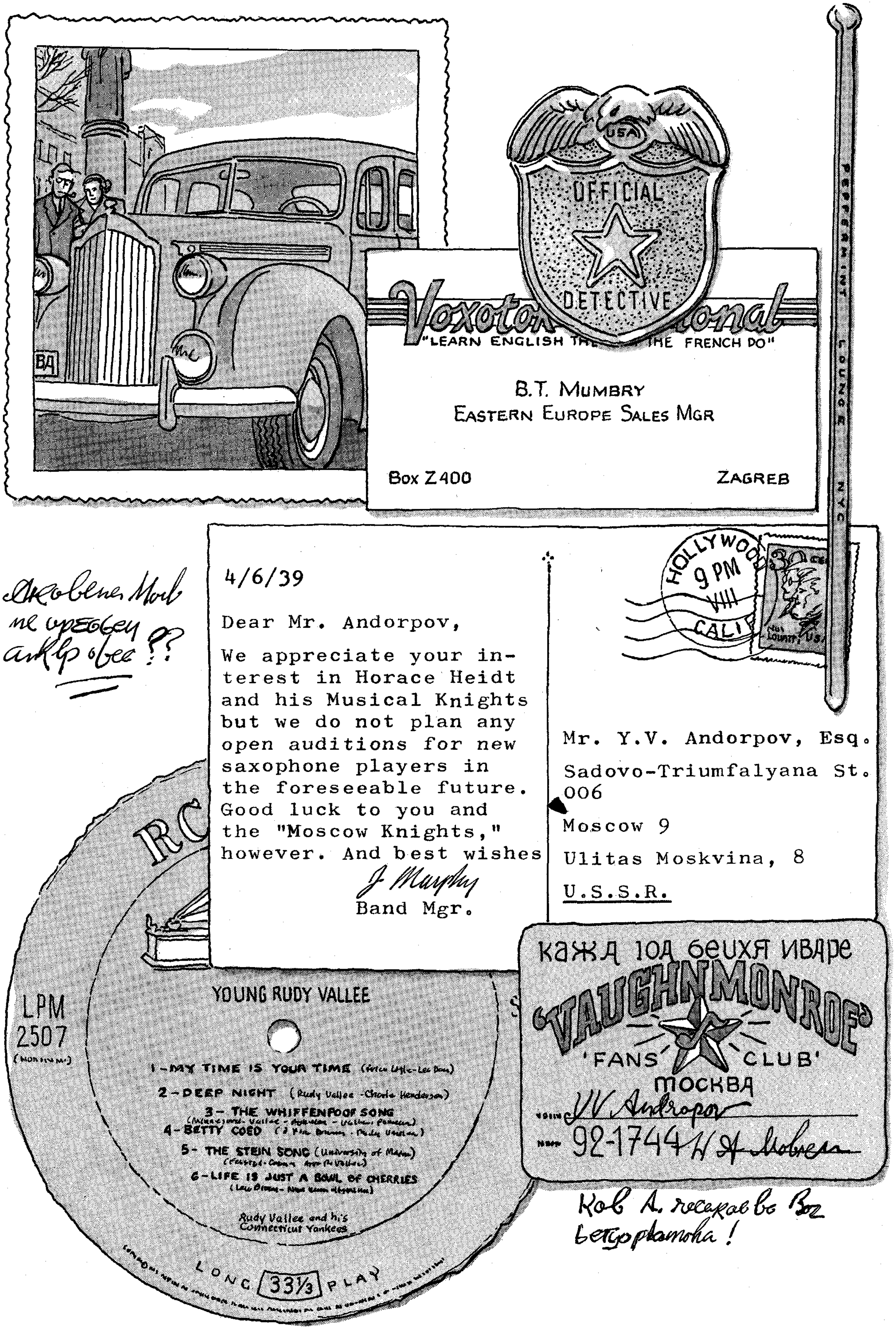
It was upon an ancient time
A.D. Four Ninety-Five,
The tale you're about to know
Took place near River Clive.
'Twas at the good King Arthur's court;
The matter was a bag.
Now list' as good Sir Launcelot
Begins to chew the rag.

In the body of the verse, Sir Launcelot extols the bag in such strong terms that King Arthur agrees to confer upon it the honor of knighthood:

And that is why today you'll hear
All shoppers in accord
Say singly when they view the bill,
And then the bag, 'My Lord.'

The National Alliance of Supermarket Shoppers, a consumer-advocacy group founded in 1977, sponsored the contest. "For the last two years, we had a supermarket-shopper poetry competition," explained Martin Sloane, who edits and publishes the *National Supermarket Shopper*, the Alliance magazine, and also writes a syndicated shopping column, and also serves as host of a Sunday-afternoon radio show in New York. "We were looking for new ways to challenge people's artistic bent—we'd challenged them in verse, and now we wanted to challenge them in art. And here's the proof of the pudding! The Alliance itself grew out of the recognition that while many organizations dealt with nutrition or with general consumerism no one was really concentrating on the person going down the aisle. It's so important—the average person spends from four to six hours a week making shopping plans and executing those plans. An alert shopper is a good shopper. Shoppers should be aware that the store has a purpose of its own, which is to make a profit." By examining newspaper advertisements, and by taking full advantage of "discount opportunities such as coupons" and mailing in box tops for refunds, Mr. Sloane told us, he himself saved some serious money in his role as a private shopper; and in his role as an advocate and a friend of the shopper he had grappled long and hard with the plastic-versus-paper controversy. "In fact, I've often called it the Battle of the Bags," he said. "My feelings on it are very clear. Supermarkets should offer their customers a choice—both paper and plastic. If a supermarket has twelve thousand items—and that's the industry average—I see no reason it can't have two kinds of bags. I really don't."

SCRAPBOOK OF Y. V. ANDROPOV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4/6/39

Dear Mr. Andorpov,

We appreciate your interest in Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights but we do not plan any open auditions for new saxophone players in the foreseeable future. Good luck to you and the "Moscow Knights," however. And best wishes

J Murphy
Band Mgr.

Mr. Y.V. Andorpov, Esq.
Sadovo-Triumfalyana St.
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YOUNG RUDY VALLEE

1 - MY TIME IS YOUR TIME
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3 - THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG
4 - BETTY COED
5 - THE STEIN SONG (University of Maine)
6 - LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES

Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees

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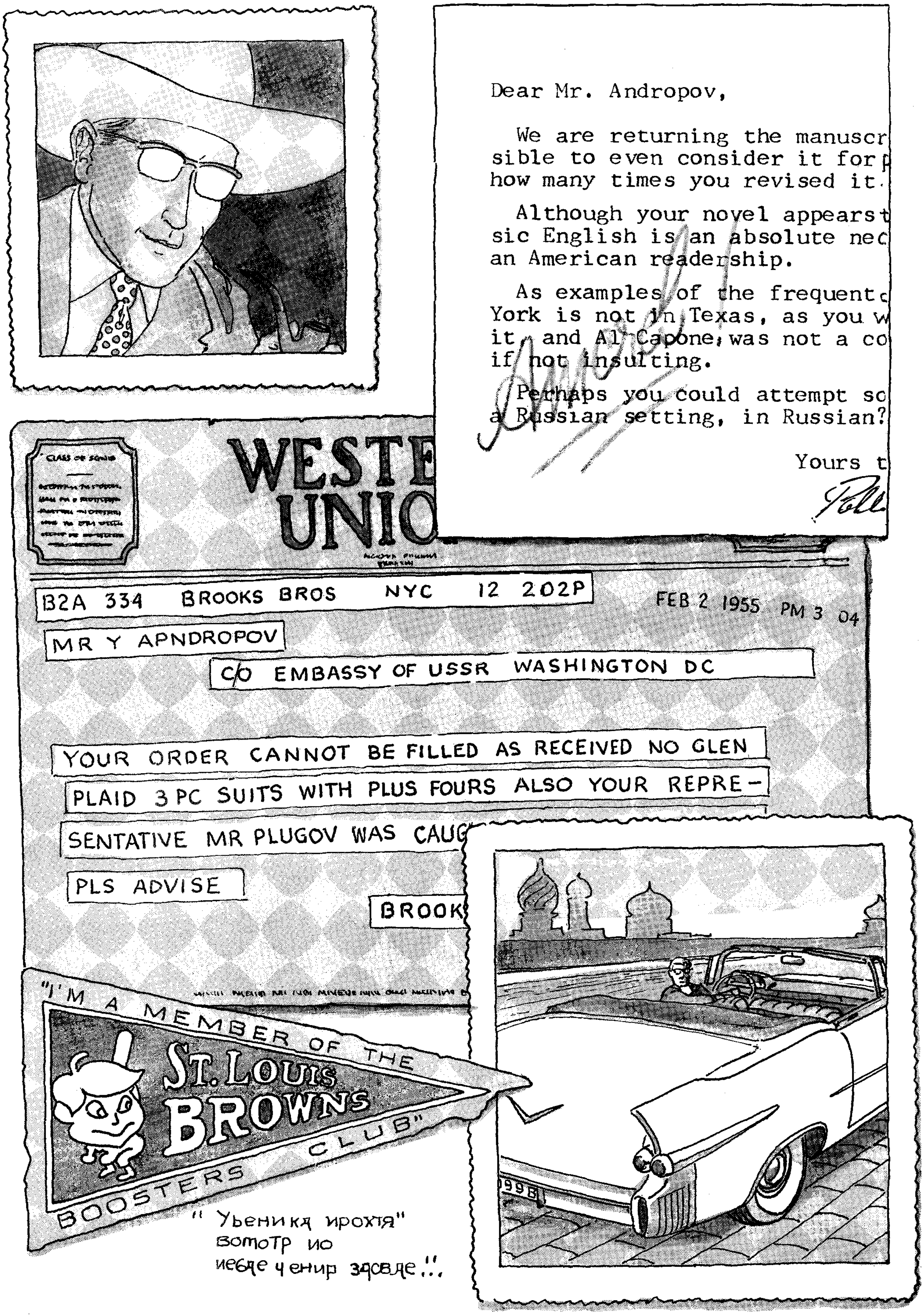

Dear Mr. Andropov,

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SENTATIVE MR PLUGOV WAS CAUG
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" Уьеникд ирохтя"
вomoтр ио
иебде ченир здсвде!!

—Bruce McCall

THE JAGUAR SUN

"OAXACA" is pronounced "Wa*ha*ka." Originally, the hotel where we were staying had been the Convent of Santa Catalina. The first thing we noticed was a painting in a little room leading to the bar. The bar was called Las Novicias. The painting was a large, dark canvas that portrayed a young nun and an old priest standing side by side; their hands, slightly apart from their sides, almost touched. The figures were rather stiff for an eighteenth-century picture; the painting had the somewhat crude grace characteristic of colonial art, but it conveyed a distressing sensation, like an ache of contained suffering.

The lower part of the painting was filled by a long caption, written in cramped lines in an angular, italic hand, white on black. The words devoutly celebrated the life and death of the two characters, who had been chaplain and abbess of the convent (she, of noble birth, had entered it as a novice at the age of eighteen). The reason for their being painted together was the extraordinary love (this word, in the pious Spanish prose, appeared charged with ultra-terrestrial yearning) that had bound the abbess and her confessor for thirty years, a love so great (the word in its spiritual sense sublimated but did not erase the physical emotion) that when the priest came to die, the abbess, twenty years younger, in the space of a single day fell ill and literally expired of love (the word blazed with a truth in which all meanings converge), to join him in Heaven.

Olivia, whose Spanish is better than mine, helped me decipher the story, suggesting to me the translation of some obscure expressions, and these words proved to be the only ones we exchanged during and after the reading, as if we had found ourselves in the presence of a drama, or of a happiness, that made any comment out of place. Something intimidated us—or, rather, frightened us, or, more precisely, filled us with a kind of uneasiness. So I will try to describe what I felt: the sense of a lack, a consuming void. What Olivia was thinking, since she remained silent, I cannot guess.

Then Olivia spoke. She said, "I would like to eat *chiles en nogada*." And, walking like somnambulists, not quite sure we were touching the ground, we headed for the dining room.

In the best moments of a couple's life, it happens: I immediately reconstructed the train of Olivia's thought, with no need of further speech, because the same sequence of associations had unrolled in my mind, though in a more foggy, murky way. Without her, I would never have gained awareness of it.

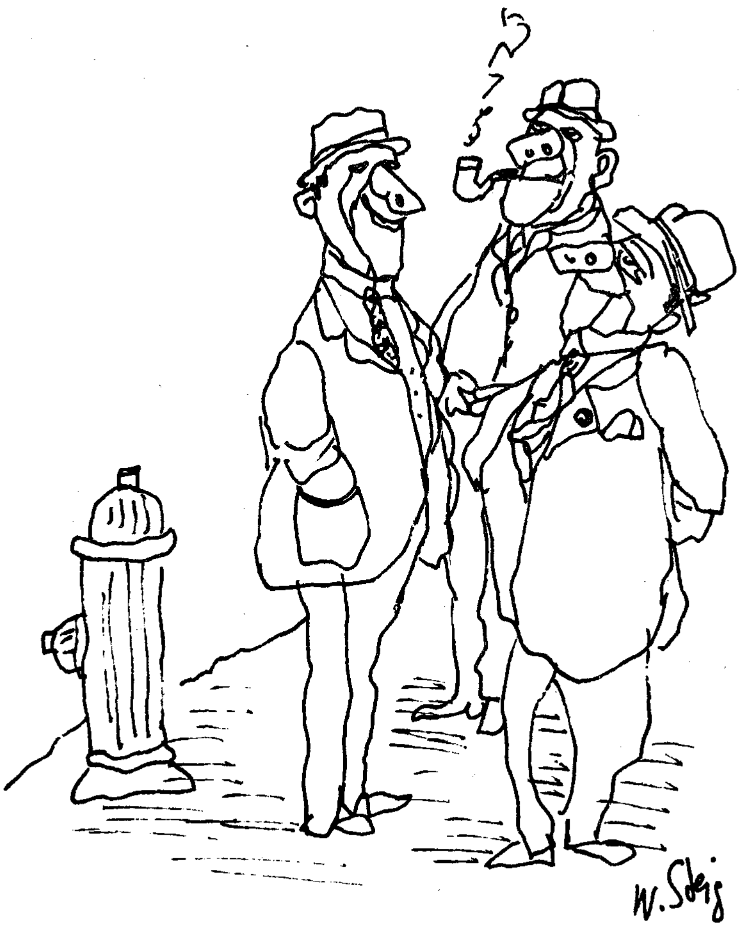
Our trip through Mexico had already lasted over a week. A few days earlier, in Tepotzotlán, in a restaurant whose tables were set among the orange trees of another convent's cloister, we had savored dishes prepared (at least, so we were told) according to the traditional recipes of the nuns. We had eaten a *tamal de elote*—a fine semolina of sweet corn, that is, with ground pork and very hot pepper, all steamed in a bit of cornhusk—and then *chiles en nogada*, which were reddish brown, somewhat wrinkled little peppers, swimming in a walnut sauce whose harshness and bitter aftertaste were drowned in a creamy, sweetish surrender.

After that, for us, the thought of nuns called up the flavors of an elaborate and bold cuisine, bent on making the flavors' highest notes vibrate, juxtaposing them in modulations, in chords, and especially in dissonances that would assert themselves as an incomparable experience—a point of no return, an absolute possession exercised on the receptivity of all the senses.

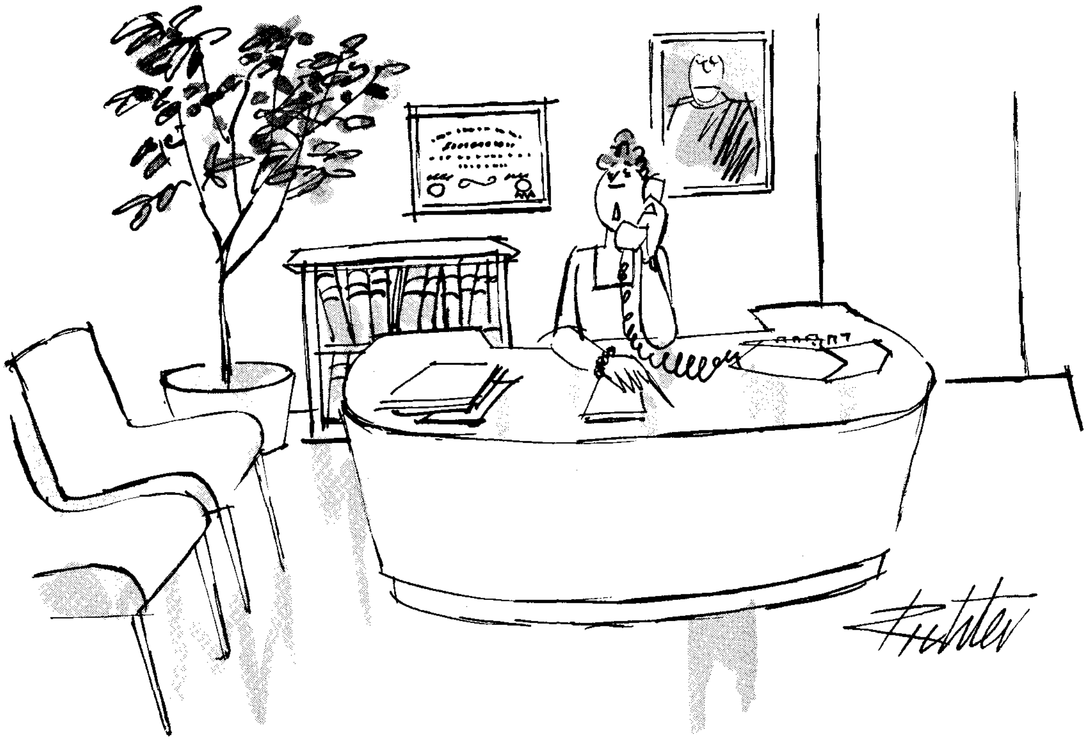
The Mexican friend who had accompanied us on that excursion, Salustiano Velazco by name, in answering Olivia's inquiries about these recipes of conventual gastronomy, lowered his voice as if confiding indelicate secrets to us. It was his way of speaking—or, rather, one of his ways; the copious information Salustiano supplied (about the history and customs and nature of his country his erudition was inexhaustible) was either stated emphatically like a war proclamation or slyly insinuated as if it were charged with all sorts of implied meanings.

Olivia remarked that such dishes involved hours and hours of work and, even before that, a long series of experiments and adjustments. "Did these nuns spend their whole day in the kitchen?" she asked, imagining entire lives devoted to the search for new blends of ingredients, new variations in the measurements, to alert and patient mixing, to the handing down of an intricate, precise lore.

"*Tenían sus criadas*,"



A Few of the Boys



"*James W. Frolkin, yet another attorney-at-law.*"

• •

Salustiano answered. ("They had their servants.") And he explained to us that when the daughters of noble families entered the convent they brought their maids with them; thus, to satisfy the venial whims of gluttony, the only cravings allowed them, the nuns could rely on a swarm of eager, tireless helpers. And as far as they themselves were concerned, they had only to conceive and compare and correct the recipes that expressed their fantasies confined within those walls: the fantasies, after all, of sophisticated women, bright and introverted and complex, women who needed absolutes, whose reading told of ecstasies and transfigurations, martyrs and tortures, women with conflicting calls in their blood, genealogies in which the descendants of the conquistadores mingled with those of Indian princesses or slaves, women with childhood recollections of the fruits and fragrances of a succulent vegetation, thick with ferments, though growing from those sun-baked plateaus.

Nor should sacred architecture be overlooked, the background to the lives of those religious; it, too, was impelled by the same drive toward the extreme that led to the exacerbation of flavors amplified by the blaze of the most spicy *chiles*. Just as colonial baroque set no limits on the profusion of ornament and display, in which God's presence was identified in a closely calculated delirium of brimming, excessive sensations, so the curing of the hundred or more native varieties of hot peppers carefully selected for each dish opened vistas of a flaming ecstasy.

At Tepotzotlán, we visited the church the Jesuits had built in the eighteenth century for their seminary (and no sooner was it consecrated than they had to abandon it, as they were expelled from Mexico forever): a theatre-church, all gold and bright colors, in a dancing and acrobatic baroque, crammed with swirling angels, garlands, panoplies of flowers, shells. Surely the Jesuits meant to compete with the splendor of the Aztecs, whose ruined temples and palaces—the royal palace of Quetzalcóatl!—still stood, to recall a rule imposed through the impressive effects of a grandiose, transfiguring art. There was a challenge in the air, in this dry and thin air at an altitude of two thousand metres: the ancient rivalry between the civilizations of America and Spain in the art of bewitching the senses with dazzling seductions. And from architecture this rivalry extended to cuisine, where the two civilizations had merged, or perhaps where the conquered had triumphed, strong in the condiments born from their very soil. Through the white hands of novices and the brown hands of lay sisters, the cuisine of the new Indo-Hispanic civilization had become also the field of battle between the aggressive ferocity of the ancient gods of the mesa and the sinuous excess of the baroque religion.

On the supper menu we didn't find *chiles en nogada*. From one locality to the next the gastronomic lexicon varied, always offering new terms to be recorded and new sensations to be defined. Instead, we found *guacamole*, to be scooped up with crisp tortillas that snap into many shards and dip like spoons into the thick cream (the fat softness of the *aguacate*—the Mexican national fruit, known to the rest of the world under the distorted name of "avocado"—is accompanied and underlined by the angular dryness of the tortilla, which, for its part, can have many flavors, pretending to have none); then *guajolote con mole poblano*—that is, turkey with Puebla-style *mole* sauce, one of the noblest among the many *moles*, and most laborious (the preparation never takes less than two days), and most complicated, because it requires several different varieties of *chile*, as well as garlic, onion, cinnamon, cloves, pepper, cumin, coriander, and sesame, almonds, raisins, and peanuts, with a touch of chocolate; and finally *quesadillas* (another kind of tortilla, really, for which cheese is incorporated in the dough, garnished with ground meat and refried beans).

Right in the midst of chewing, Olivia's lips paused, almost stopped, though without completely interrupting their continuity of movement, which slowed down, as if reluctant to allow an inner echo to fade, while her gaze became fixed, intent on no specific object, in apparent alarm. Her face had a special concentration that I had observed during meals ever since we began our trip to Mexico. I followed the tension as it moved from her lips to her nostrils, flaring one moment, contracting the next (the plasticity of the nose is quite limited—especially for a delicate, harmonious nose like Olivia's—and each barely perceptible attempt to expand the capacity of the nostrils in the longitudinal direction actually makes them thinner, while the corresponding reflex movement, accentuating their breadth, then seems a kind of withdrawal of the whole nose into the surface of the face).

What I have just said might suggest that in eating Olivia became closed into herself, absorbed with the inner course of her sensations; in reality, on the contrary, the desire her whole person expressed was that of communicating to me what she was tasting: communicating with me through flavors, or communicating with flavors through a double set of taste buds, hers and mine. "Did you taste that? Are you tasting it?" she was asking me, with a kind of anxiety, as if at that same moment our incisors had pierced an identically composed morsel and the same drop of savor had been caught by the membranes of my tongue and of hers. "Is it *cilantro*? Can't you taste *cilantro*?" she insisted, referring to an herb whose local name hadn't allowed us to identify it with certainty (was it coriander, perhaps?) and of which a little thread in the morsel we were chewing sufficed to transmit to the nostrils a sweetly pungent emotion, like an impalpable intoxication.

Olivia's need to involve me in her emotions pleased me greatly, because it showed that I was indispensable to her and that, for her, the pleasures of existence could be appreciated only if we shared them. Our subjective, individual selves, I was thinking, find their amplification and completion only in the unity of the couple. I needed confirmation of this conviction all the more since, from the beginning of our Mexican journey, the physical bond between Olivia and me was going through a phase of rarefaction, if not eclipse: a momentary phenomenon, surely, and not in itself disturbing—part of the normal ups and downs to which, over a long period, the life of every couple is subject. And I couldn't help remarking how certain manifestations of Olivia's vital energy, certain prompt reactions or delays on her part, yearnings or throbs, continued to take place before my eyes, losing none of their intensity, with only one significant difference: their stage was no longer the bed of our embraces but a dinner table.

THE ROCKETTES

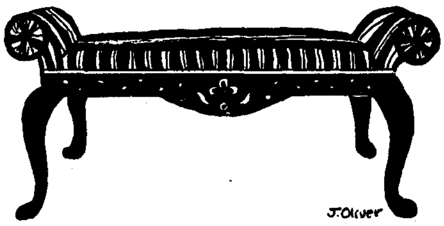
Now when those girls, all thirty-six, go
to make their silky line, they do it slow,
so slow and with a smile—they know
we love it, we the audience. Our
breaths suck in with a gasp you hear
as their legs in casual unison
wave this way then, and that, and their top
hats tilt in one direction,
and their sharp feet twinkle like a starry row
as the pace accelerates, and the lazy legs
(thirty-six, thirty-six, what a sex
to be limber and white and slender
and fat all at once, all at once!)
that seemed so calm go higher, higher
in the wonderful kicks, like the teeth
of a beast we have dreamed and are dreaming,
like the feathers all velvet together
of a violent contracting that pulls us in,
then lets us go, that pulls us in,
then lets us go; they smile because
they know we know they know we know.

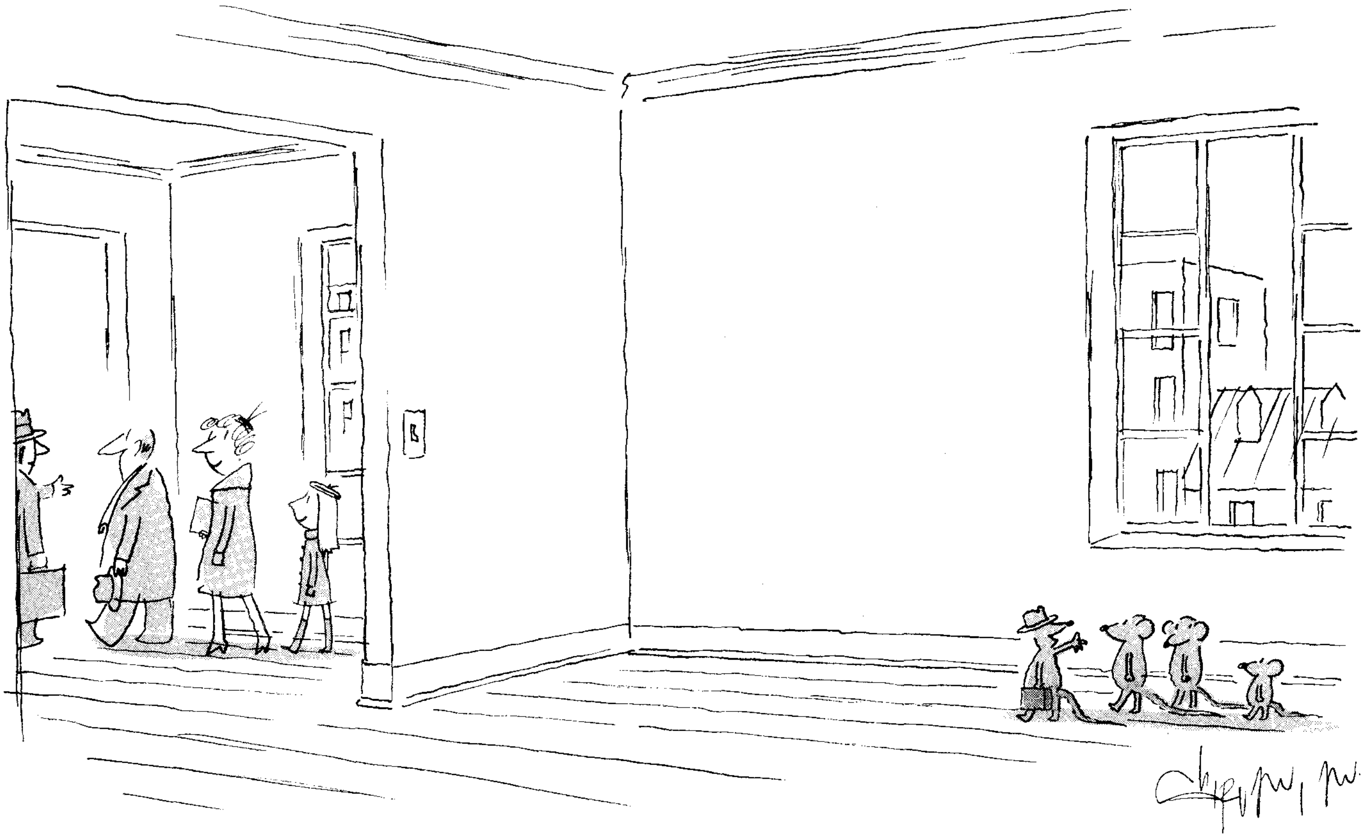
—John Updike

• •

During the first few days I expected the gradual kindling of the palate to spread quickly to all our senses. I was mistaken: aphrodisiac this cuisine surely was, but in itself and for itself (this is what I thought to understand, and what I am saying applies only to us at that moment; I cannot speak for others or for us if we had been in a different humor). It stimulated desires, in other words, that sought their satisfaction only within the very sphere of sensation that had aroused them—in eating new dishes, therefore, that would generate and extend those same desires. We were thus in the ideal situation for imagining what the love between the abbess and the chaplain might have been like: a love that, in the eyes of the world and in their own eyes, could have been perfectly chaste and at the same time infinitely carnal in that experience of flavors gained through secret and subtle complicity.

"Complicity": the word, the moment it came into my mind—referring not only to the nun and the priest but also to Olivia and me—heartened me. Because if what Olivia sought was complicity in the almost obsessive passion that had seized her, then this suggested we were not losing—as I had feared—a parity between us. In fact, it had seemed to me during the last few days that Olivia, in her gustatory exploration, had wanted to keep me in a subordinate position: a presence necessary, indeed, but subaltern, obliging me to observe the relationship between her and food as a confidant or as a compliant pander. I dispelled this irksome notion that had somehow or other occurred to me. In reality, our complicity could not be more total, precisely because we experienced the same passion in different ways, in accord with our temperaments: Olivia more sensitive to perceptive nuances and endowed with a more analytical memory, where every recollection remained distinct and unmistakable, I tending more to define experiences verbally and conceptually, to mark the ideal line of our journey within ourselves contemporaneously with our geographical journey. In fact, this was a conclusion of mine that Olivia had instantly adopted (or perhaps Olivia had been the one to prompt the idea and I had simply proposed it to her again in words of my own): the true journey, as the introjection of an "outside" different from our normal one, implies a complete change of nutrition, a digesting of the visited country—its fauna and flora and its culture (not only the different culinary practices and condiments but the different implements used to grind the flour or stir the pot)—making it pass between the lips and down the esophagus. This is





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the only kind of travel that has a meaning nowadays, when everything visible you can see on television without rising from your easy chair. (And you mustn't rebut that the same result can be achieved by visiting the exotic restaurants of our big cities; they so counterfeit the reality of the cuisine they claim to follow that, as far as our deriving real knowledge is concerned, they are the equivalent not of an actual locality but of a scene reconstructed and shot in a studio.)

ALL the same, in the course of our trip Olivia and I saw everything there was to be seen (no small exploit, in quantity or quality). For the following morning we had planned a visit to the excavations at Monte Albán, and the guide came for us at the hotel promptly with a little bus. In the sunny, arid countryside grow the agaves used for mescal and tequila, and *nopales* (which we call prickly pears) and cereus—all thorns—and jacaranda, with its blue flowers. The road climbs up into the mountains. Monte Albán, among the heights surrounding a valley, is a complex of ruins: temples, reliefs, grand stairways, platforms for human sacrifice. Horror, sacredness, and mystery are consolidated by tourism, which dictates preordained forms of behavior, the modest surrogates of those rites. Contemplating these stairs, we try to imagine the hot blood spurting from the breast split by the stone axe of the priest. Three civilizations succeeded one another at Monte Albán, each shifting the same blocks: the Zapotecs building over the works of the Olmecs, and the Mixtecs doing the same to those of the Zapotecs. The calendars of the ancient Mexican civilizations, carved on the reliefs, represent a cyclic, tragic concept of time: every fifty-two years the universe ended, the gods died, the temples were destroyed, every celestial and terrestrial thing changed its name. Perhaps the peoples that history defines as the successive occupants of these territories were merely a single people, whose continuity was never broken even through a series of massacres like those the reliefs depict. Here are the conquered villages, their names written in hieroglyphics, and the god of the village, his head hung upside down; here are the chained prisoners of war, the severed heads of the victims.

The guide to whom the travel agency entrusted us, a burly man named Alonso, with flattened features like an Olmec head (or Mixtec? Zapotec?), points out to us, with exuberant mime, the famous bas-reliefs called "Los Danzantes." Only some of the carved figures, he says, are portraits of dancers, with their legs in movement (Alonso performs a few steps); others might be astronomers, raising one hand to shield their eyes and study the stars (Alonso strikes an astronomer's pose). But for the most part, he says, they represent women giving birth (Alonso acts this out). We learn that this temple was meant to ward off difficult childbirths; the reliefs were perhaps votive images. Even the dance, for that matter, served to make births easier, through magic mimesis—especially when the baby came out feet first (Alonso performs the magic mimesis). One relief depicts a cesarean operation, complete with uterus and Fallopian tubes (Alonso, more brutal than ever, mimes the entire female anatomy, to demonstrate that a sole surgical torment linked births and deaths).

Everything in our guide's gesticulation takes on a truculent significance, as if the temples of the sacrifices cast their shadow on every act and every thought. When the most propitious date had been set, in accordance with the stars, the sacrifices were accompanied by the revelry of dances, and even births seemed to have no purpose beyond supplying new soldiers for the wars to capture victims. Though some figures are shown running or wrestling or playing football, according to Alonso these are not peaceful athletic competitions but, rather, the games of prisoners forced to compete in order to determine which of them would be the first to ascend the altar.

"And the loser in the games was chosen for the sacrifice?" I ask.

"No! The winner!" Alonso's face becomes radiant. "To have your chest split open by the obsidian knife was an honor!" And in a crescendo of ancestral patriotism, just as he had boasted of the excellence of the scientific knowledge of the ancient peoples, so now this worthy descendant of the Olmecs feels called upon to exalt the offering of a throbbing human heart to the sun to assure that the dawn would return each morning and illuminate the world.

That was when Olivia asked, "But what did they do with the victims' bodies afterward?"

Alonso stopped.

"Those limbs—I mean, those entrails," Olivia insisted. "They were offered to the gods, I realize that. But, practically speaking, what happened to them? Were they burned?"

No, they weren't burned.

"Well, what then? Surely a gift to the gods couldn't be buried, left to rot in the ground."

"*Los zopilotes*," Alonso said. "The vultures. They were the ones who cleared the altars and carried the offerings to Heaven."

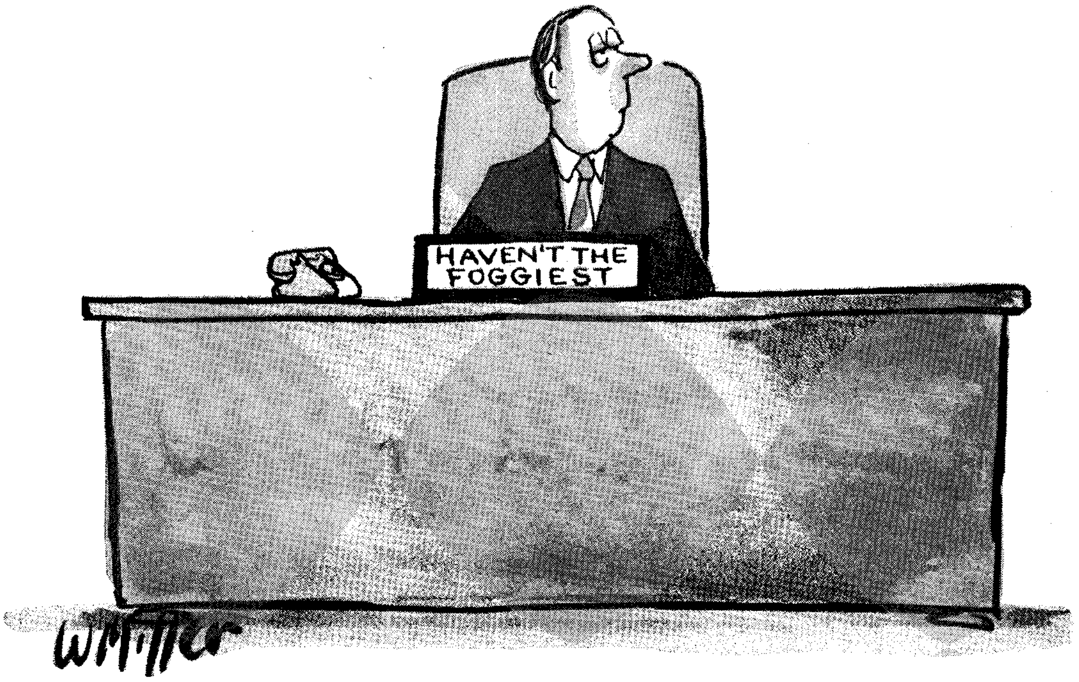
The vultures. "Always?" Olivia asked further, with an insistence I could not explain to myself.

Alonso was evasive, tried to change the subject; he was in a hurry to show us the passages that connected the priests' houses with the temples, where they made their appearance, their faces covered by terrifying masks. Our guide's pedagogical enthusiasm had something irritating about it, because it gave the impression he was imparting to us a lesson that was simplified so that it would enter our poor profane heads, though he actually knew far more, things he kept to himself and took care not to tell us. Perhaps this was what Olivia had sensed and what, after a certain point, made her maintain a closed, vexed silence through the rest of our visit to the excavations and on the jolting bus that brought us back to Oaxaca.

Along the road, all curves, I tried to catch Olivia's eye as she sat facing me, but, thanks to the bouncing of the bus or the difference in the level of our seats, I realized my gaze was resting not on her eyes but on her teeth (she kept her lips parted in a pensive expression), which I happened to be seeing for the first time not as the radiant glow of a smile but as the instruments most suited to their purpose: to be dug into flesh, to sever it, tear it. And as you try to read a person's thoughts in the expression of his eyes, so now I looked at those strong, sharp teeth and sensed there a restrained desire, an expectation.

As we reëntered the hotel and headed for the large lobby (the former chapel of the convent), which we had to cross to reach the wing where our room was, we were struck by a sound like a cascade of water flowing and splashing and gurgling in a thousand rivulets and eddies and jets. The closer we got, the more this homogeneous noise was broken down into a complex of chirps, trills, caws, clucks, as of a flock of birds flapping their wings in an aviary. From the doorway (the room was a few steps lower than the corridor), we saw an expanse of little spring hats on the heads of ladies seated around tea tables. Throughout the country a campaign was in progress for the election of a new president of the republic, and the wife of the favored candidate was giving a tea party of impressive proportions for the wives of the prominent men of Oaxaca. Under the broad, empty vaulted ceiling, three hundred Mexican ladies were conversing all at once; the spectacular acoustical event that had immediately subdued us was produced by their voices mingled with the tinkling of cups and spoons and of knives cutting slices of cake. Looming over the assembly was a gigantic full-color picture of a round-faced lady with her black, smooth hair drawn straight back, wearing a blue dress of which only the buttoned collar could be seen; it was not unlike the official portraits of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, in other words.

To reach the patio and, from it, our stairs, we had to pick our way among the little tables of the reception. We were already close to the far exit when, from a table at the back of the hall, one of the few male guests rose and came toward us, arms extended. It was our friend Salustiano Velazco, a member of the would-be president's staff and, in that capacity, a participant in the more delicate stages of the electoral campaign. We hadn't seen him since leaving the capital, and to show us, with all his ebullience, his joy on seeing us again and to inquire about the latest stages of our journey (and perhaps to escape momentarily that atmosphere in which the triumphal female predominance



compromised his chivalrous certitude of male supremacy) he left his place of honor at the symposium and accompanied us into the patio.

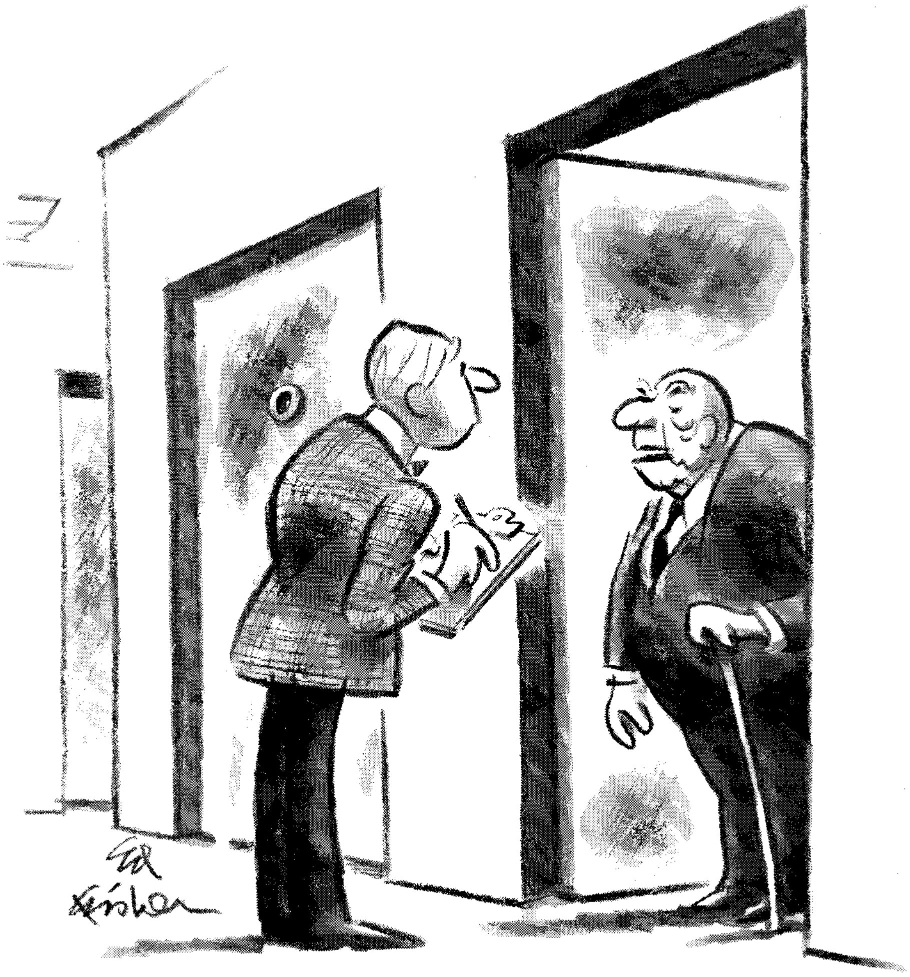
Instead of asking us about what we had seen, he began by pointing out the things we had surely failed to see in the places we had visited and could have seen only if he had been with us—a conversational formula that impassioned connoisseurs of a country feel obliged to adopt with visiting friends, always with the best intentions, though it successfully spoils the pleasure of those who have returned from a trip and are quite proud of their experiences, great or small. The convivial din of the distinguished gynaeceum followed us even into the patio and drowned at least half the words he and we spoke, so I was never sure he wasn't reproaching us for not having seen the very things we had just finished telling him we had seen.

"And today we went to Monte Albán," I quickly informed him, raising my voice. "The stairways, the reliefs, the sacrificial altars . . ."

Salustiano put his hand to his mouth, then waved it in midair—a gesture that, for him, meant an emotion too great to be expressed in words. He began by furnishing us archeological and ethnographical details I would have very much liked to hear sentence by sentence, but they were lost in the reverberations of the feast. From his gestures and the scattered words I managed to catch ("*Sangre . . . obsidiana . . . divinidad solar*"), I realized he was talking about the human sacrifices and was speaking with a mixture of awed participation and sacred horror—an attitude distinguished from that of our crude guide by a greater awareness of the cultural implications.

Quicker than I, Olivia managed to follow Salustiano's speech better, and now she spoke up, to ask him something. I realized she was repeating the question she had asked Alonso that afternoon: "What the vultures didn't carry off—what happened to that, afterward?"

Salustiano's eyes flashed knowing sparks at Olivia, and I also grasped then the purpose behind her question, especially as Salustiano assumed his confidential, abettor's tone. It seemed that, precisely because they were softer, his words now overcame more easily the barrier of sound that separated us.



"That was back then. I now espouse gerontocracy."

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"Who knows? The priests . . . This was also a part of the rite—I mean among the Aztecs, the people we know better. But even about them, not much is known. These were secret ceremonies. Yes, the ritual meal . . . The priest assumed the functions of the god, and so the victim, divine food . . ."

Was this Olivia's aim? To make him admit this? She insisted further, "But how did it take place? The meal . . ."

"As I say, there are only some suppositions. It seems that the princes, the warriors also joined in. The victim was already part of the god, transmitting divine strength." At this point, Salustiano changed his tone and became proud, dramatic, carried away. "Only the warrior who had captured the sacrificed prisoner could not touch his flesh. He remained apart, weeping."

Olivia still didn't seem satisfied. "But this flesh—in order to eat it . . . The way it was cooked, the sacred cuisine, the seasoning—is anything known about that?"

Salustiano became thoughtful. The banqueting ladies had redoubled their noise, and now Salustiano seemed to become hypersensitive to their sounds; he tapped his ear with one finger, signalling that he couldn't go on in all that racket. "Yes, there must have been some rules. Of course, that food couldn't be consumed without a special ceremony . . . the due honor . . . the respect for the sacrificed, who were brave youths . . . respect for the gods . . . flesh that couldn't be eaten just for the sake of eating, like any ordinary food. And the flavor . . ."

"They say it isn't good to eat?"

"A strange flavor, they say."

"It must have required seasoning—strong stuff."

"Perhaps that flavor had to be hidden. All other flavors had to be brought together, to hide that flavor."

And Olivia asked, "But the priests . . . About the cooking of it—

they didn't leave any instructions? Didn't hand down anything?"

Salustiano shook his head. "A mystery. Their life was shrouded in mystery."

And Olivia—Olivia now seemed to be prompting him. "Perhaps that flavor emerged, all the same—even through the other flavors."

Salustiano put his fingers to his lips, as if to filter what he was saying. "It was a sacred cuisine. It had to celebrate the harmony of the elements achieved through sacrifice—a terrible harmony, flaming, incandescent . . ." He fell suddenly silent, as if sensing he had gone too far, and as if the thought of the repast had recalled him to his duty, he hastily apologized for not being able to stay longer with us. He had to go back to his place at the table.

Waiting for evening to fall, we sat in one of the cafés under the arcades of the *zócalo*, the regular little square that is the heart of every old city of the colony—green, with short, carefully pruned trees called *almendros*, though they bear no resemblance to almond trees. The tiny paper flags and the banners that greeted the official candidate did their best to convey a festive air to the *zócalo*. The proper Oaxaca families strolled under the arcades. American hippies waited for the old woman who supplied them with *mescalina*. Ragged venders unfurled colored fabrics on the ground. From another square nearby came the echo of the loudspeakers of a sparsely attended rally of the opposition. Crouched on the ground, heavy women were frying tortillas and greens.

In the kiosk in the middle of the square, an orchestra was playing, bringing back to me reassuring memories of evenings in a familiar, provincial Europe I was old enough to have known and forgotten. But the memory was like a trompe-l'oeil, and when I examined it a little it gave me a sense of multiplied distance, in space and in time. Wearing black suits and neckties, the musicians, with their dark, impassive Indian faces, played for the varicolored, shirtsleeved tourists—inhabitants, it seemed, of a perpetual summer—for parties of old men and women, meretriciously young in all the splendor of their dentures, and for groups of the really young, hunched over and meditative, as if waiting for age to come and whiten their blond beards and flowing hair; bundled in rough clothes, weighed down by their knapsacks, they looked like the allegorical figures of winter in old calendars.

"Perhaps time has come to an end, the sun has grown weary of rising, Cronos dies of starvation for want of victims to devour, the ages and the seasons are turned upside down," I said.

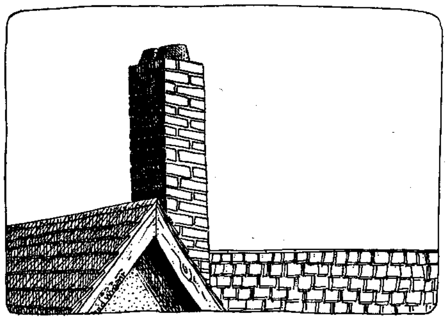
"Perhaps the death of time concerns only us," Olivia answered. "We who tear one another apart, pretending not to know it, pretending not to taste flavors anymore."

"You mean that here—that they need stronger flavors here because they know, because here they ate . . ."

"The same as at home, even now. Only we no longer know it, no longer dare look, the way they did. For them there was no mystification: the horror was right there, in front of their eyes. They ate as long as there was a bone left to pick clean, and that's why the flavors . . ."

"To hide that flavor?" I said, again picking up Salustiano's chain of hypotheses.

"Perhaps it couldn't be hidden. *Shouldn't* be. Otherwise, it was like not eating what they were really eating. Perhaps the other flavors served to enhance that flavor, to give it a worthy background, to honor it."



At these words I felt again the need to look her in the teeth, as I had done earlier, when we were coming down in the bus. But at that very moment her tongue, moist with saliva, emerged from between her teeth, then immediately drew back, as if she were mentally savoring something. I realized Olivia was already imagining the supper menu.

It began, this menu, offered us by a restaurant we found among low houses with curving grilles, with a rose-colored liquid in a hand-blown glass: *sopa de camarones*—shrimp soup, that is, immeasurably hot, thanks to a quantity of *chiles* we had never come upon previously, perhaps the famous *chiles jalapeños*. Then *cabrito*—roast kid—every morsel of which provoked surprise, because the teeth would encounter first a crisp bit, then a bit that melted in the mouth.

"You're not eating?" Olivia asked me. She seemed to concentrate only on savoring her dish, though she was very alert, as usual, while I had remained lost in thought, looking at her. It was the sensation of her teeth in my flesh that I was imagining, and I could feel her tongue lift me against the roof of her mouth, enfold me in saliva, then thrust me under the tips of the canines. I sat there facing her, but at the same time it was as if a part of me, or all of me, were contained in her mouth, crunched, torn shred by shred. The situation was not entirely passive, since while I was being chewed by her I felt also that I was acting on her, transmitting sensations that spread from the taste buds through her whole body. I was the one who aroused her

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FINALE

The music was thrilling. But when we left the concert
gullies of rain washed down between those buildings
lining the dark street up to the subway station,
and pockmarked your naked shoulders as we walked
slowly, resigned. For a moment, I thought
of doing a bright Gene Kelly on the pavement,
but you looked so drowned, so unhappy
I bullied slightly ahead—the rainstorm too loud
even for yelling. There is a tiny passage
in "Tender Is the Night" where the hero, Dick Diver,
knows everything's over. Everything. And it's so simple:
a brief streak of sky, a storefront boarded up,
strands of wet hair plastering our skulls,
a thousand rainy windows to Far Rockaway.

—DICK ALLEN

• •

A
LAKE WOBEGON MINN
KOREN

"Our group shares a lot of giggles."

• •

every vibration—it was a reciprocal and complete relationship, which involved us and overwhelmed us.

I regained my composure; so did she. We looked carefully at the salad of tender prickly-pear leaves (*ensalada de nopalitos*)—boiled, seasoned with garlic, coriander, red pepper, and oil and vinegar—then the pink and creamy pudding of *maguey* (a variety of agave), all accompanied by a carafe of *sangrita* and followed by coffee with cinnamon.

But this relationship between us, established exclusively through food, so much so that it could be identified in no image other than that of a meal—this relationship which in my imaginings I thought corresponded with Olivia's deepest desires—didn't please her in the slightest, and her irritation was to find its release during that same supper.

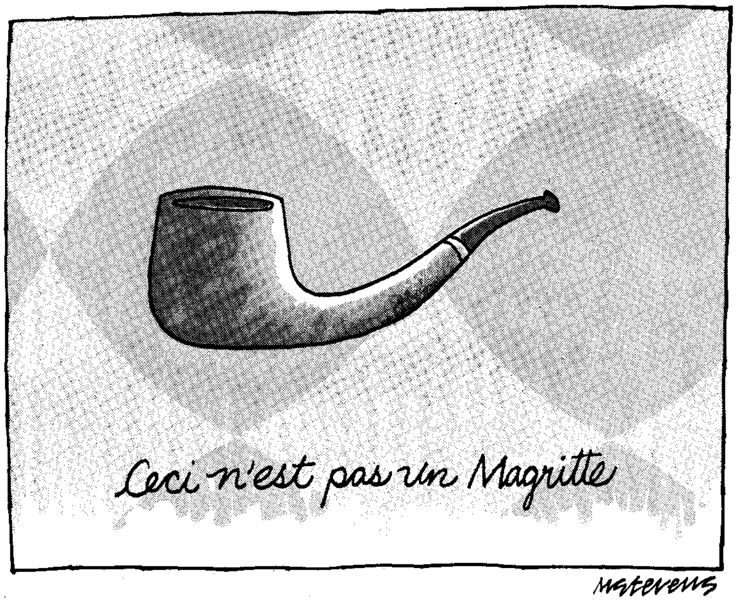
"How boring you are! How monotonous!" she began by saying, repeating an old complaint about my uncommunicative nature and my habit of giving her full responsibility for keeping the conversation alive—an argument that flared up whenever we were alone together at a restaurant table, including a list of charges whose basis in truth I couldn't help admitting but in which I also discerned the fundamental reasons for our unity as a couple; namely, that Olivia saw and knew how to catch and isolate and rapidly define many more things than I, and therefore my relationship with the world was essentially via her. "You're always sunk into yourself, unable to participate in what's going on around you, unable to put yourself out for another, never a flash of enthusiasm on your own, always ready to cast a pall on anybody else's, depressing, indifferent—" And to the inventory of my faults she added this time a new adjective, or one that to my ears now took on a new meaning: "Insipid!"

There: I was insipid, I thought, without flavor. And the Mexican cuisine, with all its boldness and imagination, was needed if Olivia was to feed on me with satisfaction. The spiciest flavors were the complement—indeed, the avenue of communication, indispensable as a loudspeaker that amplifies sounds—for Olivia to be nourished by my substance.

"I may seem insipid to you," I protested, "but there are ranges of flavor more discreet and restrained than that of red peppers. There are subtle tastes that one must know how to perceive!"

THE next morning we left Oaxaca in Salustiano's car. Our friend had to visit other provinces on the candidate's tour, and offered to accompany us for part of our itinerary. At one point on the trip he showed us some recent excavations not yet overrun by tourists. A stone statue rose barely above the level of the ground, with the unmistakable form that we had learned to recognize on the very first days of our Mexican archeological wanderings: the *chacmool*, or half-reclining human figure, in an almost Etruscan pose, with a tray resting on his belly. He looks like a rough, good-natured puppet, but it was on that tray that the victims' hearts were offered to the gods.

"Messenger of the gods—what does that mean?" I asked. I had read that definition in a guidebook. "Is he a demon sent to earth by the gods to collect the dish with the offering? Or


Ceci n'est pas un Magritte
MStevens

an emissary from human beings who must go to the gods and offer them the food?"

"Who knows?" Salustiano answered, with the suspended attitude he took in the face of unanswerable questions, as if listening to the inner voices he had at his disposal, like reference books. "It could be the victim himself, supine on the altar, offering his own entrails on the dish. Or the sacrificer, who assumes the pose of the victim because he is aware that tomorrow it will be his turn. Without this reciprocity, human sacrifice would be unthinkable. All were potentially both sacrificer and victim—the victim accepted his role as victim because he had fought to capture the others as victims."

"They could be eaten because they themselves were eaters of men?" I added, but Salustiano was talking now about the serpent as symbol of the continuity of life and the cosmos.

Meanwhile I understood: my mistake with Olivia was to consider myself eaten by her, whereas I should be myself (I always had been) the one who ate her. The most appetizingly flavored human flesh belongs to the eater of human flesh. It was only by feeding ravenously on Olivia that I would cease being tasteless to her palate.

This was in my mind that evening when I sat down with her to supper. "What's wrong with you? You're odd this evening," Olivia said, since nothing ever escaped her. The dish they had served us was called *gorditas pellizcadas con manteca*—literally, "plump girls pinched with butter." I concentrated on devouring, with every meatball, the whole fragrance of Olivia—through voluptuous mastication, a vampire extraction of vital juices. But I realized that in a relationship that should have been among three terms—me, meatball, Olivia—a fourth term had intruded, assuming a dominant role: the name of the meatballs. It was the name "*gorditas pellizcadas con manteca*" that I was especially savoring and assimilating and possessing. And, in fact, the magic of that name continued affecting me even after the meal, when we retired together to our hotel room in the night. And for the first time during our Mexican journey the spell whose victims we had been was broken, and the inspiration that had blessed the finest moments of our joint life came to visit us again.

The next morning we found ourselves sitting up in our bed in the *chacmool* pose, with the dulled expression of stone statues on our faces and, on our laps, the tray with the anonymous hotel breakfast, to which we tried to add local flavors, ordering with it mangoes, papayas, cherimoyas, guayabas—fruits that conceal in the sweetness of their pulp subtle messages of asperity and sourness.

Our journey moved into the Maya territories. The temples of Palenque emerged from the tropical forest, dominated by thick, wooded mountains: enormous ficus trees with multiple trunks like roots, lilac-colored *maculis*, *aguacates*—every tree wrapped in a cloak of lianas and climbing vines and hanging plants. As I was going down the steep stairway of the Temple of the Inscriptions, I had a dizzy spell. Olivia, who disliked stairs, had chosen not to follow me and had remained with the crowd of noisy groups, loud in sound and color, that the buses were disgorging and ingesting constantly in the open space among the temples. By myself, I had climbed to the Temple of the Sun, to the relief of the jaguar sun, to the Temple of the Foliated Cross, to the relief of the *quetzal* in profile, then to the Temple of the Inscriptions, which involves not only climbing up (and then down) a monumental stairway but also climbing down (and then up) the smaller, interior staircase that leads down to the underground crypt. In the crypt there is the tomb of the king-priest (which I had already been able to study far more comfortably a few days previously in a perfect facsimile at the Anthropological Museum in Mexico City), with the highly complicated carved stone slab on which you see the king operating a science-fiction apparatus that to our eyes resembles the sort of thing used to launch space rockets, though it represents, on the contrary, the descent of the body to the subterranean gods and its rebirth as vegetation.

I went down, I climbed back up into the light of the jaguar sun—into the sea of the green sap of the leaves. The world spun, I plunged down, my throat cut by the knife of the king-priest, down the high steps onto the forest of tourists with super-8s and usurped, broad-brimmed sombreros. The solar energy coursed along dense networks of blood and chlorophyll; I was living and dying in all the fibres of what is chewed and digested and in all the fibres that absorb the sun, consuming and digesting.

Under the thatched arbor of a restaurant on a riverbank, where Olivia had waited for me, our teeth began to move slowly, with equal rhythm, and our eyes stared into each other's with the intensity of serpents'—serpents concentrated in the ecstasy of swallowing each other in turn, as we were aware, in our turn, of being swallowed by the serpent that digests us all, assimilated ceaselessly in the process of ingestion and digestion, in the universal cannibalism that leaves its imprint on every amorous relationship and erases the lines between our bodies and *sopa de frijoles*, *huachinango a la veracruzana*, and *enchiladas*.

—Italo Calvino

(*Translated, from the Italian, by William Weaver.*)

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DEMAND FORECAST
FOR 2000 SHRINKS
—*Hartford Courant.*

Two thousand *more*?

PERSONAL HISTORY

LEARNING—III

REFUGEES

"SOHAN is dead, *clackety-clack*, Sohan is dead, *clackety-clack*," the wheels of the train to Bombay repeated like some relentless dirge, and the old woman sitting in the lower berth of the interclass compartment, beneath my dangling legs, kept saying over and over, to no one in particular, "They killed him, killed my daughter-in-law, killed my cows right in front of my eyes."

Sisters Nimi and Umi and Cousin Leil tried to comfort her.

"Here, Mother, put your head on my shoulder."

"In fate, there are good moments and bad."

"Is there anyone with you, Mother? Is there anyone accompanying you?"

"Where are you going, Mother? Are you going to a relative?"

"Which station are you getting off at? Where is your ticket?"

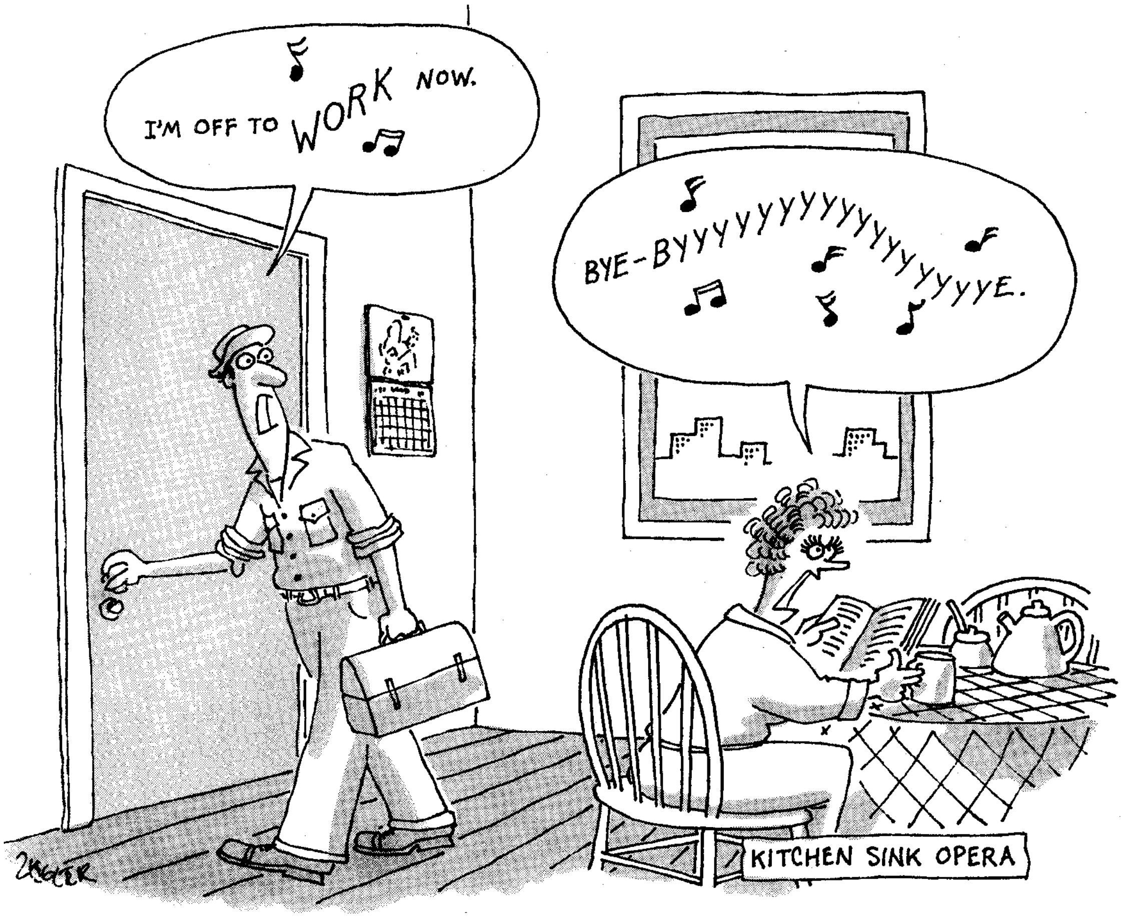
But the old woman wouldn't answer. She just kept on moaning, "They killed him."

Earlier that evening, a stranger had brought me the news that Sohan, my only sighted friend, was dead, and I had not felt very much since. I had thanked him, as if he had come to leave a message for someone else, and had shown him to the gate. Afterward, I had not cried or talked to anyone about it. I had just quickly got ready for the train that would take us—two of my big sisters, two of my cousins, and me—away from our homes in Lahore, where, in the face of the Partition of India, all Hindus were threatened by the fate that had befallen Sohan. I couldn't remember whether, before leaving, I had told Daddyji, or anyone else. I remembered only the guard's whistle and the train pulling out of the station, and remembered thinking that whenever I took the train something died in me: the family I had left behind when I was five years old, on my way to Dadar School for the Blind, in Bombay, had seemed lost forever, as had the blind school friends there when I was leaving it to go back to my family.

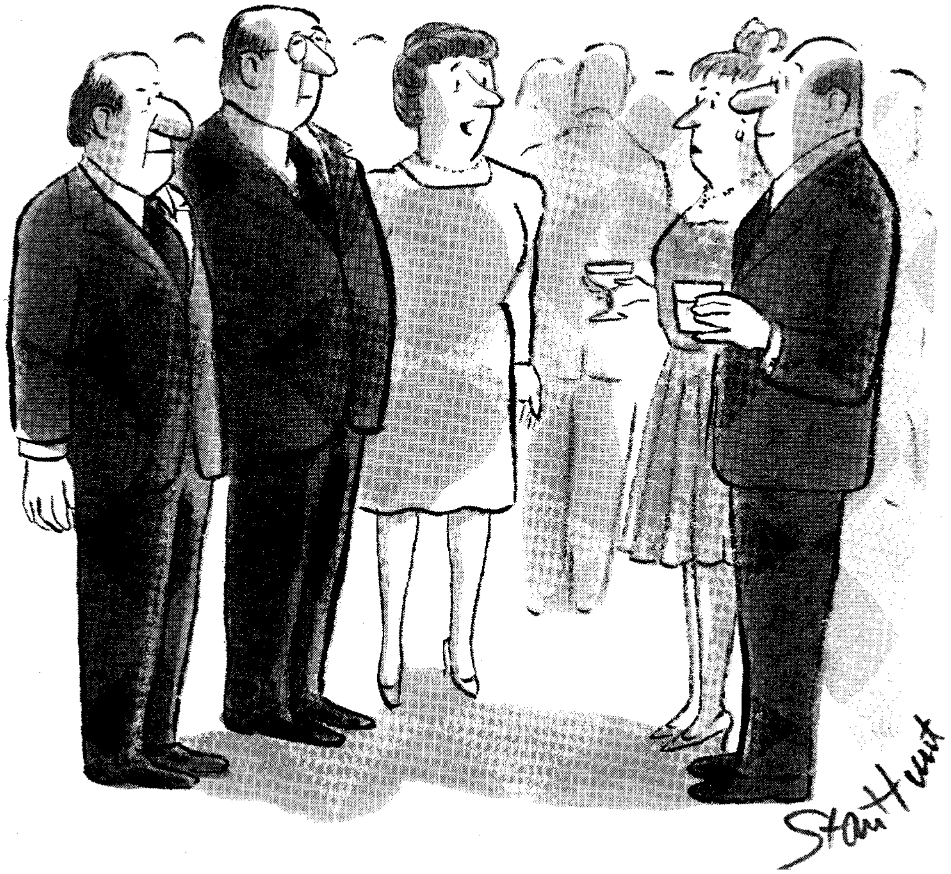
Now the compartment windows were shut securely against the terror of the night, with not even an inch of space at the top for air. Trunks, bedrolls, burlap bags, tins, and baskets, piled up in a jumble, gave the compartment the feeling of a moving barricade against Muslim mobs that prowled the countryside in the night—even as the luggage groaned and shifted and closed us off from one another like a set of partitions. I was squashed up into a corner on a top berth, next to my young cousin-brother, Ravi, who was fast asleep, and my legs dangled just above the old woman's voice and swung with the jolt of the train. I thought of Bhabiji, my paternal grandmother, who was still in Lahore, and how she used to teach us never to swing our legs—in fact, to keep our feet out of sight as much as possible—and fleetingly I felt sad for the mother in the compartment, sad for all of us. A foot or so away from my face, a ceiling fan rattled in its cage, but it hardly threw off any air or stirred the pungent odor of ghi and grain, coconut oil and sweat in the compartment. I wondered if we'd ever be able to go back to our house, if we, too, were refugees, like so many men and women who had been fleeing their homes and shops, farms and orchards, to go and live God knew where.

The train stopped, but there were no compartment doors opening and slamming shut, no clatter of coolies' handcarts, no patter of public taps, no shouts of hawkers and venders. We must be in the middle of nowhere, I thought—the very thing we had been warned against. I remembered hearing that a mob had once stopped a train, looted whatever little the passengers had managed to flee with, and then murdered them, and the train had pulled into a station with half its passengers dead.

There were stirrings below me as people shifted bits of luggage to make the compartment more secure. Then


I'M OFF TO WORK NOW.
BYE-BYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYE.

KITCHEN SINK OPERA



"I'd like to have you meet Mr. Clarenden and Mr. Rafferty, his questionable associate."

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the train lurched and started moving again, at first slowly and then quickly. There were the sounds of cracking joints and regular breathing as everyone settled back.

"They killed him." I wished that I could reach down and say to the old woman that they had killed Sohan, too, that I had lost a friend who was like a brother to me. But I did nothing. I sat on the berth, stunned.

Cousin Dharam Bir's flat in Bombay had two small bedrooms, a small hallway, a small balcony, a combination drawing-room-and-dining-room area with a kitchenette, and two little bathrooms. It was on the fourth floor of a five-story building, and he lived there with his wife, Cousin Satya; their three small children, Urvashi, Pradeep, and Sudeep; Cousin Satya's younger brother, Nitya Nand; and their maid and manservant. When we five moved in, Cousin Dharam Bir and Cousin Satya kept their own bedroom, my sisters and Cousin Leil and the maid slept in the children's bedroom, and Cousin Nitya Nand, Ravi, the three children, the manservant, and I slept on the floor in the drawing room. Then more relatives arrived, until there were nineteen of us in the flat, and we had to sleep wherever we could—in the hallway, in the dining area, on the balcony. Some had to double up on cots that were so narrow that their occupants could sleep only with one person pointing toward the head and the other toward the foot. None of us newcomers had lived in a flat before. In Lahore, my sisters and my cousins and I had all had separate rooms, and the congestion of the small flat made us a little irritable.

Bombay apparently had no Hindu-Muslim troubles, and the disturbances of the Punjab seemed very far away. But we had no idea how long we'd be with our cousins. We could make no plans—we didn't know when, or if, Daddyji and Mamaji and our other relatives would be coming out. Cousin Satya, however, was so sweet-natured that she never so much as hinted that we were in any way a burden to her. Cousin Dharam Bir, who was a son of Daddyji's only sister, and who was an engineer in the government irrigation service, was mostly at his office or at his club, and we saw little of him. Cousin Satya was unwell. She had stomach trouble, and whenever there was some improvement in that, she would develop a cold. Every evening, Cousin Nitya Nand, who was studying for his M.A. in chemistry, would return with a papaya for her, because he knew that it was her favorite fruit and might help to settle her stomach.

Bombay was very hot and steamy, and we seemed to be constantly sweating. The flat was equipped with a shower and a bathtub; we were not familiar with either of them, because in the Punjab we had bathed under a tap or with a bucket and a dipper. We were always wanting to bathe, but there was a water shortage in Bombay, and each day only some of us could bathe.

One morning, Sister Nimi and Cousin Leil woke up scratching their heads. Cousin Satya took one look at their scalps and said, "We've all got lice."

"How terrible!" Sister Nimi cried.

"You mean Nimi and I have got lice," Cousin Leil said judicially.

"No, Leil," Cousin Satya said. "I also have lice. I think we got them from the maid. She carries Sudeep around all the time, and he got them from her, and I must have got them from him."

Everyone's scalp was duly examined, and a strict regimen was begun of washing the heads of all of us, whether we had any evidence of lice or not, with some foul-smelling medicine. The medicine was so strong that it made me feel that things were perpetually crawling on my scalp. I would slap my head this way and that way, hoping to kill the lice, only to have the sensation intensify—but whether it was actually lice or my nervous pulse or irritation from the medicine or pins and needles of embarrassment, I never found out.

We had barely got rid of the lice (our heads and clothes—the whole flat—reeked of the medicine) when Ravi developed an itching around his chest. In a matter of minutes, he was itching from head to toe. A doctor was called. He took one look at Ravi and said that he had scabies. He prescribed regular baths and an application on the wet body of "scabies medicine." Within a day or two, we all had scabies, and it seemed we were all scratching from head to toe in unison, and were standing all day long in front of the bathrooms for our turn at the bathtub or the shower and the bottle of horrible, slippery medicine.

"Why do we have scabies?" I asked.

"What do you expect?" Sister Umi

said. "We are living on top of each other."

"It's the fault of the Bombay washermen," Sister Nimi said. "I hear that you catch scabies from improperly washed clothes."

"Leave it to Nimi to try to excuse our living conditions," Sister Umi said.

I never found out just why we got scabies, but the itch was so pervasive and so unremitting that sometimes I felt I was really on fire. We were cured of the disease as suddenly as we had contracted it.

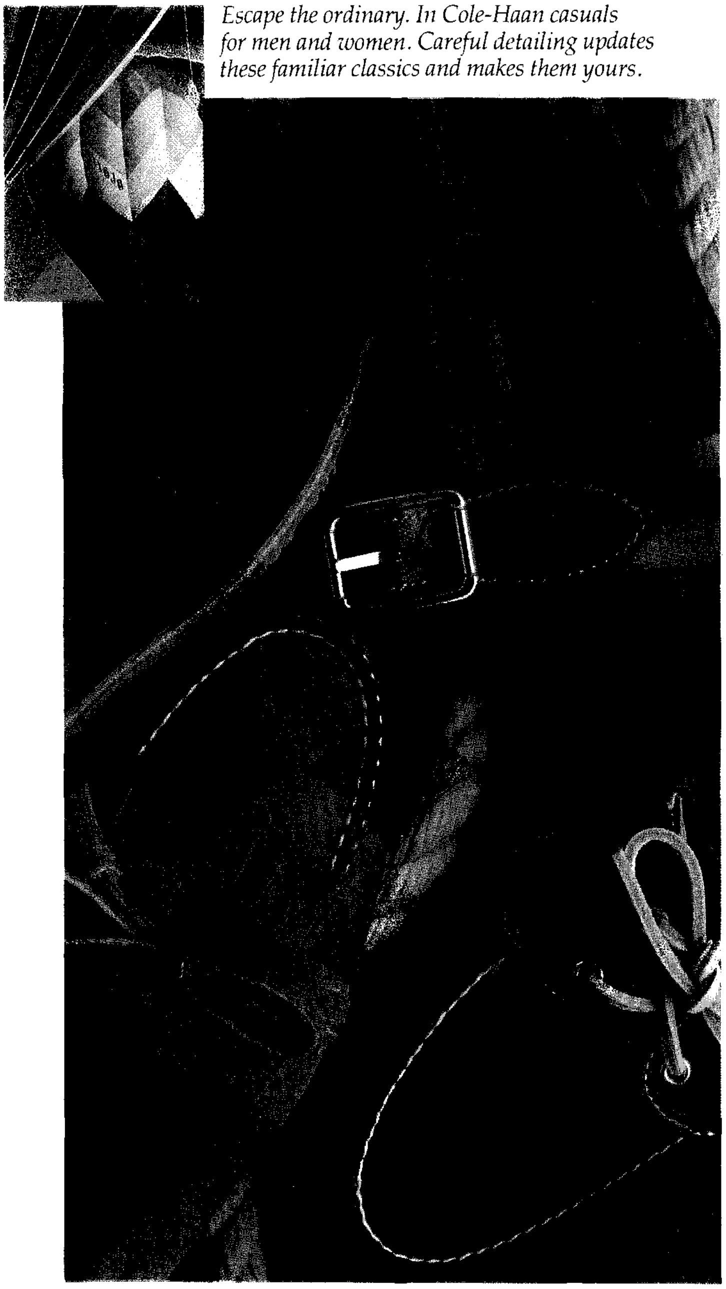
LETTERS arrived regularly from Mamaji, who was still living in our house, at 11 Temple Road, in Lahore. The letters said that there was a lull in Lahore, and they invariably contained lists of saris and jewelry, cloth and kinds of dinnerware that Mamaji wanted the sisters to buy in Bombay. "Bombay has the best shops," she would write, or "Satya has wonderful taste. You're very lucky to have such a nice person with you to help you choose," or "You won't get another opportunity like this, so make the most of your stay in Bombay."

The letters often came with checks, and after a check arrived the sisters and Cousin Leil would go shopping. They would come home loaded down with rustling packages for the approval of Cousin Satya. I remember that one day they returned with two dinner sets, another day with two tea sets. Every day, all the purchases that were approved would be put away in a trunk that was kept in Cousin Satya's bedroom. In time, there were so many things that the trunk was full and packages were sticking out from under the cots and from on top of the cupboards. The purpose of the shopping was never stated, but we all knew that it was for dowries for the sisters.

Once, the sisters and Cousin Leil came home and said that they had hitchhiked a ride from the Crawford Market with a man.

Cousin Dharam Bir scolded them. "What if the man had taken you where you didn't want to go?" he asked. He had a twinkle in his voice, like Daddyji, but his manner was stern.

"There were three of us," Sister Umi said. "Besides, Daddyji let us do what we liked in Lahore, even though mobs roamed the streets." Sister Umi knew that she had only to mention



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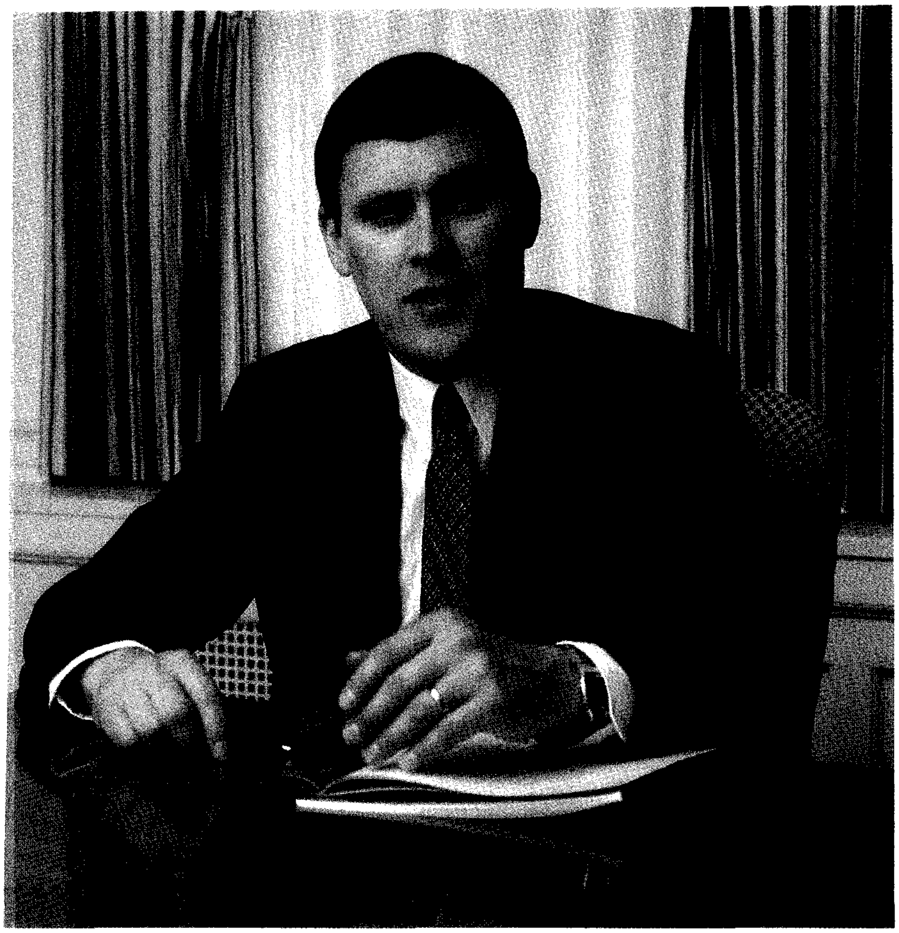

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Daddyji's name to get off the hook, because Cousin Dharam Bir had great respect for him.

Cousin Dharam Bir puffed at his cigarette for a long time—unlike Daddyji, he smoked and drank—but said nothing.

ALL day, I was left in the company of Ravi, who was eleven—two years younger than I was. He was a perfect guide, good-natured and full of curiosity. He seemed to sense that I did not want him to make any allowances for me on account of my blindness. If we were playing hide-and-seek in the *maidan* behind the building and I hit my forehead on the lamppost, he would go on playing as if nothing had happened.

I remember that we liked to get into our waterproofs and gum boots, which we had brought along from Lahore, because Bombay was famous for its monsoon rains, and go for a walk along Marine Drive, on which we lived. On one side of it was a row of multi-story buildings like ours, and on the other the Arabian Sea. Between the road and the low breakwater wall, there was a fairly wide footpath. The monsoon rains were late that year, so we would go and sit on the wall and wait to be soaked by the sea. The waves would dash against the wall and drench us—especially when the evening sea breeze was up. We would hoot with delight and compare our waterproofs to see which one of us had got wetter. Within a matter of days, the salt water had eaten through our waterproofs, so that when there was a monsoon rain we found we had little to protect our clothes. We would nevertheless walk in the pouring rain to a restaurant at the turning of Marine Drive toward Church Gate, and share a plate of potato chips. We would take a double-decker bus to an amusement park in Malabar Hill, where we liked to play around a statue of Mother Hubbard's cow. We would take a tram to Santa Cruz to buy stamps for our stamp albums. (We were just beginning to be aware that India was a country among dozens of other countries.) We would take an electric train to Juhu Beach to bathe in the sea.

On Marine Drive, we would climb onto the narrow breakwater wall and run along the top, while strangers called after us, "You'll fall into the sea and kill yourselves!" When we were out on excursions, we would hang out of the windows of the top deck of a double-decker bus, jump off a tram before it had come to a stop, or jump onto it after it had started up. We would shun the special footbridges over the tracks of the electric trains, and run across the tracks between trains. The more reckless the activity, the more delight we took in it. I remember that in the building we liked to play in the lift. It was a little wire cage with an accordion gate. It went up and down through the building within a latticework wire shaft. All day, we kept busy taking people up and down in the lift or trying to find out what made it work. The building had only one commissionaire. He was a tall, blustering Pathan from Peshawar. He worked twenty-four hours a day, doing double duty as liftman and watchman, and so had little time for either job. He would sometimes threaten us or chase us out of the lift, but for the most part he would leave us alone to play as we liked. Neither Ravi nor I had ever been in a lift before, and we couldn't get over the fact that at the mere touch of a button the lift cage would merrily skip floors or stop at them. If we jiggled the accordion gate even slightly between floors, the lift would stop. But we couldn't get out, because the outer door would open only when the lift cage was level with the floor. Then we discovered a way of opening the outer door manually, by a lever at its top. After that, we could get out of the lift at any point, and either climb onto the top of the cage or perilously hang from the cage floor as the lift shot up or dropped down. Sometimes we would scramble up the cables ahead of the cage right to the motor room on the roof of the building, or scramble down the cables ahead of the cage until we were almost pinned under it in the little well-like space between it and the basement floor.

I don't know how we escaped with our lives, but one thing I do know—though only in retrospect—is that in Lahore we had got so used to living with a sense of danger that in Bombay we couldn't bear to live without it.

IN the late afternoon, we would all gather in the drawing room. Lieutenant Gautam Singh, who was a young bachelor in the Navy, and who affectionately called Cousin Satya "Sister," would often stop by and join us. By then, Cousin Nitya Nand would also be home. People in the drawing room would laugh and laugh while watching a Sikh gentleman and his English wife, who habitually had

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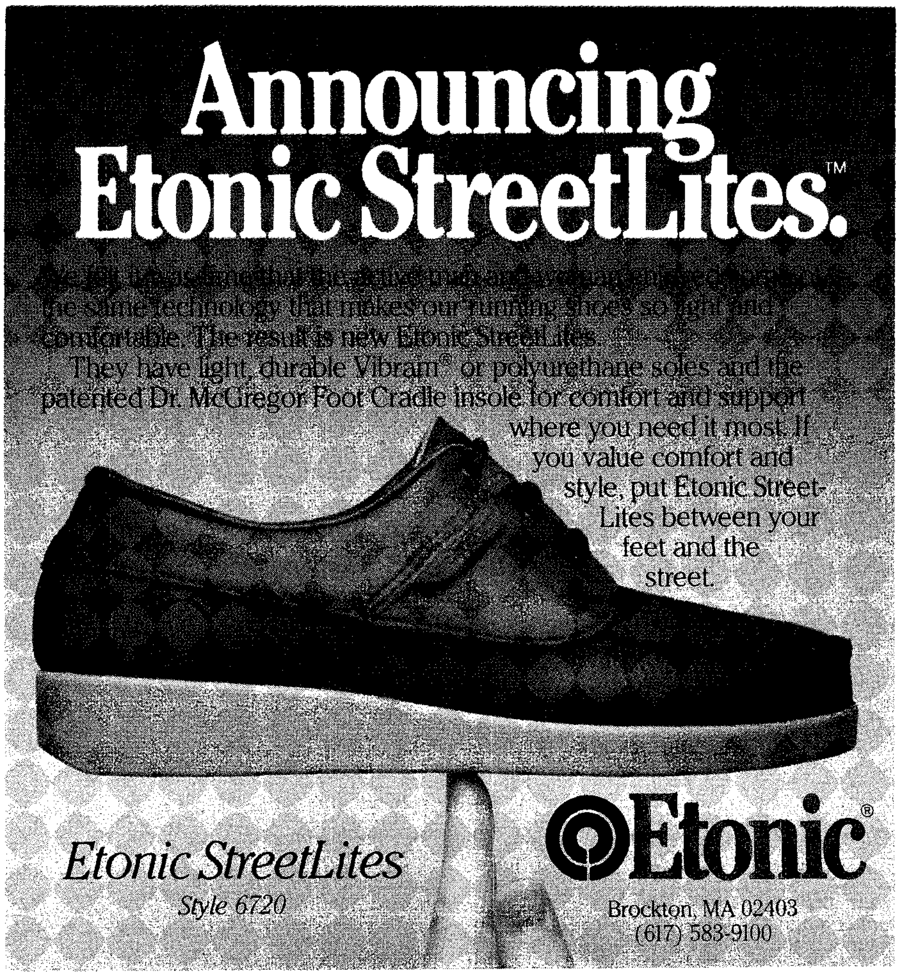

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tea on a balcony of the next building, but they would seldom explain to me what they were laughing at, and even when they did I couldn't understand what was so funny. They would say, "It's just the way they're sitting," or "It's just the way they're having tea," or "It's just the way he's feeding her pastry." I couldn't get them to be more precise—to explain, for instance, what they meant by "feeding her pastry." Was he passing the pastry on a plate, handing the pastry to her, or putting pastry in her mouth? Perhaps there was nothing to explain. The fun was just in watching a man wait on a woman rather than the other way around, as was usually the case.

None of us drank tea or coffee—we had been brought up to consider them bad habits. In the beginning, Lieutenant Gautam Singh used to arrive with pastries for all of us, but he stopped bringing them when he discovered that Cousin Nitya Nand was a strict vegetarian, who would not eat eggs even disguised in a confection. And then all of us would just sit and laugh—I would join in without knowing why—and run the little children into the bedroom if they became too boisterous, and shoo away the flies that settled on us.

One afternoon, Lieutenant Gautam Singh had the idea of taking us all for ice cream at Parisian Dining, near Church Gate. Cousin Satya wasn't feeling well, and she wouldn't hear of the girls' going unchaperoned with two men, even if Ravi and I were part of the group. So Lieutenant Gautam Singh took only Cousin Nitya Nand and Ravi and me for ice cream at Parisian Dining.

After that, Ravi and I noticed that whenever Lieutenant Gautam Singh came he would talk mostly to Sister Umi, and Cousin Nitya Nand would talk mostly to Sister Nimi.

"The four are going to have a joint love marriage, like the Sikh gentleman and the English lady," Ravi said. "Right here in this flat. Lieutenant Gautam Singh will wear his naval uniform, stripes and all, and Cousin Nitya Nand will wear his homespun clothes." Cousin Nitya Nand was a nationalist, like Sohan, and though he was planning to study at Cambridge he wore only homespun Indian clothes.

"What about Cousin Leil?" I asked. "Who is it she'll marry?"

"She's not interested just now. She wants to be a lady doctor. It's your sisters who are buying all the stuff for the dowries. Sister Leil hasn't bought a thing."

The girls overheard us. They scolded us roundly and asked us how we dared match them up with anybody, and insisted that they planned to be independent. But we continued to believe that at least one love marriage was in the offing.

"HOW surprising that no one has ever thought of reading to you!" Cousin Nitya Nand said to me one afternoon. "I suppose everyone left the whole question of your studies to the time you'd go to England and America. I will read to you every morning for an hour or so before I go to my laboratory at college."

"Vedi won't be able to understand what you read," Sister Umi said. "He doesn't know English."

"But I know how to read Hindi," Cousin Nitya Nand said. "I'll get a Hindi book and read that to him."

"He won't be able to understand written Hindi," Ravi said. "It's very difficult. It has all kinds of Sanskrit words."

"I'll get a simple Hindi book," Cousin Nitya Nand said.

"But there's no place to sit and read here," Ravi said.

"Daddyji always told us that you need a good chair to sit in, a good light to read by, and a nice, quiet place," Sister Umi said.

"We'll go outside and sit and read on the breakwater wall," Cousin Nitya Nand said. "After all, our fathers came from villages without electric lights, and they all did their homework sitting by a street light at some roadside." He was soft-spoken but emphatic.

"What will you read to him?" Sister Nimi asked.

"I know a good history of pre-British India in Hindi. I'll get it from the bazaar today."

All day, I worried that Cousin Nitya Nand would forget to buy the book; that if he got it he'd neglect to read it to me; that if he read it to me I wouldn't be able to understand it, and then he would lose patience and interest; that people in the flat would make fun of me for wanting to read a book at all. (I now realize that for them the idea of my reading an ordinary book was as novel as, say, the idea of someone without hands playing the violin.) But as soon as Cousin Nitya Nand walked in that evening he said, "Vedi, I had to look through several shops, but I found the book."

The paper bag containing the book crackled under his arm like monsoon lightning. I felt happy in a surge.

The next morning, even before we'd had our breakfast, he and I went out, crossed the road, and found a perch on the breakwater wall. He started explaining to me what the book was. A little crowd of passersby gathered and started a hubbub. They clicked their tongues and asked nosy questions. Cousin Nitya Nand told them to move along, and then, at his suggestion, he and I turned half around on the wall and, with our backs to the passersby and our faces almost to the sea, continued our conversation. He told me that the book was written by a Communist, and that Communists treated one and all—sighted and blind, rich and poor—alike.

"Are you a Communist, then?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "But I believe in Communism in its pure form, as it was originally taught by the guru Karl Marx."

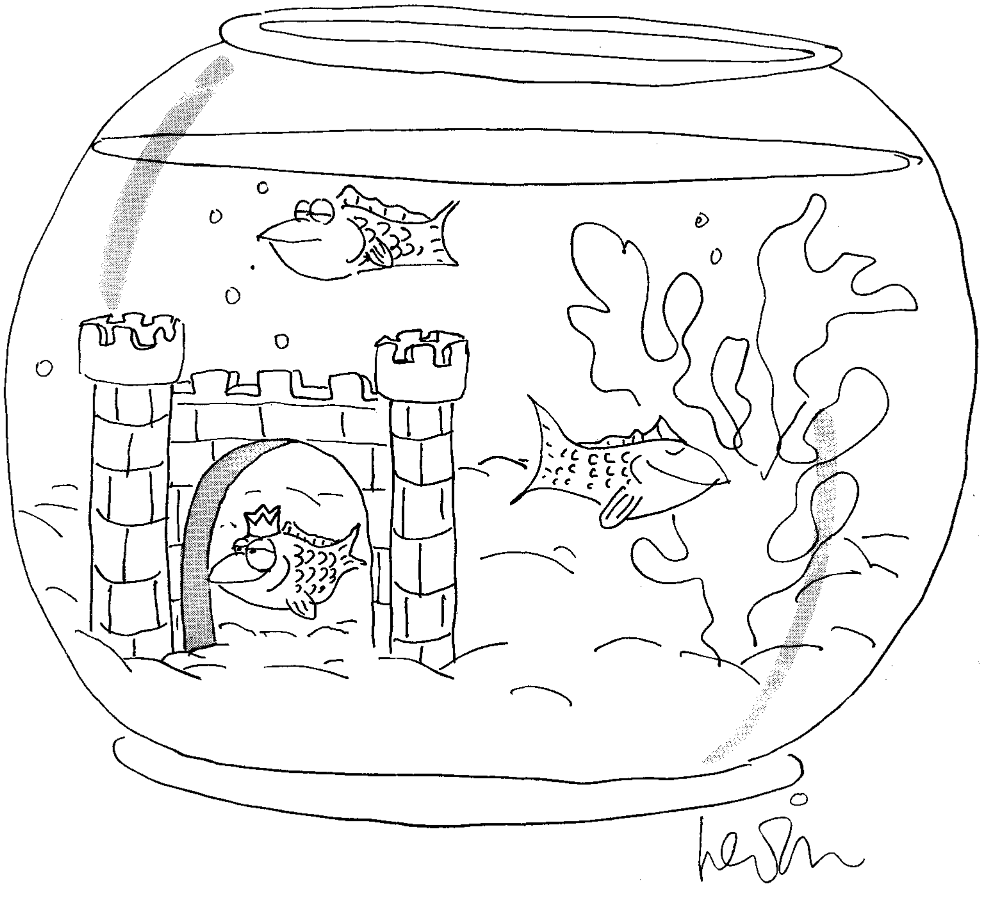
His patient way of explaining reminded me of Daddyji, and his independent manner of Sohan.

"The Hindus today think of cows as holy," Cousin Nitya Nand read. "History has a scientific explanation for this." The hubbub of the crowd had died down—most of the passersby had dispersed or moved on—but I had to strain to hear Cousin Nitya Nand's soft voice over the putt-putt of motorcycles and the blast of car horns on one side, the continuous churning of the sea on the other, and the screech of vultures overhead. "All of Northern India was settled by Aryan invaders some thirty-five hundred years ago. They migrated from the Iranian plain over a period of time. They were nomadic people. They lived in harmony with land and animals. They depended for their milk and fuel on their cows. It was only natural, therefore, that in time they should start worshipping cows and thinking of them as Mother Nature. In fact, it is a characteristic of primitive people everywhere to worship life-giving forces. Many other ancient societies display instances of such anthropomorphism."

Cousin Nitya Nand paused to explain to me the meaning of "anthropomorphism." He abruptly asked, "Why are you shaking?"

"Your book is an attack on cows. Sohan and the R.S.S. would hate it."

Under his questioning, I told him about Sohan, and about the meetings of the R.S.S. (Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh, or National Voluntary Service Society), that Sohan had introduced



me to, where blessings of sacred cows were often invoked.

"The R.S.S. is a chauvinistic, fascist organization," Cousin Nitya Nand said, and then he told me at length what chauvinism and fascism meant, and why the R.S.S. was wrong in many of its "Hindu first" views.

I felt angry at him for attacking the R.S.S., but I didn't want him to think ill of me, because then he might give up reading to me, so I nodded obediently.

He resumed reading: "The horse, the donkey, the mule, and the dog have been better friends to man than the cow, but the cow was believed to be sacred because of its supply of milk. The reader is referred to the place of sheep in other early primitive societies."

I shifted along the wall closer to Cousin Nitya Nand and touched the book in his hand and thought about primitive Aryans coming over vast distances with their cows.

"The Aryans settled along the Ganges River. Practically all early settlements are by rivers. We have records of early settlements along, for instance, the Volga." I had never heard the word Volga before, and it sounded mysterious and far away. "In time, the Aryans began worshipping the Ganges just as they did the cow. We see examples of such personification of rivers in many primitive societies."

We were drenched by a big wave, and our hair, our faces, our clothes, and our shoes were dripping with salt water. We stood up and dried ourselves as best we could. Cousin Nitya Nand more or less mopped the wall and the outside of the book with his handkerchief, and, in our wet clothes, we sat down again.

"The Aryans settled along the Ganges and became dominant throughout North India. They displaced the indigenous Dravidians and made slaves of them. This was the origin of the notorious caste system, which was to become such a ruthless engine of oppression among the Hindus."

In the distance I heard a hawker's cry: "*Bhel-puri! Bhel-puri!*" The cry got louder and louder as the hawker walked toward us along the footpath. I hadn't had the hot, spicy snack since I was last in Bombay, at Dadar School, four years earlier. I had no wish ever to visit the school, but I longed for *bhel-puri*. I was afraid to interrupt Cousin Nitya Nand's reading, however, in case he got angry and left off reading.

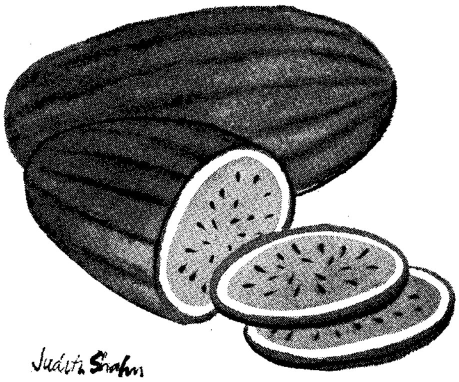
"What do you think of that idea?"

I had to tell Cousin Nitya Nand that I hadn't been paying attention, and why, but Cousin Nitya Nand, instead of scolding me, laughed and bought me some *bhel-puri*. Then he said, "You're easily distracted, because you're not used to being read to. You'll have to learn how to concentrate."

He resumed reading: "Aryans were tall, martial people, while the indigenous Dravidians were short and pacific. The Aryans imposed their religion and their will on the weaker people and dispossessed them of their homes and land. Such are the ways of conquerors with the conquered, of colonizers with the colonized. We see examples of this phenomenon again in the history of other societies. Ancient wrongs will only be righted when slaves everywhere rebel."

Cousin Nitya Nand looked up from the book and said, "Communism challenges a lot of accepted beliefs, don't you think?"

EVERY morning, Cousin Nitya Nand and I would go down to the sea with the book before he left for his laboratory. Sometimes two or three passersby would join us on the wall. If they were quiet, Cousin Nitya Nand would let them sit and listen, too. Every morning, we would be sprayed or soaked by the saltwater. Every morning, we would read ten or fifteen pages from the damp book. Every morning, we would have *bhel-puri*. Every morning, Cousin Nitya Nand would walk me back to our building. I remember that over a period of a few weeks I learned a bit about Buddha's teachings, about the Asoka empire, about the Gupta dynasty, about the invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni, about the reigns of Babur, Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, and Aurangzeb, about the escapades of Clive and Hastings. I couldn't keep all of it straight—the royal good deeds and fratricidal wars, courts and harems would get confused in my head—and sometimes I would switch off and listen to the crashing waves and wonder how old the sea was, how big it was, what caused the waves. All the same, I felt that Cousin Nitya Nand was introducing me to a world much greater than that of Dadar School, of harmonium and tabla, even of the R.S.S. I could not have given a name to that world, but I did one day learn the title of the book; it was "Whither India?"



A STREAM of letters arrived from Daddyji, who was still carrying on his work as the assistant director of public health in Lahore. One, dated June 10th, read:

> You'll be glad to know that the government has sanctioned my request for four months' leave from seventeenth instant. Who knows, I may utilize some of the leave and bring Shanti and Ashok [Mamaji and our baby brother] to Bombay. She has always wanted to see Bombay, and Dharam Bir speaks well of the bridge in the Cricket Club of India there.

On the seventeenth of June, he wrote:

> Sheikh Sahib [a neighbor and Daddyji's old teacher] has come back from Dalhousie. I ran into him on Temple Road the other day, but he said nothing about buying our house. I don't think there is a Muslim alive in Lahore now who would pay a rupee for Hindu property.

And on the fifteenth of July:

> Sad to say, my leave has been cancelled and I am back in harness.
>
> They say that nothing can be allowed to interfere with official duties. But what duties! All day I am busy dividing up the assets of the department between the West and East Punjab, between Pakistan and India, according to the population formula of the Partition—sixty per cent to the West Punjab and forty per cent to the East Punjab. We spend all day counting and haggling over tables, chairs, hat-and-umbrella stands, typewriters, pencils, and rubbers. We quibble over operation tables, over X-ray plants, over microscopes, over the books in the public-health library. Our Muslim friends also want all the files and records pertaining to their districts, but many files have common rules for the whole of the province, so I have to get at least all of those files retyped. That's a very big job. I am especially anxious to get one particular file duplicated and completed before the Partition, on the fifteenth of August. It contains a hundred years of British standing orders for managing sanitation during festivals and for controlling cholera, plague, smallpox, and dysentery during epidemics.

On the eighteenth of July, he wrote:

> I think I wrote to you that I have been posted to Simla, which is to be the new capital of the East Punjab. Yesterday, we

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> went to the railway station and loaded up our railway wagon—the government has provided each Hindu officer in Lahore with a railway wagon for transporting essential household goods. I told Shanti to treat this like another transfer, and we packed into the wagon our drawing-room carpet, our dining set, half a dozen bedrolls, and four boxes containing your clothes and woollens, and crockery and utensils. The government has guaranteed that the wagon will be attached to the first available train to East Punjab. Shanti wanted to take the big camphor box containing Krishan's clothes and uniforms [Krishan was Daddyji's youngest brother, who was killed in the Second World War], and the clothes of Mysore silk or parachute silk made for you girls, and many other things, but they wouldn't fit in the wagon. So we've stored them up in the interfloor room. I've had the door of the interfloor room bricked up and whitewashed to conceal it.

And on the third of August he wrote:

> Everyone says that we shouldn't stay here after the tenth, which is being spoken of as the D-Day for Hindus to leave. I hope we can get out by then and go to Amritsar, which is completely under Sikh control. Everyone is playing a guessing game about whether the Radcliffe Boundary Commission will award Lahore to Pakistan or to India. The award may not now come until after Independence. Muslims think that Lahore will go to Pakistan, and Hindus think that it will go to India. In either case, I think the city will go through a terrible period of blood-letting: If the Muslims don't get it, they'll launch a terrible onslaught against Hindus out of resentment. If they do get it, they'll do the same in order to drive out the Hindus and Sikhs, who own most of the property here.
>
> When you left, I thought that Babuji [Mamaji's father] was coming around to my point of view—the February and March disturbances had really started to have their effect—and that he would leave Lahore with us. But he's gone back to his old way of thinking, and he says he won't leave no matter what. He has seen his every confidence in human nature betrayed, yet he continues to put his faith in the sanity of the masses.
>
> Bhaji Ganga Ram [Daddyji's surviving paternal uncle], I'm afraid, is just as stubborn as Babuji. He says that if everybody leaves Mehta Gulli he'll stay behind and guard the family houses. I wish he would listen to me, as Bhabiji [Daddyji's mother] does—she's prepared to leave whenever we all do.
>
> Of course, if Lahore does go to India we'll all be able to come back and live here as before. But I myself can't believe that Lahore would ever go to India. Without Lahore, Pakistan wouldn't be much.

Mamaji added a long postscript in Hindi, contradicting him:

> Your daddy is still busy dividing up the department assets. This responsibility may keep us in Lahore after the Independence Day. Anyway, I don't see how we could leave without Babuji, Mataji [Mamaji's mother], Bhaji Ganga Ram, and Chhoti Bhabiji [his wife] going with us.
>
> Your daddy insists that we leave Lahore with a clean slate, so I've been paying off all our bills and debts. He's even written out a check for his dues to the Cosmopolitan Club three months in advance. I think it's the first time since our marriage that we won't have a single debt.
>
> Your daddy says that we are bound to come back to Lahore to live and that he can't be happy anywhere else. We'll certainly spend next winter here, because none of you children will be able to stand the winters in Simla. I have such bad memories of the cold in Simla. [We used to go there when we were small.] Either you children were sick or I was sick.
>
> Your daddy says that we should leave the house neat and clean and in such a condition that we can drive down from Simla any time and live in it, so I have been busy laundering the sheets, the blankets, the quilts. I've had them counted, folded, and rolled. I've got all the cupboards lined with fresh shelf paper and arranged everything in them.

The tenth of August came, the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth. The radio reported that Lahore was ablaze, that the worst riots ever were raging there, and that the fate of the city—whether it would go to India or to Pakistan—would not be announced until after the Independence celebrations on the fifteenth of August. Each day, my sisters and I waited for a letter, a telegram, or a trunk call: for news of Daddyji, Mamaji, and Ashok; of Babuji, Mataji, and our uncles and aunties at 16 Mozang Road; of Bhabiji, Bhaji Ganga Ram, Chhoti Bhabiji, and the rest of our relatives in Mehta Gulli. We tried repeatedly to book a trunk call to Lahore, only to be told that all communication with the West Punjab had been cut. We tried to book a trunk call to several relatives in Amritsar—the first major city definitely on the Indian side of the border—only to be told that the circuits were overloaded with trunk calls booked days in advance. I don't think I ever actually thought that our parents, or any of our relatives, might be dead, but I thought of the many people who were dying, of the many people who were losing their parents and relatives, and I felt sad and frightened. We all tried to comfort each other, but the words stuck in our throats.

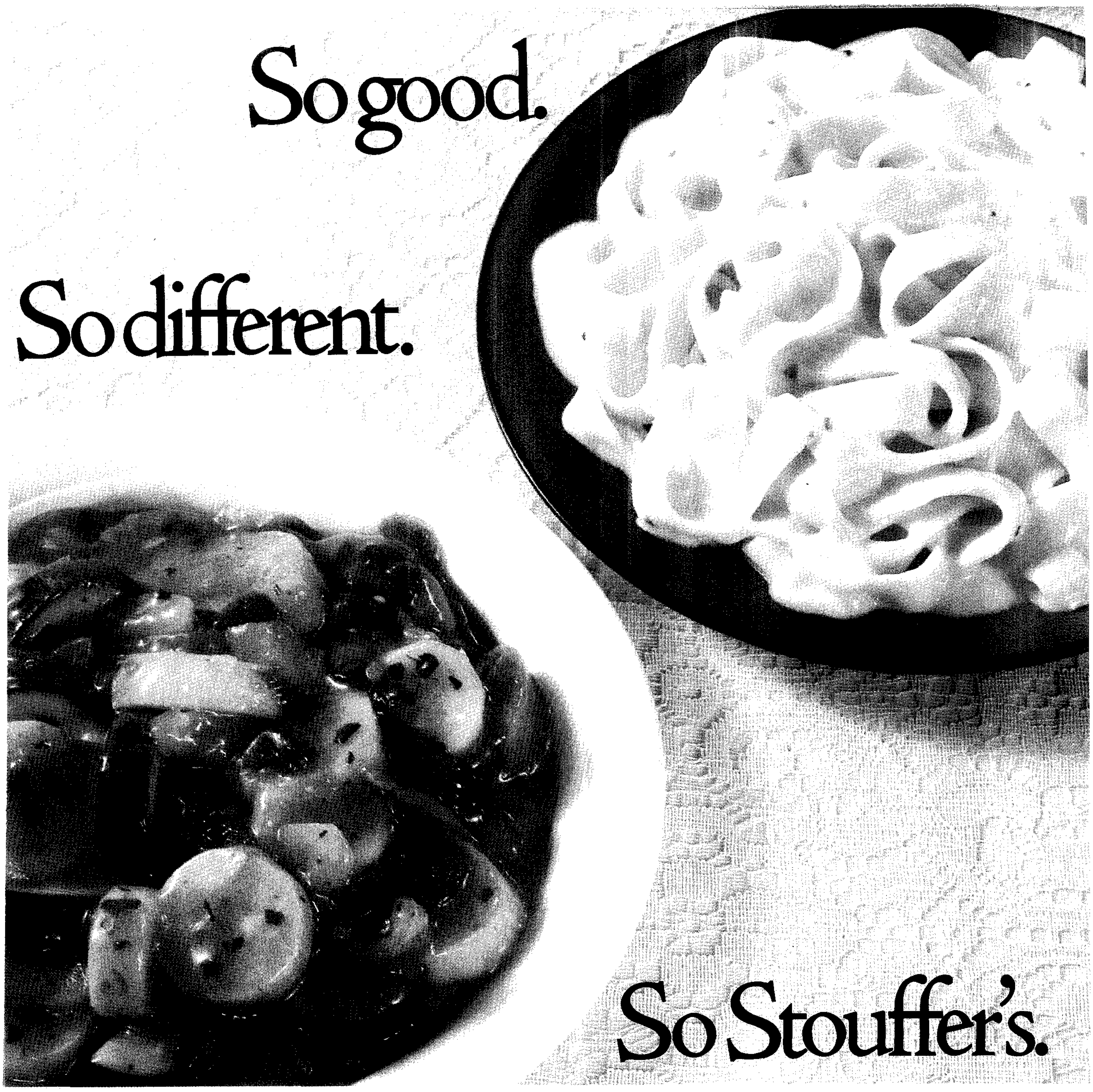
Somewhere outside, on Marine Drive, a drum rolled and an amateur band struck up some martial music. There were the sounds of dancing and singing, of marching and shouting. It was the eve of Independence, and no doubt the celebrations were being led by soldiers—their guns raised, their boots polished. I remembered Sohan, and I wondered what had happened to Mr. Khanna, the principal of the Emerson Institute for the Blind, my school in Lahore. I fell into a fitful doze, and dreamed that we were back in our house in Lahore. A Muslim mob was chasing us. We escaped through the iron door, but instead of Dr. Mathura Das's house on the other side there was another brick wall.

The ringing of the telephone jolted me awake. We all seemed to jump for the telephone. Sister Umi got it. "It's Daddyji!" she cried. "You're in Amritsar! . . . Daulat Ram Chachaji and Subhadran Chachiji are in Amritsar! They've brought out Bhabiji!"

"What are they saying? What are they saying?" we all demanded.

It seemed that Babuji, Mataji, Uncle Lakshman Das, Bhaji Ganga Ram, and Chhoti Bhabiji were still in Lahore but that all the rest of our relatives had come out safely. We had no chance to say more than a few words before three minutes were up and the trunk call was automatically disconnected.

"EVERYONE said that the eleventh of August was the last day for Hindus to get out of Lahore alive," Mamaji recalled some months later. "But that morning your daddy drove off to the office as usual, saying that they hadn't finished dividing up all the department's assets—as if one more chair or table at that point made any difference. Gian Chand"—he was our cook—"went to the bazaar and brought back the news that maimed and wounded Muslim refugees from the East Punjab were arriving in the city and firing up Muslims—that the Muslim League was making final lists of Hindu houses in order to take its revenge that night. When it was barely twelve, your daddy drove up. I saw one jeep of official guards in front and one behind. I didn't know what to think. 'We have to leave this very


So good.
So different.
So Stouffer's.

A classic **Fettucini Alfredo.** *Al dente* noodles in a rich, creamy Parmesan sauce, sprinkled with cracked black pepper.

And the refreshingly different **Ratatouille.** A flavorful blend of crisp zucchini, firm yellow squash, red tomatoes and a touch of onion. Gently simmered, and seasoned with basil, oregano and a hint of Parmesan.

They're just two of Stouffer's many different side dishes, from pastas to soufflés to our versatile Escalloped Apples.

Out-of-the-ordinary dishes. To liven up a simple meal. Or do justice to a special one.

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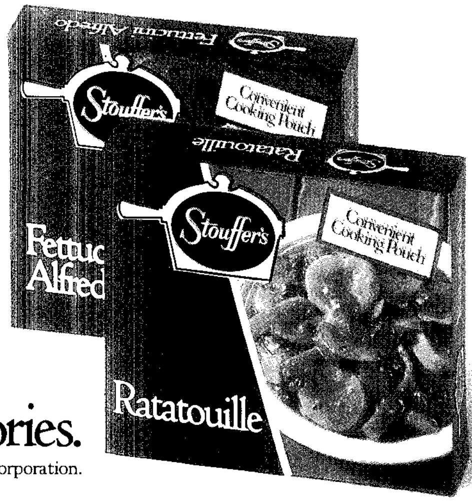
Fettucini Alfredo
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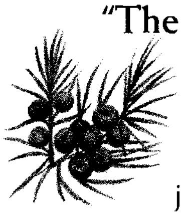
WHO BUT

ONLY BEEFEATER® GIN COULD MAKE ALL THESE STATEMENTS. AND BE SO ENJOYABLE.

"The Crown Jewel of England."



It actually has roots all over the world. Our juniper berries, for instance, come from the southern Alps, because that's where the choicest juniper grows.

Our angelica comes from Belgium. And our orris from Italy.

Are these trips necessary? Only if we (and you) insist on the world's most excellent gin.

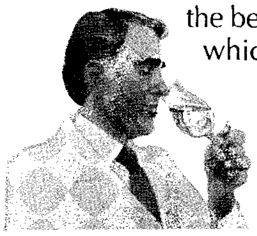
The Master Stillman.

In London—home of the world's driest, most delicate gins—stillmanship is held as art, and our stillmen as masters of it.

Indeed, as you will see, there is in the distilling of Beefeater Gin a distinct resemblance to the art of the great jewelers.

We're all heart.

A distilling run consists of an unblemished middle, or "heart," and of "foreshots and feints," the beginning and end of the run, which are flawed and out of balance.



Our master distiller, like a master jewel-cutter, selects only the choice flawless heart of the run—thus assuring you of a gin of delicate taste and impeccable balance.

Proof Perfect.

Beefeater Gin is bottled at precisely 94 proof.

EEFEATER®?

is proof was not chosen by whim.

At an even slightly higher proof, the gin would e a shade less delicate. Any lower and it would be trace less flavorful. Our exacting proof imparts to eefeater a balance between delicacy and flavor rely achieved in any other gin.

The Legacy of James Burrough.

Our founder had a basic philosophy: if you want thing done right, do it yourself.

Not a single distillation of his eefeater Gin left the distillery until was approved by Mr. Burrough imself.

He wasn't much of a delegator, ut he made an exceptional gin.

His philosophy has been anded down through succeeding enerations of the Burrough family, who still approve ach batch of Beefeater before it can leave the istillery.

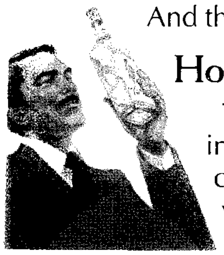
The apple never falls far from the tree. For which in drinkers to this day are profoundly grateful.

London is as London does.

A lot of gins have the word "London" on their bels. But that does *not* necessarily mean they ere distilled in London.

In fact, there is only one major gin you can buy the United States that is distilled, bottled and ealed in London.

And that gin is Beefeater Gin.



Hold Beefeater up to a light.

That's what we do at the distillery in London. The bottle is absolutely clear, rather than colored glass, so you can appreciate the brilliant clarity of Beefeater.

We've got your number.

Look, for example, at the individual registration umber on the back label of any bottle of Beefeater in. If it happened to be the ne shown here, it would ell you that your Beefeater as distilled Thursday, January 7, 1982, under the upervision of Thomas Bowman, Master Stillman, and that this particular distillation was approved personally by Mr. Norman Burrough, a direct descendant of our founder, before it was allowed to leave the distillery.

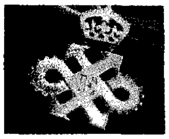
No. JF 1222146

Does it do any good to know all this? It does indeed. That number is a vital part of Beefeater Gin's quality control.

Because the number is Mr. Bowman's personal signature. And Mr. Burrough's as well.

And any artist is at his best when he has to sign his work.

A Most Exclusive Honor.



Enjoyed in over 170 countries, Beefeater Gin has achieved such recognition around the world that its makers have been honored four times with The Queen's Award...presented on the birthday of Her Majesty, Elizabeth II. No other gin has earned this coveted award even once.

First Name for the Martini.

It is in the Martini that the differences among gins become most evident.

There is nothing in a Martini, you know, except the gin itself, a dash of vermouth, and perhaps an olive.

For a gin, then, the Martini is the moment of truth. Because the gin in a Martini stands virtually alone for you to judge.

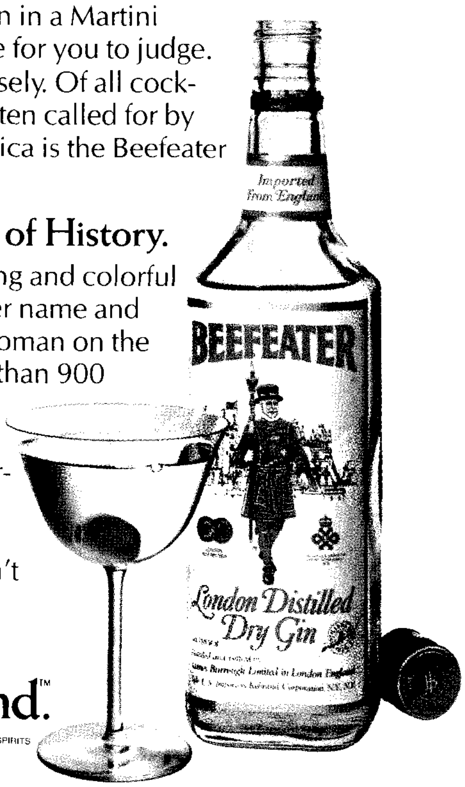
And you judge wisely. Of all cocktails, the one most often called for by brand name in America is the Beefeater Martini.

The Lessons of History.

Beefeater has a long and colorful history! The Beefeater name and the scarlet-coated yeoman on the bottle go back more than 900 years, to the regiment that guarded William the Conqueror in the Tower of London.

Of course, you can't really *taste* history.

Or can you?



BEEFEATER® GIN. The Crown Jewel of England.™

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709·XNY
NEW YORK

The Mercedes-Benz 300 SD Turbodiesel is one of the most expensive, least extravagant corporate automobiles you can buy.

The 300 SD is $38,000* worth of automotive enlightenment–a corporate flagship meant to stress not pomp but efficiency. Meanwhile, its retained value over the past three years has been shown to *average* 90 percent.

Does your company have the technology of the 1990's in its executive offices, and the technology of the 1950's in its executive garage?

The fact is that inefficient operation, excessive size and savage depreciation need *not* define today's corporate flagship. The 300 SD Turbodiesel represents a different and refreshingly more sane equation.

10,000 miles @ $380?

The 300 SD's basic design efficiencies permit the efficiency of a diesel engine only *three liters* in size. It is no ponderous V-8 but an in-line five–and such a light drinker that a fuel cost of about $380 per annum is conceivable, based on 10,000 miles' driving, current average diesel fuel prices of $1.25 per gallon, and a 33 mpg EPA highway mileage figure. (City mpg 27 EPA.)**

The dollars and cents may not be crucial; the concept of relentless efficiency that such figures reflect, however, is as bracing as it is novel in the world of company cars.

So sanguine is Mercedes-Benz about the reliability of the 300 SD and its engine, incidentally, that it comes with a 36-month-or-36,000-mile warranty.†

This frugal diesel is meanwhile the most *powerful* such engine yet placed in a production automobile. Old images of "diesel lag" are obliterated in a turbinelike rush of energy and brisk acceleration, generated by a built-in turbocharger.

Five adults will find themselves extremely well cared for aboard the 300 SD. Its interior is almost 109 cubic feet worth of first-class repose, outfitted with only first-class amenities.

Yet so disciplined is its design that the car is less than 17 feet long and turns within just 39 feet. At 3,780 pounds, it is neither ponderous nor flimsy but athletically trim.

Its all-welded body achieves remarkable solidity and strength in part by using high strength, low alloy steels. Both the trunk lid and hood are fabricated in aluminum–part of the engineers' relentless quest to pare off weight wherever possible.

Not for boulevards only

If the 300 SD doesn't perform like the usual diesel, neither does it handle like the usual limousine in the clutch.

Mercedes-Benz, refreshingly, assumes that even company presidents must sometimes face switchback curves, slippery spots and potholes. The 300 SD is girded for such adversity: its fully independent suspension, zero-offset front suspension geometry and forged light-alloy wheels may be less showy than opera windows or carriage lamps.

There is no real need for a company driver to pilot the 300 SD. Its acute precision of response makes it deeply pleasurable to drive, across town or across country. A "driver's car," defined. For instance, note that its crisp four-speed automatic gearbox can also be shifted by hand.

120 safety features

Passengers are hardly ignored. Twin reading lamps are recessed in the rear of the cabin. There is even a separate ventilation console to serve the rear-seat occupants. The complement of standard features includes electronic cruise control, electric window lifts and front-seat adjustment, AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player with four speakers, and trimming in genuine hand-finished woods. No fewer than 120 safety features are also standard.

The 300 SD's history of value retention outstrips that of any luxury sedan extant. In fact, the *N.A.D.A. Official Used Car Guides* for 1982 calculate an average retained value for the 300 SD, over the past three years, of 90 percent. This helps place its $38,000 price in proper perspective.

A persuasive statement

There is one final argument for bringing a Mercedes-Benz 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan into the firm. While efficiently serving the firm, it serves also as a fine advertisement–identifying your company as progressive-minded, and sensible, and shrewd. What limousine has ever made a statement quite like that?

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. **EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. †This is, of course, a limited warranty; you should consult your authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer for full details.

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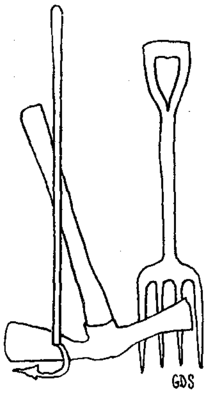
Engineered like no other car in the world

moment,' he said. 'The Muslims have already closed the border to cut off the escape of Hindus and Sikhs.' I barely had time to call Gian Chand to come with us, and to get a few changes of clothes and a few things into the car. 'We'd better pick up Sureshta from 16 Mozang Road,' your daddy said." Sureshta, Uncle Lakshman's wife, was in the ninth month of pregnancy. "He told me, 'Lakshman can't leave, because of Babuji and Mataji, but that's no reason for him to keep Sureshta back.' I thought that Lakshman would never let her go. His friend Sundar, Bawa Dinga Singh's son, had refused to send his wife out, and she was also very pregnant. But who can contradict your daddy? I kept mum. At 16 Mozang Road, Lakshman, Sureshta, and Arun were on the veranda." Arun was their two-year-old son. "Your daddy ordered Sureshta to take Arun and get into the car. Lakshman tried to say something, but he held your daddy in such awe that he couldn't find his tongue. Lakshman and Sureshta silently embraced on the veranda steps, and Sureshta and Arun got in the front seat with Ashok and me. The poor girl didn't even have time to get a change of saris. Her servant was standing there, and your daddy ordered him to get in the car, too, and he got in the back with Gian Chand. When we were almost out of the gate, your daddy noticed that the servants didn't have much room for their legs. He stopped the car and made Gian Chand put out my Singer sewing machine. I wanted to protest. I'd had it since my wedding day, and what difference did a little discomfort for the servants make? And to leave it right there on the ground by the gate for some Muslim to take! But I didn't dare. All along the Grand Trunk Road were Muslim refugees walking toward Lahore. I didn't see any Hindu or Sikh refugees going in our direction. Probably they were all hiding, afraid to raise their heads for fear the Muslims would chop them off. And you should have seen those Muslim refugees—in dirty clothes, with just a few chipped clay bowls and plates on their heads. They had probably never owned much else. And it was for their sake that all the good Hindu families, like us, were being chased out. The ways of God are mysterious. At the border, you couldn't see the water for the blood in the canal. Men, women, and children were writhing on the road, on the bank, in the ditches, with their arms and legs half cut off, and everywhere there were torsos and heads and limbs. Only God Himself could have told which were Hindus and which were Muslims. The border was barricaded and was being guarded by many Muslim sentries holding guns as casually as if they were sticks. They looked as if they would shoot just for the sport of it. Your daddy motioned to the guards in the jeeps to stay where they were, and walked straight up to the sentries and started talking. I looked at the faces of the sentries and then at Sureshta and recited the Gaitri Mantra. The sentries talked among themselves and looked across at us in a dirty way. I closed my eyes and held my breath. Sureshta nudged me, and I opened my eyes—a higher-up was salaaming your daddy. It seemed years since I had seen a Muslim salaam a Hindu. Your daddy slowly walked to us, with his back to the sentries. His step was so sure that you might have thought he was in his own *gulli*. I don't think I caught my breath until our car had crossed the border. In Amritsar, we went straight to Sureshta's parents' house. We tried repeatedly to telephone or telegraph you, but nothing seemed to work. We camped out there like other refugees. Sureshta's father had given orders that no one who came to the house was to be turned away without food or water, and refugees were arriving all day long—relatives, friends, strangers—with stories that made you think that the world had been turned upside down, that people had become demons."



A FEW days after the trunk call from Daddyji, we heard on the radio that the Radcliffe Boundary Commission had finally awarded Lahore to Pakistan, and, as Cousin Dharam Bir pointed out, this meant that all Hindu property was as good as gone. We couldn't take in the loss of our house and everything in it. Then we got a letter from Daddyji. He wrote that he was sad to inform us that his ancestral village of Nawankote had been razed and that everyone who lived in it had died. We had never gone to Nawankote, we knew no one who lived in it, but we felt as if part of us had been lost. He said that there was no news from our relatives left in Lahore but that everyone else from there, including Chhoti Bhabiji's brother Vidya Ratan and Daddyji's first cousin Bahali Ram, had been heard from, and that although all of them had got out, many of them, who had had houses of their own, now did not have so much as a bedroll to their name. They were all camping with in-laws, relatives, or friends. He said that he was writing from Simla, the new capital of the East Punjab, where he, Mamaji, and Ashok had just arrived, and where he was officiating as director of public health. He said that they had been allotted a big, two-story government bungalow on Jakko Hill, but that they had scarcely any bedding, clothes, or utensils. The railway wagon with our few things hadn't arrived. He wanted Sisters Nimi and Umi and me to go to Uncle Dwarka's in Delhi, and Daulat Ram Chachaji wanted Cousins Leil and Ravi to come to Amritsar, Chachaji's new posting. Daddyji said that he was also telling Brother Om, who was still in Kanpur with Auntie Vimla and Auntie Pushpa, to go to Delhi, and telling my little sister, Usha, who was with Sister Pom and her husband in Dehra Dun, to go there, too, and that he would come and collect all of us in Delhi as soon as he got some casual leave.

UNCLE DWARKA was one of our few relatives who had settled outside Lahore. He had been living in Delhi for fifteen years or so, and we didn't know him very well—we saw him mostly at weddings. He and his wife, Auntie Santosh, lived in an out-of-the-way rented house on Ram Kishore Road, in Old Delhi. Previously, hardly any relatives had gone and stayed with them, but now they had staying with them almost thirty people, most of them Auntie Santosh's relatives. The house, a dilapidated one-story affair with a little lawn in front and a yard behind, had been put up as a temporary structure to accommodate the guests who had come to attend the Durbar of 1911; it had no plumbing—just an outhouse. When we arrived, it was the monsoon season, and the walls were so damp that if one touched them lime dropped off in chunks. Half a dozen pails were put out to catch the water from leaks in the roof. It seemed that even centipedes had trouble maintaining their hold, for every few hours one of them dropped off the ceiling. The only thing I liked in the house was a tiger skin spread on the floor of the drawing room; it had a furry head, big glass eyes, and big teeth in an open, ferocious jaw.

ONE afternoon, Brother Om arrived by train from Kanpur and Usha from Dehra Dun. We'd hardly had a chance to catch up on their news—Auntie Vimla had given birth to a daughter, and Sister Pom's baby son, Vindoo, had started smiling—when a visitor was announced. He introduced himself as an aide-de-camp to Lord Mountbatten and a friend of Lieutenant Gautam Singh, who had asked him to look us up. "The Muslims from Jaipur are marching toward Delhi," he told us. "They belong to the ferocious Meo tribe, and they say they are going to kill all the Hindus."

"Will they come to Ram Kishore Road?" we asked. "Will they come to Old Delhi?"

"Why not?" he said.

He exuded chilly confidence, and I decided that I didn't like him, even if he was an A.D.C. to the Viceroy. Auntie Santosh's mother started howling, and my big sisters quickly ushered him out. Then I wished we had made him stay and tell us more, but it was too late.

That evening, Muslim shouts erupted in the air. We had not heard such shouts since Lahore, and now there was no iron door, no neighborhood arrangement for escape. We sat up the whole night on the roof, waiting and listening and watching. The only grown man among us was Uncle Dwarka, but his presence was not as reassuring as it might have been, because of a story he used to tell on himself: When, in Lahore, he had failed his B.A. examination on the first try, he had climbed up onto the roof and called down to Mataji, "I'm going to jump! I'm going to kill myself!" Mataji had begged him not to do it, and he had climbed down. He used to add that a passerby had called up to a young man on a roof who was behaving as he had behaved, "Come, jump!" The young man had called down, "What is it to you? I'm just trying to scare my mother." Uncle Dwarka would laugh as he told this story. He was one of our most good-natured relatives, but no match, we felt, for the Meo marchers from Jaipur. Besides, he was extremely distracted, since Babuji, Mataji, and Uncle Lakshman were still in Lahore and there had been no news of them.

Auntie Santosh's mother, who had taken to her bed, kept up a moan below: "Prepare yourselves for death by Muslims!"

"Everything will be all right, Mother—you'll see, everything will be all right," Auntie Santosh called down to her. "Delhi isn't Lahore. Delhi is our own city, with our own police and our own Congress government. Pandit Nehru is sitting here. Mountbatten is sitting here. No one can touch us."

We all took turns going below and comforting Auntie Santosh's mother—pressing her shoulders and legs, making her cold compresses and taking her glasses of water—but she kept on moaning, "Get ready for death by Muslims!"

"Mother has just had a bad scare in Lahore," Auntie Santosh told us. "She's not been the same since she came out."

Every night, it seemed, there were new eruptions of riots, and we fell into the old Lahore routine of jumping at any unfamiliar noise, of being abruptly awakened, of running outside to look for signs of fire or mobs. But nothing happened, and we got used to the alarms. Auntie Santosh's mother, however, could not be coaxed into leaving her bed.

IT was still and hot. The garden of Birla House, where Gandhiji was staying in New Delhi, smelled of some flowers I couldn't place. The people around me spoke not the familiar Punjabi but the unfamiliar Delhi Hindi, which sounded stiff and foreign. There was a stir. Then Gandhiji came on the loudspeaker. It was his evening prayer meeting, and Sister Umi, Auntie Santosh, and I had gone to hear what he had to say for himself. His voice had very little volume, and he was hard to understand. He sounded hoarse and toothless. In fact, I caught only every second or third sentence, and got an impression of what he was saying instead of exactly hearing what he was saying. He said he was saddened by what was happening next door, in the East and the West Punjab. He counselled Hindus and Sikhs in West Punjab not to leave their homes and to stay bravely among Pakistani Muslims at the pain of mass death. He said that if Pakistani Muslims burned down Hindu and Sikh houses the Hindus and Sikhs should rebuild them. If Pakistani Muslims forced their way into the sanctuary of the temple, Hindus and Sikhs were to pray. He counselled the Hindus and Sikhs not to change their religion under any circumstance—he said death was better than surrendering one's religion, one's soul and moral being. He said that Hindus and Sikhs should not lift their hands against their Muslim enemy even if their daughters were raped in front of their eyes, even if their wives were raped in front of their eyes. He counselled Hindus and Sikhs in the East Punjab not to retaliate, not to act like beasts and snakes. He said that violence and hatred led only to more violence and hatred, that violence and hatred could be answered only by nonviolence and love.

A couple of times, people in the audience heckled him, but for the most part everyone listened to him as if he knew what he was talking about. I got more and more angry. I thought that the only reason he could talk that way was that he didn't have a house, he didn't have a mother or a sister, he wasn't a refugee and had no idea how Muslims could behave. He was six times my age, and I decided that he was wrong about everything. This man whom we had once venerated used to say they would partition India only over his dead body, but he had let Partition happen.

"Who does Gandhiji think he is?" I said as we were driving back. "How dare he say such things?"

"His words can comfort only the Hindu and Sikh jackals in the East Punjab," Sister Umi said. "They didn't retaliate until July—when Muslims in the West Punjab had been killing their Hindu and Sikh brothers steadily for five months."

"What finally made the Hindus and Sikhs act?" I asked.

"It was only in July that the Hindus and Sikhs in the East Punjab started seeing their blood-relatives pouring out of the West Punjab in great numbers as refugees," Auntie Santosh said. "There is all the difference between hearing about things and actually seeing them."

When we got back to Ram Kishore Road, I said to Sister Nimi, who alone among us remained a Gandhi supporter, but who hadn't been able to come with us, because she wasn't feeling well, "Sohan used to say that it was not Gandhiji's nonviolent methods but British decency that won us our independence."

"What rubbish!" she said. "British people decent? My foot! If they'd been decent, they would have left India long since, but they tried to stay on by every possible means. They imprisoned our leaders, whose only crime was that they didn't like their people to be enslaved. They turned Muslims against Hindus."

"They could have let Gandhiji starve to death during his hunger strikes," I said. "They could have shot him right at the start. Instead, they allowed him to build up his following over decades and become very powerful."

"If they had let him die—never mind killed him—they couldn't have stayed in India for a day. The whole country would have risen up. Then nothing could have saved the raj, and the British knew it."

"Why did they let him become so powerful in the first place?"

"They were stupid," Sister Nimi said. "They just didn't realize how effective his nonviolent methods were being."

"Even if you're right, Gandhiji has done his work now. It's high time that he retired. He's too idealistic to deal with Jinnah and the Muslim League. He must stop interfering with Hindu and Sikh retaliation. We have the right to avenge the Muslim horrors."

"How can you condemn the innocent Muslims in the East Punjab and West Bengal for what Muslims are doing on the other side of the border?" Sister Nimi demanded. "You can't condemn a whole people like that. If we allow fanatics to start taking revenge, where will they stop? There are forty million Muslims in India. What would you have us do—kill them all? Once you let fanatics take over anywhere, they'll carry their war to all of India."

"But if we don't chase out the Muslims, where will we refugees settle? Where will we find space?"

"A province or a country is not like a house, which has a limited space. All of us will simply have to live together. That's what Gandhiji and the Congress leaders, who want India to be a secular, tolerant place for all religions, are saying. If we don't listen to them, they'll be replaced by the hothead Hindu and Sikh fanatics—the R.S.S., the Akali Party, and their ilk, who would have India become a religious state, like Pakistan."

"Well, if we can't get rid of the Muslims we should at least deny them a voice in the government. After all, Hindus and Sikhs have no voice in the Pakistan government. We must make sure that a leader like Jinnah never emerges again."

"But if you deny Muslims a voice in the government you may actually help to produce another Jinnah. We should learn from the British mistakes—that you can't deny people a voice in their government forever. Sooner or later, the people will rebel. Anyway, the question of treating Muslims differently from us doesn't really arise. They are our own kith and kin. That's why an Indian Muslim bears no resemblance to a Muslim anywhere else. Gandhiji's work is far from done."

I repeated some of the Indian history I had learned at the R.S.S. meetings and from Cousin Nitya Nand's reading of "Whither India?" "Buddha taught nonviolence, like Gandhiji, and what happened to India? The Muslims conquered and ruled us for hundreds of years. Then the British conquered and ruled us. The Muslims of Pakistan say they'll come back and rule us again."

"But violence has been a chief cause of the decline of many nations. Nonviolence has never really been tried."

I felt frustrated. I didn't know the history of any other country, and she was a college student. I changed my tack. "Be honest. Have you always thought like this? Have you never doubted your faith in Gandhiji and nonviolence?"

She fell silent, and for some time I couldn't get her to say anything. Then she said, "I sometimes feel very bitter. I feel bitter about the tens of thousands of Hindus and Sikhs who are dying." She broke off.

I felt that she didn't have to say any more. She was the idealist of us all; I recalled that she had turned the balance in favor of Sheikh Sahib's proposal that we pipe in his well water as a fire-fighting precaution. If she could become bitter, what hope was there for the rest of us?

"THERE is Daddyji!" Sister Nimi exclaimed, and she started crying. The moment I felt his large hand on my shoulder, I started crying. It was early in the morning, and he had walked into the house without giving us any notice.

"What is there to cry about?" he asked, and he quoted to us this Urdu couplet:

Those whose plans are stormy, those
 whose natures are stormy—
When do they ever turn their boats
 to the shore?

"We thought you'd never come," Sister Nimi said.

"I'm here now," he said.

Auntie Santosh pressed him to stay for breakfast, but he insisted that we had to drive to Simla right away, so that he could return to the refugee camps in the plain the following day.

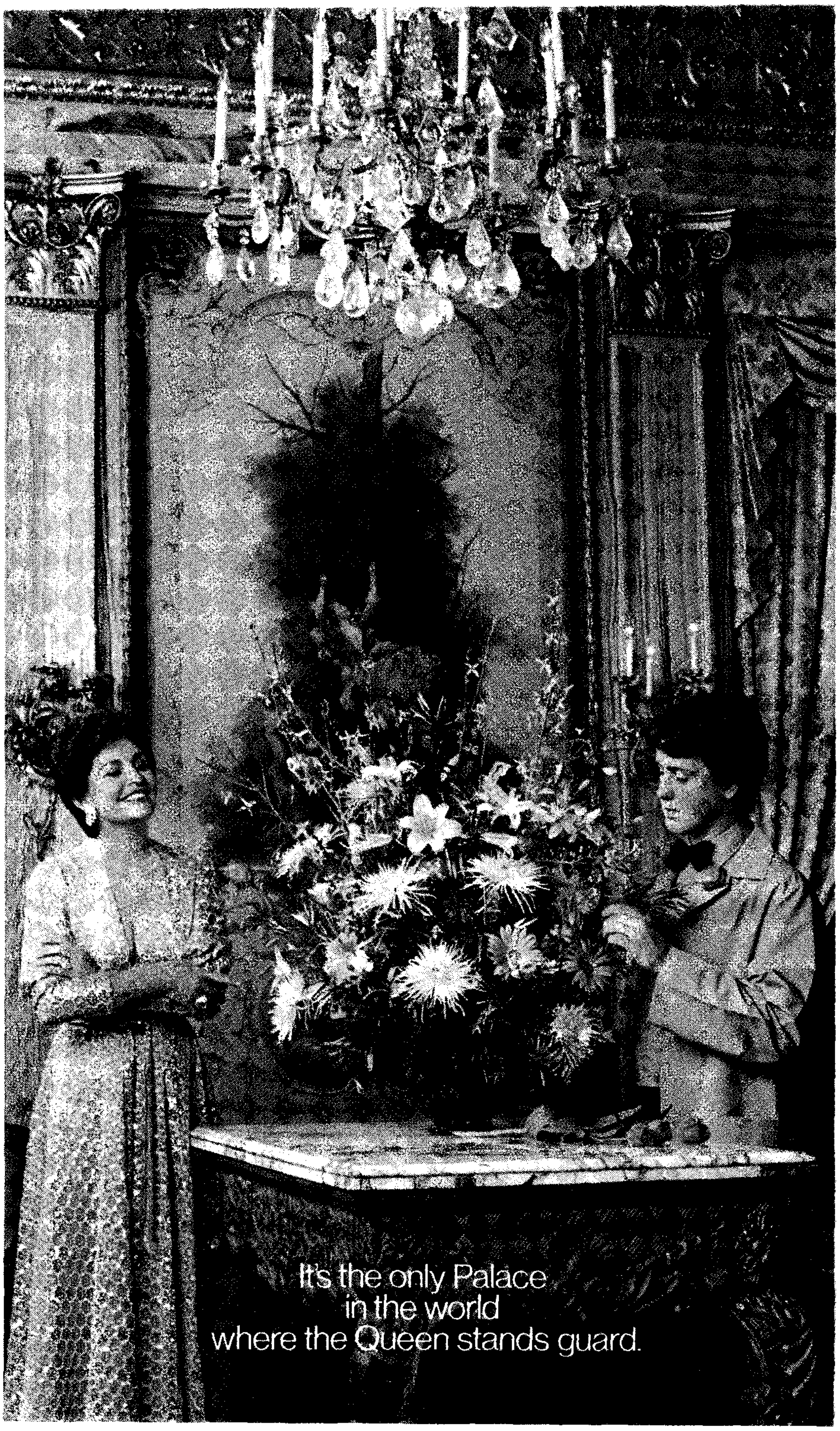
We set off immediately. Daddyji had bought a new motorcar, and I couldn't get over it. I climbed from the front seat into the back seat and then into the front again. I opened and closed the side windows and the glove compartment. I touched the various knobs and handles. The car's seats were covered with cloth and were wide, like a sofa. Instead of a big gear stick on the floor, which had always got in the way of our legs in the old car, the new car had a small gearshift tucked behind the steering wheel. In fact, the car had so much room that it was almost like a toy house.

"Vedi, the color of the car is black," Daddyji was saying. "I chose that color because it's less likely to show dents when it's painted over."

MAMAJI was feverish with a Simla cold, and all she could talk about was the terrible two-story government bungalow they had been living in on Jakko Hill. "When I first moved into the Jakko Hill bungalow, I thought I had been put in a tomb, it was so cold—and we didn't have a stitch of warm clothes," she told us. "I borrowed sweaters and blankets from

Rasil." Rasil was an old family friend who had summered in Simla for years. "The house was so out of the way that the whole day long all I ever heard was the 'sha-ah-ahn, sha-ah-ahn' of the Simla silence. There were just Gian Chand and Ashok with me, and Muslims were living all around. Without your daddy there, I felt very frightened. One night, I heard some people clambering up the hill. They tried to break into the house. I thought I had escaped Lahore only to die at the hands of Simla Muslims. I called 'Sher Singh! Gian Chand! Ram Saran! Qasim Ali! Raj Kumari! Lakshman Singh!' I must have called the name of practically every servant I'd ever had. They must have thought that I had an army of servants quartered in the house. They ran away. When your daddy came back from tour, I gave him notice that I wasn't going to live in the big house another day. He made inquiries for a more central, safer house and found out that a Muslim officer was just vacating the upper flat of Erneston. Your daddy and I went to see it. We hardly looked at the cottage. We just saw its situation—near the Mall, near your daddy's office. Sardar Swaran Singh's bungalow was one house up from it, and Premier Gopichand Bhargava's was not far." At the time, Sardar Swaran Singh and Gopichand Bhargava were the only two ministers in the East Punjab government, and they divided its main functions between them.

The Muslim officer who had been living in the upper flat had hurried out of the cottage after hearing some rumors about Hindu-Muslim troubles in Simla, and had left everything behind—his crockery, his curtains, his furniture—just as it was. He had gone to stay in the Grand Hotel—considered relatively safe, because the East Punjab government had taken it over. By the time we arrived, Mamaji was living in Erneston. It was a two-story wooden cottage with a tin roof, down a slope from the main road. Its back was mostly blocked by a second hillside. The lower flat was occupied by other tenants, and the upper flat had only three rooms, with a single bathroom. (The kitchen was in a separate little building.) There was a long, narrow dining room, a sitting room with a fireplace, and a bedroom, where Daddyji, Mamaji, Usha, and Ashok slept. There was an open veranda in the front and a glazed back veranda, where the rest of us slept—the sisters at one curtained-off end, I at the



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other, and Brother Om, when he was around, in the middle. (Brother Om had gone to Ludhiana, down in the plain, to resume his interrupted studies toward his Bachelor of Science degree.) The cottage had little cross-ventilation. Mamaji called it a trap for fever and asthma.

IT was only after we started living in Erneston that we began to understand what the loss of Lahore meant to us. Like all Lahori Hindus, we had lost our property to Pakistan—our life savings and the house Daddyji had built, and had paid for after almost twenty-five years of government service. I asked Daddyji once who had taken over our house, and he said, "Some Muslim or other good at pulling strings," and quoted to me this Urdu couplet:

> When the nightingale has abandoned her nest in the garden,
> What does she care who lives there—whether owl or the auspicious bird.

(In Indian lore, the owl is an accursed, stupid bird.)

The Muslim officer continued to stay at the Grand Hotel while he waited to go to Pakistan in a convoy under military escort. He would visit us daily to look over his belongings and would worry aloud about how he could take them with him. He had exquisite taste and was attached to his belongings. He came one day and said, "Mrs. Mehta, I've got a place in a military convoy, but I can't take anything with me. It's my things or my life." He pleaded with her to buy his things, and was prepared to sell them at any sacrifice price.

But Mamaji wouldn't hear of the idea. She thanked him, and told him that she would help him find a place to store his possessions.

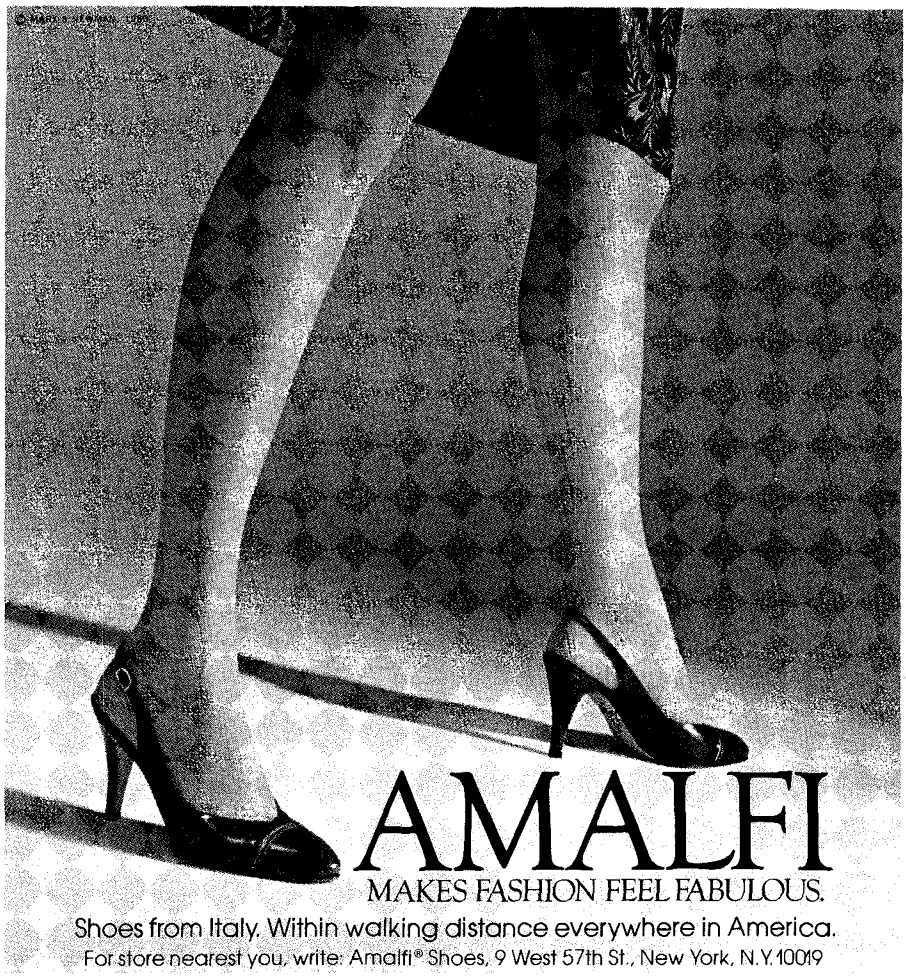
He wouldn't be put off. "You can have my things," he said, "and I'll go and claim your things in Lahore."

"No, thank you," Mamaji said. "Who knows? We may go back to our house in Lahore one day." She treated him to tea.

After he left, we all cried that Mamaji was being foolish.

"Why did you refuse him?" Sister Umi demanded. "Most Hindu refugees who occupy Muslim houses take possession of all their things and don't pay so much as a pice for them."

"A forced sale by a Muslim refugee!" Mamaji exclaimed. "Am I so mad that I would risk such a curse? I have been unlucky enough without



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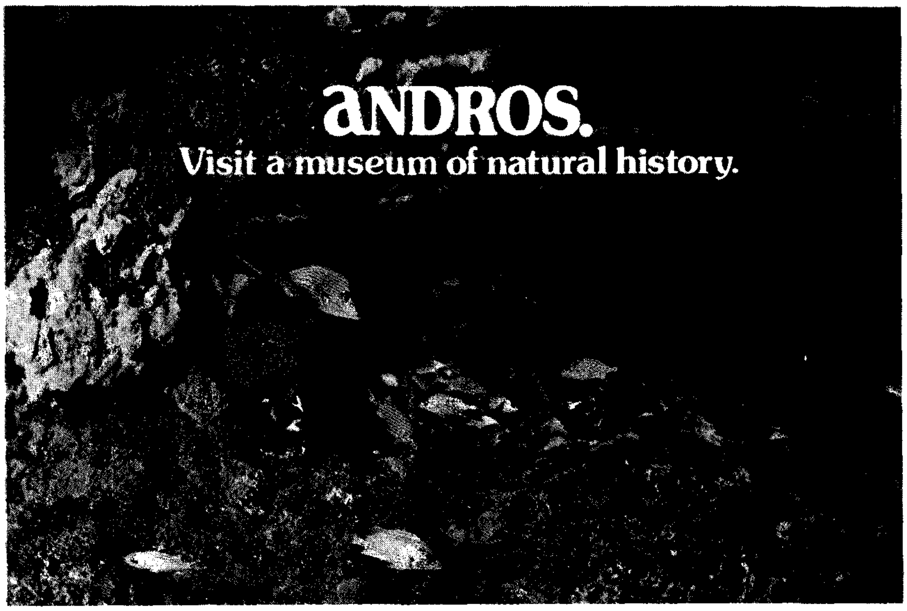

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earning the ill luck of dispossessing a poor Muslim refugee."

Daddyji joined us, and we appealed to him.

"We would be confiscating his things," he said. "It would be wrong to punish one Muslim for the misdeeds of other Muslims."

We argued with both of them, but we couldn't budge them.

The Muslim officer came the next day and had all his things removed for storage. As he was leaving, he saluted Mamaji with the Hindu "*Namaste*" and presented her with a jewelry box. She didn't want to accept it, but there was no way to turn it down, so the jewelry box—which was made of wood, with a lot of decorations, and had individual compartments for bangles, rings, chains, and pendants—became our first new ornamental possession in independent India.

Just about then, we got the news that some Muslims had gone, in turn, to Babuji and Bhaji Ganga Ram and threatened to kill them if they didn't vacate their houses. Babuji, Mataji, Uncle Lakshman, Bhaji Ganga Ram, and Chhoti Bhabiji had all somehow taken shelter in a couple of refugee camps—the last of their kind in Lahore—and been driven with other refugees in lorries, under military escort, right up to the boundary on the Grand Trunk Road, some eighteen miles away, and from there they had gone to relatives, first in Amritsar, and then in Delhi. Mamaji attributed their escape to her honorable dealings with the Muslim officer.

Without the Muslim officer's things, the cottage seemed very bare. We didn't have woollen clothes, and we mostly had to stay indoors, sitting in a huddle on a bed, with Rasil's borrowed quilts and blankets thrown over us, or walking about with blankets around our shoulders like shawls. We inquired every day at the government offices about our railway wagon; it should have arrived in the East Punjab in July, but there was no sign of it. One day, we heard that it was probably lost, because it had been traced to Karachi, where it had somehow got shunted off. Another day, we heard that the Pakistan government had rerouted it to India from Karachi. Then we got a message from Daddyji, from the plain—that the wagon was in Kalka and he had reclaimed it, but that somewhere along the route it had been looted, and all that was left was nine dining chairs, a small chest of drawers, and one carpet. He was hav-

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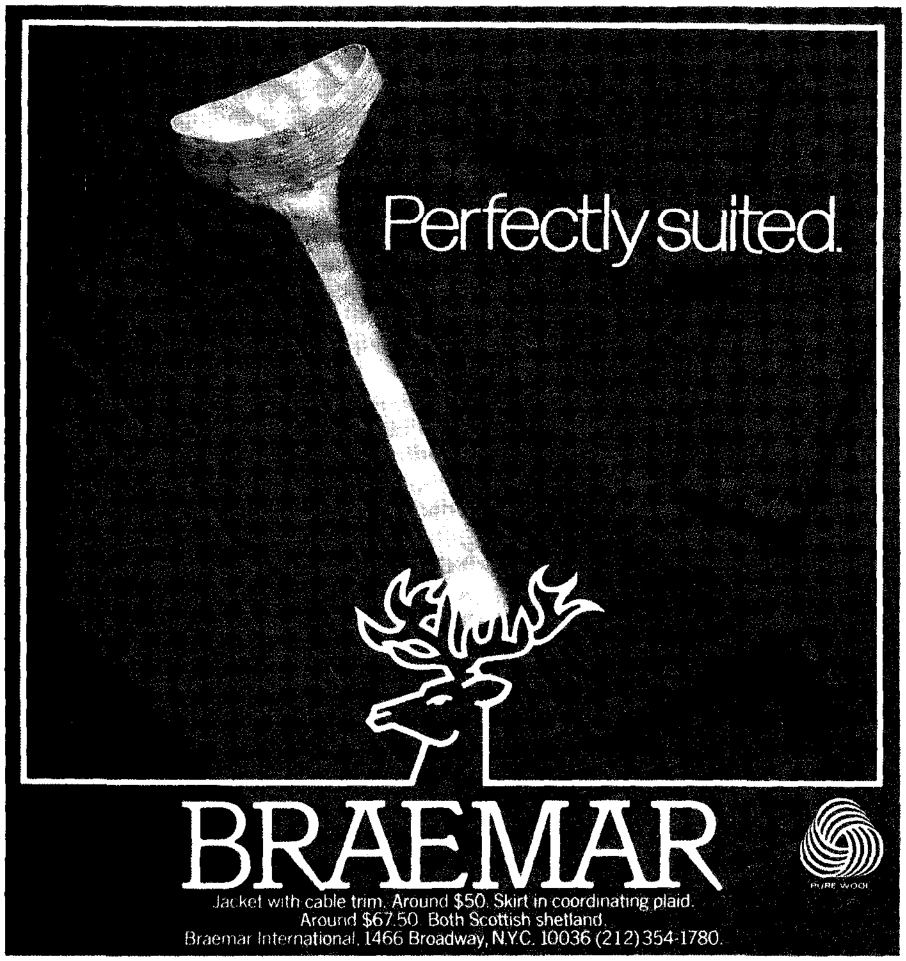

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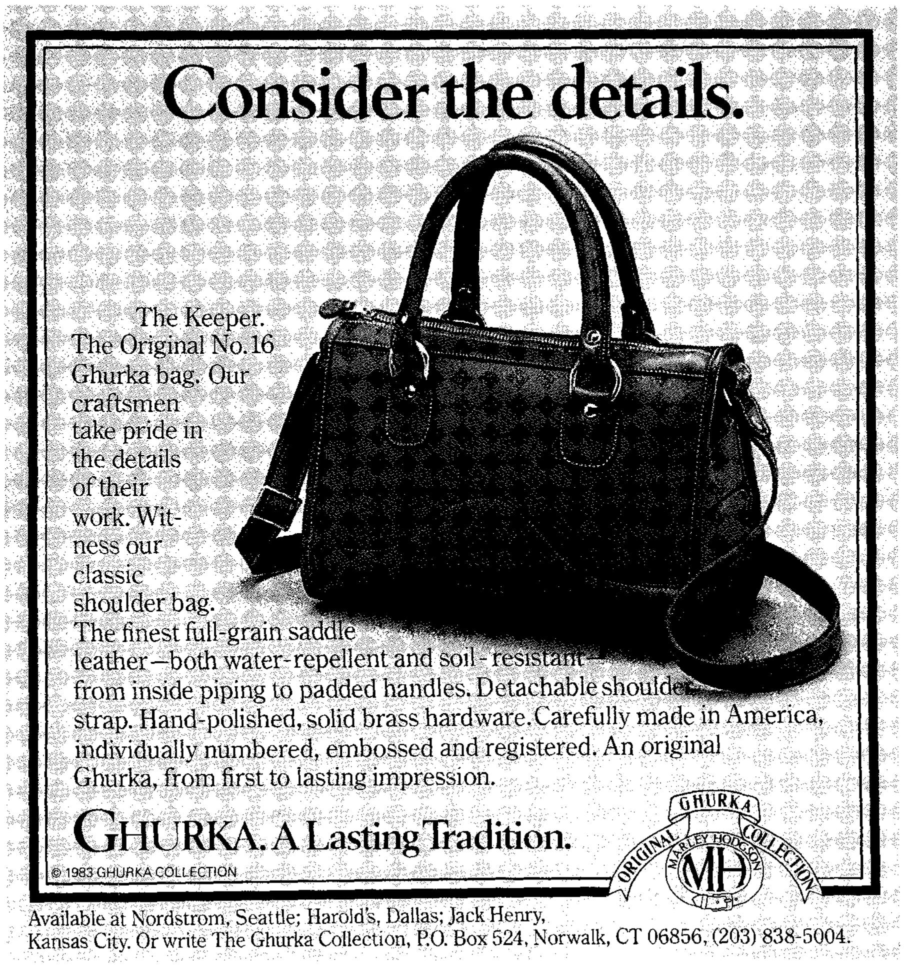
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ing those things sent up to Erneston in a lorry.

DADDYJI was hardly ever in Simla. Most of the time, he was in the plain, seeing to the sanitary and other health measures of the refugee camps. He said that he had to improvise all the arrangements; Pakistan had reneged on the agreement to divide up the department assets, and everything, including the manuals and standing orders for mass gatherings, had been lost. Even when he was in Simla, he seemed to talk only about refugees: about people arriving or leaving in convoys, in columns, in trains or lorries or bullock carts, on mules or on foot; about trains pulling in or pulling out with massacred or mutilated passengers; about people dying on the roadside, in huts and fields and wells, in scrub and thickets; about fatherless, motherless, sonless, daughterless people without a pice to their name, cast up as if on an unfamiliar shore, with neither prospects nor destination, sitting in some improvised encampment, alternately benumbed and angry, passive and wailing. One week, we heard that the tally of the cross-migration of refugees was five hundred thousand; another week, that it had reached seven hundred and fifty thousand.

The final tally of the refugees in the Punjab was to be ten and a half million, most of them crossing the border within three months of Partition. As many as a million were to die.

ONE morning when Daddyji was leaving for the plain, I got in the car with him. "I'm coming with you," I said.

"There's a lot of disease in the plain," he said.

"But you go."

"I am a doctor. All day, I'm out in the open making rounds. Where would I leave you?"

"I'll stay with one of your staff. I have nothing to do all day up here. I want to come."

He gave in, and got Gian Chand to put extra bedding in the car.

We reached a refugee camp near Ambala early in the afternoon. It was dry, dusty, and hot. All around were the stench of filth and the rotting odor of the dying and the sobs and yells of desperate people. Flies droned and settled on the skin; they were very energetic and not easy to swat, and they were so pervasive that they seemed to breed in the air.

Daddyji walked ahead with a couple

of inspectors, and I followed with a camp policeman, who held me by the hand. There was no path, and we had to pick our way among men and women huddled on the ground, who didn't stir as we passed. Children followed us, some of them begging for food, most of them as quiet as mice.

"Hare Ram! Hare Ram!" the policeman said. "These brothers and sisters had their own land, were plowing and sowing it through long months and making provisions for their families, and now they can't even move out of the way. You're lucky, Sahib, that you can't see them."

I felt angry at the policeman for talking on as if the refugees couldn't hear him and for referring to my blindness. I felt angry at the people on the ground who wouldn't move out of the way, at the British, at the Muslims, at Partition. I could faintly hear Daddyji talking with his staff about the supplies of vaccine, powdered milk, and powdered eggs, and examining refugees and getting them inoculated. I wished that I could hear them better, but there was no way to walk faster, no way to catch up with them and stay close behind. I called to Daddyji, and he fell back and took my hand. He tried to rouse some of the refugees and get them to talk. Only a couple of them responded. They poured out the stories of their escape and journey in disconnected shouts, as if they thought we were deaf.

There was a commotion ahead. A refugee was tearfully protesting against being inoculated. "I want to die," he was saying. "I want to die."

Daddyji pressed my hand. "His hands have been cut off," he said.

I shuddered. Hands were like eyes to me. On this walk, even more than normally, I had constantly to resist touching anything, for fear of embarrassing others or myself, of drawing attention to my blindness, of encountering something unpleasant or dangerous. No doubt, all around me were refugees with every kind of injury or deformity, but resisting touching them permitted me—just as the wretched policeman had suggested—to avoid knowing about them. Now the refugee without hands was standing so close to me that I could actually have reached out and touched him, and the combined wish and reluctance to touch him was excruciating, because I wanted to make contact. I wanted to learn the extent of his injuries. Did he have arms? Did he have elbows? And I wanted to ask him questions: How

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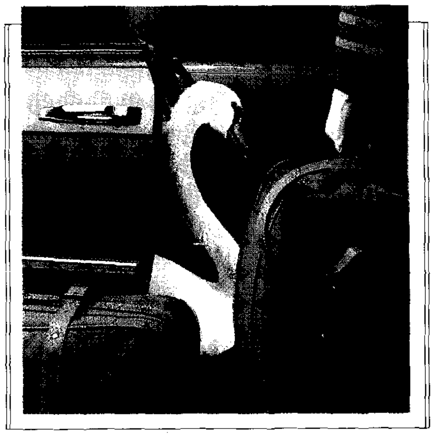

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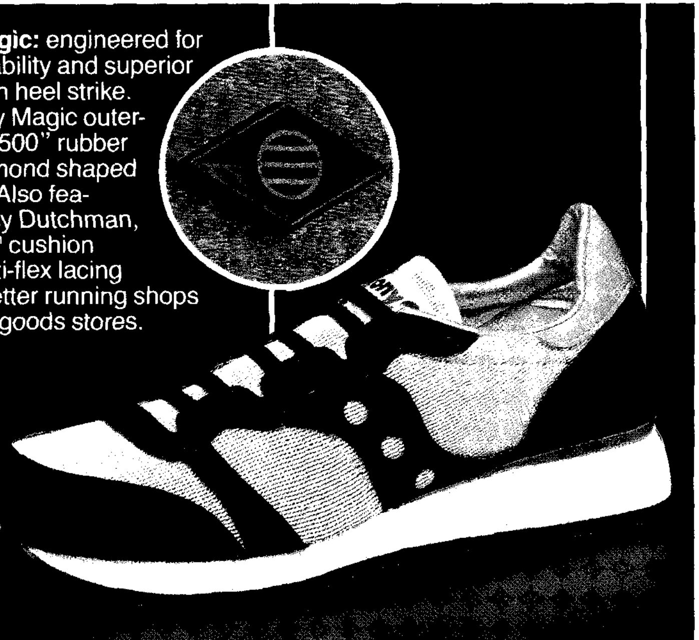

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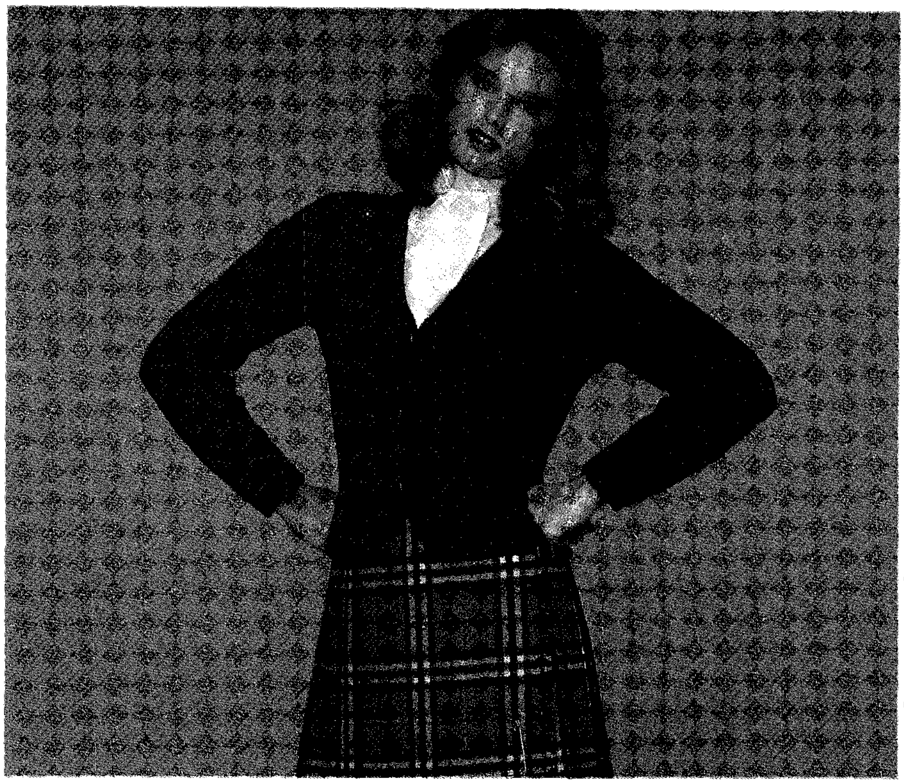

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had it happened? How did he wash and change his clothes? How did he eat?

"It's in your best interest," the inspector was saying. There was a whiff of alcohol and a childlike exclamation of pain as the refugee without hands was inoculated.

The inspector moved on to the next inoculation.

I tried to speak to the refugee without hands. From his first few halting, softly spoken words in rustic Punjabi, I gathered that he was a Sikh, and knew that because of his beard and long hair he had been a marked man.

"Your eyes, Sahib—where did it happen to you?" he asked.

"We are from Lahore, but it wasn't the Muslims—just a sickness in childhood. Your hands—what happened?"

"In a temple, Sahib. We had taken refuge there with our families. We had been sleeping there for four nights. The fifth night, they came. We expected them. We were ready for them. They told us to come out and become converts. They swore that it was not a trick to disarm us and rape and torture our wives and daughters. They said, 'As Allah is our witness, a mullah is standing outside to perform the ceremony. If you become converts, you can go back to your homes. No one will trouble you.' We cried, 'We would rather die than become filthy Muslims!' We set upon them like a pride of lions. We fought them with guns and knives for two nights and a day. Then our ammunition ran out, our supplies ran out. Still we fought on. The defilers forced their way into the temple. We started killing our women to save them from torture and rape. I cut the throat of my daughter with one stroke. It was the turn of my wife. I hesitated, and I was overpowered by a defiler. I fought back. I think I killed him, but a whole group of them came at me and chopped off my hands and cut off my ears."

I shivered. Daddyji had not told me about the loss of his ears. Perhaps it was too terrible to mention along with the hands.

"Guru Nanak gave me the strength of a lion. I broke loose and ran after the man who was carrying off my wife. I lost him. I hid and skulked in fields and drains for a week. Then I saw a lorry of Sikh police. They took me to a convoy of refugees."

As he talked, other refugees surrounded us. They chanted and grunted and groaned in assent. They became voluble.

An elderly woman tried to calm them by mentioning the name of Gandhiji.

"Gandhi didn't see his daughter raped!" one of them cried.

"Gandhi didn't lose his wife!"

"He's a coward! He's afraid to come to the Punjab. Let him come here and we'll show him the truth about his nonviolence."

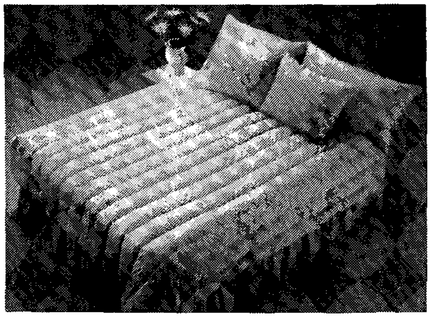
They talked about how they, too, had been maimed, how their relatives had suffered indignities, how the members of their families had died. They wept even as they angrily swore to take revenge on Muslims in India.

IT was December. The chill winds blew and the frost set in. We had never spent a winter in Simla. We had been postponing having a fire in Erneston to avoid the expense, but now every evening at six o'clock we huddled around a coal fire in the sitting room, on some office furniture the government had provided us with. Mamaji and my sisters were busy knitting, embroidering, reading—my sisters had resumed their studies in Simla. Even Ashok, who was three and a half, was busy—racing around the cottage, climbing on people's laps, rattling some crayons that a family friend had given him. I alone had nothing to do, and sat at the edge of the semicircle listening to the sound of the knitting needles, of the turning of a page, or of a thread being drawn through a taut piece of cloth on an embroidery frame. The little knitting I had learned at the Emerson Institute was useless—I could scarcely have knitted a panel. Besides, knitting seemed a fit occupation for my sisters and my mother but not for me.

Now and again, I would reach out and touch the knitting in Mamaji's hands to see how far along she was with the sweater, sock, or mitten she was knitting for us, or touch Sister Nimi's book to see how much she had left to read, but their progress only heightened my sense of idleness. Occasionally, Mamaji would ask me to make a knitting ball out of a woollen skein or Sister Umi would ask me to tighten her embroidery frame, but I felt that such tasks were only invented to give me something to do.

I was approaching my fourteenth birthday. At that age, Brother Om had started college. I had spent, all told, three years in school, off and on: two and a half years or so at Dadar School, in Bombay, when I was less than nine, and the rest at the Emerson Institute, in Lahore, where I had done little more than learn about the Hira Mandi—the so-called Gem Market—and its stock of singing and dancing girls. Previously in the years of no schooling, I had been sustained by the dream of going to England or America. Besides, there had been walks with Bhabiji, and her stories; cousins to play with, and kite flying; a music master, and a harmonium and tablas; the office peons Ram Saran and Qasim Ali to talk to, and a bicycle to ride; riding on hill ponies with my little sister, Usha, who was always there to attend to me; a room of my own at 11 Temple Road, and a sighted friend, Sohan; games, and R.S.S. meetings; Marine Drive, and Cousin Nitya Nand's Hindi reading. The Partition and its aftermath had put an end to all that. And the dreams of going to America were ended, too. Now we had only one servant, Gian Chand, and he was busy from morning to night. Neither he nor anyone else, it seemed, had time even to take me out for a walk so that I could stretch my legs. I felt imprisoned in the cottage, and my hands ached for something to do. The three or four Braille books I had had and my few Braille implements were lost to Pakistan. Daddyji had bought me some made-in-England carpentry tools after he saw me sitting and working with a carpenter at 11 Temple Road, and they, too, were lost.

When I complained to Mamaji that I had nothing to do all day, she would say, "People are dying all around us. We've lost our home, we've lost our old-age security, and you're worrying about having nothing to do. You should thank Ram that you can sit and eat as much as you like and no one can say no to you. When will you get it through your head that your daddy is due to retire in two years"—government service called for compulsory retirement at age fifty-five—"and that after that we won't have his salary, this cottage, our government furniture? Where will we go then? Where will we live? Who will keep us? I can't even run to Babuji and Mataji. They are now poor refugees living off their son's earnings. After retirement, we won't even be able to keep a servant. Who will then wash the pots and pans



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but me?" Once she got started on the subject of our future penury, she would begin to wheeze and cough and make throat-clearing noises. "We have three daughters to marry off. How will we get together all the dowries? Can you tell me that? And if we can't get them married, then what will they be if not permanent charges? And who's going to rear and educate Ashok, who has barely learned to speak? You? Om? Om is growing up to be an idler. When has anyone ever seen him sitting down and studying? And who's going to take care of you for the rest of your life? And you're complaining. Don't you have any shame or any sense? How was I so unlucky as to have reared such useless children—every last one of them growing up to be a permanent charge." There was no stopping her once she'd got started. I would try to divert her or try to run away from her, but I couldn't. Her tirades always ended in a full-fledged asthma attack, with her collapsing on her bed and asking me to bring her medicine or calling Gian Chand to fetch a doctor for an injection.

The sisters were at their school or their college, or they managed to slip out to their friends, and I was left to bear Mamaji's tongue-lashings alone. When I was older, I realized that she was not so much scolding me as having me share her troubles, but at the time I felt resentful and trapped.

I remember that once I repeated to Daddyji what Mamaji said.

"Don't mind what she says," he said. "She's always had a fear of having no money, because of Babuji's miserliness. But in life money comes and goes. We are lucky to be alive and healthy, and everything will be all right."

"But what will we do when you retire?"

"When I retire, we'll go to the West."

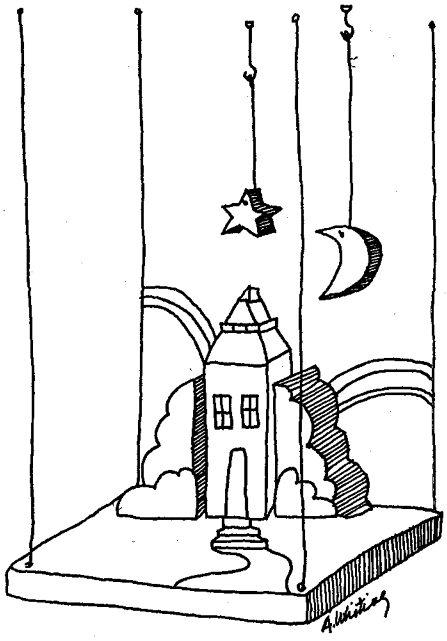
"But where will we get the money?"

"I will get ten per cent compensation for our house in Lahore—the government is going to give every refugee ten per cent compensation. I'll get a provident fund of fifty thousand rupees, and I have a thousand-pound endowment assurance policy in England. The money should be enough to get me across to England to start a new life. Where there's a will, there's a way."

However encouraged I felt when I was with Daddyji, it seemed he was never there to be appealed to when Mamaji started one of her tirades. It was therefore her view of our plight that prevailed with me—with all of us children, I think.

I remember how Mamaji and I used to fight whenever I brought up the subject of the 3A Meccano set—something I did all the time. In Rawalpindi and Lahore, I had played with Meccano Sets 1, 2, and 3, and I had progressed from a set with only strips and screws to a set with wheels, pulleys, angles, and a windup motor—from making a toy bench to making a toy car that sped all around the floor. Now I was ready for the 3A set, which was for sale in a toyshop on the Mall for eleven rupees. I had lost all my Meccano sets to Pakistan, and I couldn't wait to have one in my hands again. The thought was especially *tantalizing* because I *didn't know* what new parts the 3A set would contain. I thought about the 3A set all the time—when I was going to sleep or waking up, when I was eating or sitting idle, when I was walking along the Mall. Every day, I would beg Mamaji to buy me the Meccano set. Every day, she would shout at me for being stubborn and provocative. "When will you get it through your head that we are now refugees?" she would bellow. She would start to wheeze and cough. "I'm worrying about how I'll pay school and college fees, how I'll feed you all, and all you can think about is Meccano. Hare Ram! How did I ever give birth to such wastrel children?"

I never got the 3A Meccano set. Once Mamaji had said no, there was no way to get Daddyji to say yes. My big sisters laughed at me for making so much of a mere toy, yet the wish to buy it burned in me for years, like the wish to go to Hira Mandi. Years later, the mention of the number eleven—the number of our lost house, the price of the Meccano set—would fill me with a sadness I couldn't explain. It was years later still before I came to see that perhaps it was because highly emotionally charged adolescent wishes had become fixed on the Meccano set in the toyshop, as on the "gems" in Hira Mandi. But the thought barely diminished the intensity of the feeling, even though by then I was in my late forties.



Little Civilian Fellow

ONE evening when I was sitting at the edge of the fire circle with nothing to do, and not knowing what to do with my hands, Daddyji returned from the plain and said to me, "I have some interesting news for you." There was the sound of people putting down whatever they were doing and turning to Daddyji. "I went to Delhi with Premier Gopichand Bhargava and we stayed at the Viceroy's House as guests of Lady Mountbatten," he said.

Everyone wanted to know what the Viceroy's House was like and what Lady Mountbatten was like, but he continued to talk to me, saying, "I mentioned you to Lady Mountbatten, and she said, 'Then you should meet Sir Clutha, who's also staying here.' She told me that Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Clutha Mackenzie had been blinded in action in Gallipoli, and that he was here as a representative of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers in London, which had been founded during the First World War by Sir Arthur Pearson, who was himself blind."

The idea that Englishmen could be blind was hard for me to grasp. It was like trying to imagine them being servants or sweepers.

"Lady Mountbatten immediately arranged for me to meet Sir Clutha," Daddyji was saying. "I was much impressed by him. He has spent most of his life in welfare work for the blind. He came to India in 1943 at the invitation of the then Viceroy, Lord Wavell. Lord Wavell himself had only one eye, and he wanted Sir Clutha, who had some firsthand knowledge of India from a previous visit, to do something for the blinded Indian soldiers who were returning from the Japanese front. Sir Clutha eventually established a St. Dunstan's in Dehra

Dun—he is its commandant. Everyone says that it is the best training center for the blind in India, but when I told him that I would like you to study with him there he said pointblank, 'That is out of the question, Dr. Mehta. Your son is a civilian, and St. Dunstan's is exclusively for soldiers. Anyway, at St. Dunstan's we don't so much educate the men—most of them are in their thirties or forties and are illiterate—as teach them simple crafts and skills, like spinning, weaving, and caning. We train them to care for themselves, and introduce them to recreational games and music. The idea is merely to rehabilitate them and to save them from a life of idleness in the dirt and poverty of the villages.' I said that there must be some literate blind soldiers, too, and he admitted that there were some and that St. Dunstan's had Braille and typing classes for them. I thought you'd benefit by going there—at least, you would improve your Braille and learn typing—and I asked him if he would use his good offices to get you admitted there as an exception, on compassionate grounds. I told him about my long government service in the Punjab Health Department—St. Dunstan's comes under the central government's Health Department. I told him that I had lost a brother who was like a son to me in the Singapore action during the Second World War. I reminded him of Lady Mountbatten's interest in your case. I told him that we were refugees. I told him how you felt shut up in Simla. My words seemed to have no effect, but later on I appealed to Lady Mountbatten, and she talked to Sir Clutha in my presence. He then agreed to take up your case with the government."

In the following days, I went around repeating "Clutha, Clutha" under my breath, the way Mamaji repeated "Ram, Ram"—as if the mere utterance of the name would bring my hands something to do. Within a week or so, we received a letter from Sir Clutha saying that the government had made an exception in my case, and I could attend morning classes in Braille and typing at St. Dunstan's as a special student. He said, however, that it wasn't a good idea to have a young boy stay among war-blinded men who were away from their wives and families, since they might "mislead" me. He therefore asked us to make our own arrangements for my food and accommodations and for getting me to and from St. Dunstan's, which was situated two or three miles outside Dehra Dun proper.

I was very excited at the thought of attending classes again. "I can stay with Sister Pom in Dehra Dun," I said.

Mamaji began to wheeze and cough. "A daughter, once married, belongs to her in-laws—her new family," she said. "Her own family has no claim on her. Usha has already stayed with Pom and Kakaji, and they've refused to take anything from us."

"But why do you have to live with Promila when my own brother Romesh is there?" Daddyji asked. After Partition, Romesh Chachaji had settled in Dehra Dun, where he was trying to establish himself as an architect among refugees who were familiar with his Lahore reputation.

"It's your right to stay with him," Mamaji said. "Your daddy helped to educate him."

Daddyji quoted an Urdu couplet to Mamaji:

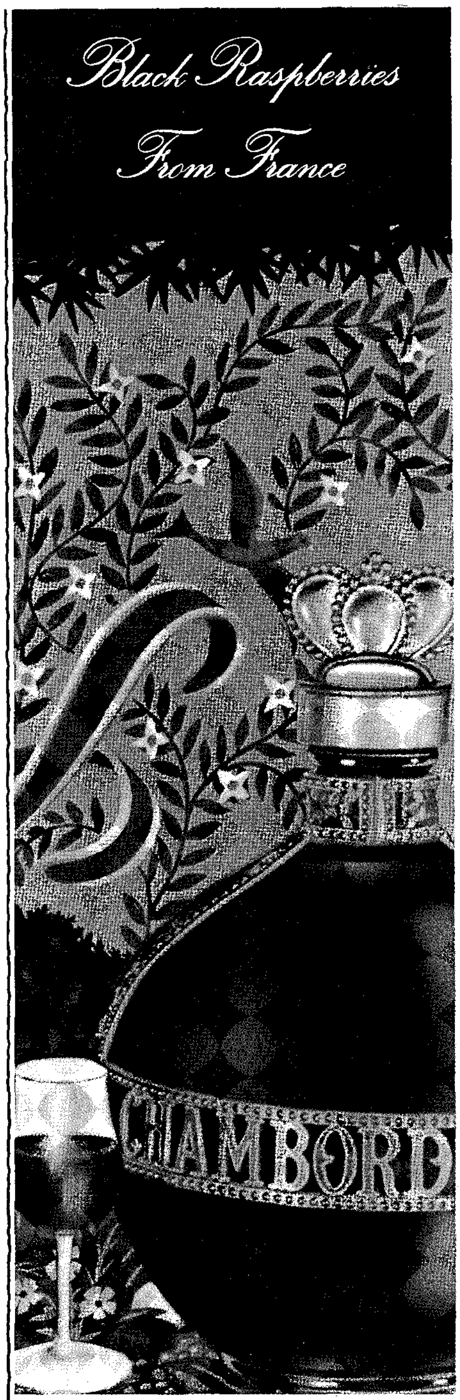
> He who does a good deed or a favor,
> Then remembers it, wipes it away.

I insisted that I'd rather stay with Sister Pom, but then Sister Umi butted in and recalled that Bahali Ram Chachaji—Daddyji's first cousin—had taken refuge with Romesh Chachaji after Partition. "Bahali Ram Chachaji's wife has run away, his children have disowned him," she pointed out. "Romesh Chachaji is keeping him as a clerk and a peon only as a family charity case. I'm sure he has nothing to do all day and would be a perfect person to take Vedi to St. Dunstan's and back on a bicycle."

"Umi's perfectly right," Daddyji said. "Besides, Bahali Ram can take you for walks and be a good companion for you. He is a lot of fun."

I protested. I was afraid of growing up to be like Bahali Ram Chachaji—a poor relation, who had failed at everything and never amounted to anything. He had a double thumb and had always been a figure of fun among us children. I didn't want to be associated with him. But there was no getting around Daddyji, and Romesh Chachaji was informed of the plan.

I was made ready for Dehra Dun. I had not been completely separated from my family since I left Dadar School, around my ninth birthday, and Mamaji remarked that I seemed only



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too happy to leave. She was right—I couldn't wait to go.

I HAD been to Dehra Dun—it was in the United Provinces, two hundred miles or so from Simla—only once, when we were driving up to the hill station of Mussoorie. Then Dehra Dun had felt open, cool, and uncrowded, but now, as I climbed the staircase to Romesh Chachaji's flat, it felt tight and close. The flat was in Ashley Hall—the town shopping center—over Bombay Boot House and Romesh Chachaji's office. Romesh Chachaji was on the terrace of his flat, playing with his three children: Vijay, a son, and his twin sister, Usha—they were about eight—and Naresh, a son of about five. They all embraced me, and I noticed immediately that Usha sounded as mellifluous and vibrant as ever but that Vijay slurred his words and stuttered, as he always had.

Savitri Chachiji called out from inside, "Who is it?" I scarcely recognized her voice, because she was having an asthma attack.

Romesh Chachaji took me in to her, whispering on the way, "Be sure to say to your *chachi*, 'I fall at your feet.' " I stiffened. It was a greeting we children used only for Bhabiji, not for an aunt. Romesh Chachaji pressed me against him affectionately. "Do it for my sake, youngster."

I went up to Savitri Chachiji, who was lying on a cot. "I fall at your feet," I said.

Instead of blessing me, as Bhabiji would have done, she muttered to Romesh Chachaji, as she tried to catch her breath, "Why don't your people understand that we are refugees ourselves? Isn't one of your Bahali Rams enough? We have only three small rooms, and Vedi has his own blood sister here with a big house. Why has he come to eat our heads?"

Savitri Chachiji had always been one of my favorite relatives. She was from Bombay; I'd gone to Dadar School there. She was born a Christian; as a child, I'd thought of myself as a Christian. She was our only *chachi* who spoke English and had made a love marriage. I couldn't understand why she was talking to me like that. Years later, I learned that her son Vijay was mentally backward. She had hidden from the fact in Lahore, where Romesh Chachaji had position and wealth, but in Dehra Dun she was almost unhinged by it.

Presently, Romesh Chachaji took me out onto the terrace. "Vedji, let God keep you happy and cheerful," Bahali Ram Chachaji said, shuffling out of a room. His voice was thin and pathetic, like a mosquito's whine.

"Bahali Ram, the youngster will stay with you," Romesh Chachaji said.

"Then where will the servant sleep?" Bahali Ram Chachaji whined. "The room is too small for three cots."

"The servant will have to set up his cot on the terrace," Romesh Chachaji said.

Bahali Ram Chachaji made little grumbling noises. "The servant's cot will be in the way. Savitri won't like that. She'll push me out of the house to make space for the servant. Then where will I go?"

Romesh Chachaji told him that there was no danger of that, because he now had a new duty—to take me to and from St. Dunstan's on his bicycle.

"Thank you, thank you," Bahali Ram Chachaji said, with audible relief.

Romesh Chachaji went downstairs to his office.

"Romesh is a good gentleman," Bahali Ram Chachaji said, taking me into his room. "Partition has been good."

"What's good about it?" I asked, taken aback.

"In Lahore, Romesh had a big office, with draftsmen and clerks and peons, and he didn't know what was being done under his nose in his name. Now, here, he has to do everything himself. In Lahore, I never got to see him in the office. Now he and I pull together like two bullocks under the same yoke." He added, as if he had transgressed, "But I am nobody and he is somebody." He was nearly Daddyji's age, but he talked to me as if we were the same age. He abruptly asked, "Would you like to hear the story about the Nihala guard?"

I had heard the story countless times from him—in fact, I had grown up hearing it—yet I never tired of it, perhaps because he took such pleasure in telling the story that it was hard not to share his enjoyment. It was like a joke he told on himself: it was in pink English—a funny, Jabberwocky Punjabi and English, which was the best he himself could do in English.

I nodded, and Bahali Ram Chachaji started telling the story as if I had never heard it before. "There was a guard in Nihala. There was trouble on the train. It was his official duty to send an English telegram to the guard ahead in the next station. He tried and tried, and then sent this telegram: 'HANAIRI CHULLULLING LAMPING BHUJUDGING. IF THERE IS ANY HERGING MERGING, NIHALA GUARD WON'T BE JIMAYWAR.' " The message meant "Storm is blowing. Lamps are going out. If there is any turmoil and trouble, the Nihala guard won't be responsible."

RAJPUR ROAD rumbled with the noise of big lorries ferrying between Mussoorie, about fifteen miles above, and the plain. The bicycle was old and rattly. The front bar, on which I sat, was bent. My legs were too long for me to sit on it comfortably—there was no way to support my feet. I sat with my knees half raised, being careful not to get in the way of Bahali Ram Chachaji's pedalling and not to scrape my feet on the ground.

"We are going to be run over and killed," Bahali Ram Chachaji kept muttering, recklessly weaving in and out of the traffic. "These lorry drivers are all hothead Sikhs who don't know a lorry from a bicycle."

There was a crash ahead. Bahali Ram Chachaji veered the bicycle to the side so fast that it tipped over. We picked ourselves up. Neither one of us was hurt.

It seemed that a lorry had been precariously stacked with steel girders and beams, so that they were sticking out on both sides. A beam had caught on a lamppost and fallen off. No one was injured, but all traffic was stopped.

It was some time before we could go on.

MAJOR JONES, who was an assistant to Sir Clutha and was called the After Care Officer, held me by the shoulder as he showed me around St. Dunstan's, pushing me forward and pulling me backward, turning me this way and that way—making me feel that I was a toy soldier in his hand. His breath smelled like cow dung. It made me shrink away. (Years later, when I smelled stale whiskey on a friend's breath, I recalled Major Jones, and realized that he must have been drinking, even though it was morning.)

"This compound used to be the Governor General's Bodyguard Lines," he said. "You see, his Bodyguard Force was quartered here, and they used this estate for their exercises on horseback." He spoke an Englishman's bad Hindustani; instead of saying *gorda* ("horse"), he said *gora* ("white man"). The more he talked, the funnier he sounded. "It was a big force and they had dozens of white men [horses] on the grounds in stables. St. Dunstan's has open grounds all around it. There are fifty or sixty ex-servicemen in residence—most of them were privates in the infantry. There are a couple of government bungalows here—Sir Clutha lives in one, I live in the other—but the classes are all held in the old stables, and the old barracks are used for the hostel. Most of them have tin roofs and are nice and noisy in the rain." He abruptly asked, "What's the matter?"

From all around came clacking and clanging sounds, as if dozens of men were teasing cotton with carding bows. "That sound!"

"Oh, that!" Major Jones said, with a hearty laugh. "That's blind soldiers making war on the steel posts and guide wires with their walking sticks. Newly blind people have great difficulty getting around without a full-time attendant or a guide, so the compound has been strung with guide wires that go along both sides of the path from the hostel to the latrines, from the hostel to the workshop, from the workshop to the kitchen, from the workshop to the recreational room. The soldiers find their way around by following the guide wires with their hands or their sticks and counting the steel posts along the way. You can get along without them, eh?"

I said I thought I could.

"I don't know what spell your father cast on the higher-ups, but this is no place for a civilian, and a young boy at that," Major Jones said. He laughed. "These are embittered, isolated men. They are not fit company for any boy, but, as my commanding officer used to say, 'a good soldier follows orders.' "

MY first class was in typing, and for it I went to the workshop, where I was greeted by a partially sighted Australian teacher, Mr. Cameron. He introduced me to the only other pupil in the class, a Muslim named Ghulam Quadar.

I put out my hand and almost screamed—what I touched was not a hand but a metallic claw.

"Come closer and touch," Ghulam Quadar said, in a high-pitched, shaky voice. He pulled me closer with his claw. The claw was actually an angular hook attached to metal tubing. "The Japanese blinded me and cut off my arms," he said in a chillingly matter-of-fact way. "I was transferred here directly from the hospital."

He is worse off than the refugee without hands, I thought, and the Japanese must be worse than the Muslims. I asked, "How do you type?"

"I'm learning to type with this mechanical arm," he said. He insisted that I see for myself. Both his arms were cut off at the elbow. His left arm ended in a smooth, elbowlike projection—it felt naked and exposed under his short-sleeved shirt. The section of tubing was attached loosely to his right upper arm with a canvas strap. His typewriter, instead of having rows of keys, had metal steps with a hole where each key would normally be.

"It is an ordinary typewriter keyboard with a special plate," Mr. Cameron said.

"I've memorized the keyboard," Ghulam Quadar said. "I can type by counting off the holes with my hand. I'm going to type 'Ghulam Quadar' for you."

He counted under his breath and cursed under his breath as he searched with his hook for "g," the hook's end clattering over the plate's holes and steps much as the sticks of the soldiers clattered along the wires and the steel posts outside. His fumbling—the slides, the jumps, the clinks of metal against metal—set my teeth on edge. Then there was the sound of the thrusting of his hook into a hole and of its striking a key. "There she is!" he exclaimed. I feared that he would never finish with the word, but he doggedly carried on with "h" and "u" and "l" while Mr. Cameron and I stood over his typewriter like two education inspectors. He had no sooner finished typing "Ghulam Quadar" than he started typing a sentence, which he said aloud, letter by letter, word by word. "N-o-w, now . . . i-s, is . . . t-h-e, the . . . t-i-m-e, time," and so on.

"When Ghulam Quadar came to my class, he had never been near a

"I smile to myself whenever...

...the ladies at the club admire my Anne Klein sweater jacket.

...dinner guests remark that my mahogany wine table is as rare a find as the vintage I'm serving.

...I think of my husband opening one of his Christmas presents saying, "Two cashmere sweaters!"

...my mother-in-law snips, "How *do* you afford all those designer clothes?"

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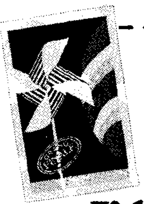

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typewriter," Mr. Cameron was saying. "Now he can type like anyone else, and he has a speed of five words a minute." Ghulam Quadar couldn't return the carriage and start the next line; Mr. Cameron had to do that. He couldn't read what he typed; Mr. Cameron seemed to check the typing by listening to the sound of his hook marking off the holes in the plate. His English was worse than mine; Mr. Cameron helped him with the spelling. But there was no stopping him.

Mr. Cameron sat me down beside Ghulam Quadar, at a typewriter on the same table. It was an ordinary typewriter, the kind that Daddyji's clerks used to type on. I remember thinking that there was an unexpected boon in having Mr. Cameron for a teacher. Because he spoke only English, and Ghulam Quadar and I were the only pupils, I would get plenty of chance to practice my English with him.

In subsequent days, sitting at the table beside Ghulam Quadar, I learned how to position my fingers on the home row. I learned that "s" was next to "a," and "d" next to "s," and that I had to stretch my forefingers to strike "g" or "t" or "b," and that there was no key for number one—that the letter "l" was used instead. In my head, I tried to redesign the keyboard, simplifying it by putting "a" next to "b" and "b" next to "c," even as I redoubled my efforts to master the intractable typewriter I had. I remember once asking Mr. Cameron why the keyboard was so strangely ordered. He said he didn't know—typewriters just came that way.

EVERY day, I spent an hour in the typing class with Ghulam Quadar. When his stump slipped out of the hollow of his mechanical arm, he would ask me to set it right. He would try out on me his dolorous and biting Urdu verses, which came to him spontaneously and were always about unfeeling women with hearts of stone. Outside class, he had an attendant, who had to help him with everything. At lunchtime, if his attendant was late in coming to get him he would ask me to unscrew his hook and screw on a spoon, and when the attendant arrived he would go off to have his meal, his metal arm clanking against the guide wires. Once, he fell sick, and I went to visit him in Double Disability Ward, where he lived with another armless man, Ali Ahmed, who had been a cook in the infantry. It was one of the strangest places I'd ever been in, and for days afterward I couldn't get it out of my head. By his bed was a tap in the cement floor which shot water straight up, so that he could wash himself, and in the middle of the ward was a pillar wrapped with a Turkish towel, so that he could rub against it and dry himself. He had applied to the government for a second arm, and every week or so he would type a follow-up letter with the help of Mr. Cameron, always closing it, "Thanking you in anticipation." Every day, he waited eagerly for some news about his second arm. I found that I waited with him, sharing his anticipation. But he never heard anything.

SOMETIMES I was given a Braille lesson by Mr. Cameron, but more often by Mr. Advani, a friendly Hindu teacher, blind himself, who taught in an adjacent classroom. He was only about ten years older than I was, and, like me, he had gone blind when he was a child. After learning Braille in the School for the Blind in Karachi, he had attended a school for the sighted, but he used to say, "Blind people can only be taught in a blind school."

During one of my first lessons, he asked me, in familiar Hindi, "Can you read Grade 2 Braille?"

"I don't know what that is."

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"And you don't know Grade 2 Braille?" Mr. Advani explained to me that Grade 1 Braille had no contraction signs or abbreviations, and that Grade 2 Braille had many contraction signs and abbreviations.

"Do you know any contractions?" he asked.

"I know three—those for 'and,' 'of,' and 'for.' "

Before the hour was up, he had taught me many contraction signs: dot five before "p" for "part," dots five and six and "t" for "ment," dots four and six and "n" for "sion," dots five and six and "n" for "tion." He had also taught me abbreviations: "b" for "but," "f" for "from," and "abv" for "above."

"What do 'sion' and 'tion' mean?" I asked.

"They don't mean anything, but many English words end with them."

"Why are there any contractions at all?"

"Because reading Braille is so much slower than reading print. There are blind soldiers here who can hardly read four Braille words a minute."

Over a period of time, I became adept at reading Grade 2 Braille, in which most books for children over nine were embossed. St. Dunstan's had a little library of Braille magazines, such as *Reader's Digest*, and books, such as Agatha Christie's "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Simple Shakespeare for Children," and I read everything in it avidly. The magazines and books were all in English, of course, and my English vocabulary was so small that I wasn't always able to understand what I read, but I read on, turning page after page, until I got the gist of the story. The reading—and listening to Mr. Cameron talk—helped my English vocabulary. For the first time, I felt that I was making real progress.

THE St. Dunstan's compound was large, and the buildings were few and far apart. Most of the walks were in open space, and the men, clacking and clanging their sticks on the steel posts and guide wires, stumbled along them like infants learning to walk. Feeling at once sorry for them and superior to them, I refused to walk like them, with my hands on the metal guide wires—never mind carrying a stick. Without the sounds of walls to guide me, I would sometimes bump my head on a steel post. Many of the posts were tall, because they had lamps at the top, and they were so slender that they would have been hard to detect with facial vision—an ability of some blind people to sense objects by the feel of the air and by differences in sound—even without the noise all around me. The bumps on my forehead and eyebrows, my nose and lips only made me more defiant, and I ran instead of walking. The men soon knew my step, and in my hearing they would say things like "He's so active," "He walks straight, without guide wires," "He's a mere boy."

One morning, by the commandant's bungalow, I met Sir Clutha out walking with Captain A. H. Mortimer, who had recently arrived and replaced Major Jones. I hadn't met Sir Clutha before—he was mostly away in New Delhi or shut up in the commandant's bungalow. In fact, I had heard that he didn't much like us Indians and stayed away from us—didn't trust any "native chap" even to interpret for him. The government had therefore found him Captain Mortimer, who, though an Englishman, had been born and bred in India and spoke perfect Urdu.

"Who goes there?" Sir Clutha asked, in English.

"It's the little civilian fellow," Captain Mortimer said. "He doesn't use a stick or the guide wires."

"Halt!" Sir Clutha said.

I was already standing still.

"Why don't you carry a stick or use the guide wires?" Sir Clutha asked, through Captain Mortimer.

"I don't need to," I said, my heart racing under my shirt.

"You'll crack your head open, and then you'll learn," he said.

I was about to say that though I had hurt myself frequently I would never carry a stick or use the guide wires, but I bit my tongue and kept mum, as Bhabiji had taught us to do when we had the impulse to talk back to our elders or betters.

"I know well who you are," Sir Clutha was saying. "Your father is a persistent bloke."

I didn't know what "bloke" meant—Captain Mortimer used the English word "bloke" in his translation—but I detected a certain irritation in Sir Clutha's voice and was glad when he hurried away.

I couldn't believe my ears: Sir Clutha walked clanging his stick on the guide wire, just like a recently blinded Indian soldier. Yet he was attended by Captain Mortimer. I made a mental note to tell Daddyji that though Sir Clutha was a New Zealander and a "sir," who hobnobbed with personages no less than Lord and Lady Mountbatten, he had much worse mobility than I had.

ONE day, Bahali Ram Chachaji arrived at St. Dunstan's on foot.

"Where is the bicycle?" I cried.

"It's broken," he said. "I had no money to get it repaired. We will have to foot it now, coming and going."

"But that will take a lot of time!"

"What to do?" Bahali Ram Chachaji said.

"I'll borrow some money from Sister Pom, and we'll just get the bicycle repaired," I said.

"It costs a lot of money," he said. "Pomji won't like it."

"She won't mind—it's a necessity."

We walked out onto Rajpur Road. "The question is, how do we get home now?" I said, and I added, "I have an idea. Raise your hand, Chachaji. Some car will stop and we will get a lift back."

"We don't have anyone of our acquaintance with a car here."

"You don't have to know anyone to get a lift. Raise your hand."

He wouldn't do it. I would have done it myself, but I didn't know exactly how it was done. I thought he must know, so I ordered him, as if I were his superior.

"All right, all right," he said.

Immediately, a car stopped. An authoritative-sounding man said, in English, "Where are you going?"

Bahali Ram Chachaji started stuttering.

"Will you please help us reach R. C. Mehta's house in Ashley Hall?" I said.

"Jump in," the man said.

ONE afternoon, after the bicycle had been repaired, I was very thirsty when I came back from St. Dunstan's, so while Bahali Ram Chachaji was bringing the bicycle up the stairs I raced ahead of him onto the terrace. I felt something crunchy and gritty underfoot. I stepped back. I thought I had broken Savitri Chachiji's glass bangles; when she washed clothes on the terrace, she often took off her glass bangles and put them on the floor by her side.

"Ill-begotten son of an owl!" Savitri Chachiji shouted, running out onto the terrace. "Putting your filthy boots on my kernels of wheat before they're even dry! I'm not your mother. I don't have to take care of you." I thought that she would calm down, but she turned her tirade onto Bahali Ram Chachaji. "He can't see, but what's the matter with your eyes?"

"Savitriji, I was bicycle-minding," Bahali Ram Chachaji stuttered.

"Dolt! What will we eat tonight—your shoes? A dolt and a blind boy are going to be my ruin."

One or two neighbors' windows rattled open. Romesh Chachaji came running up the stairs. "Take your blind nephew," Savitri Chachiji said. "Take your dolt of a cousin. I am leaving."

Romesh Chachaji said nothing. He was afraid of Savitri Chachiji's temper.

"Let it be," Bahali Ram Chachaji was saying. "Vedji just stepped on a few grains of wheat. Here, I'll just wash them."

"Don't talk back to me!" Savitri Chachiji shouted. She had two voices—the gentle voice of a well-bred Bombay girl and the sharp, strident voice of a *gulli* woman who regularly fought

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with her neighbors. She went on shouting like a *gulli* woman.

I remembered in a flash hearing that Bhabiji had taken Savitri Chachiji for a witch upon first seeing her, after Romesh Chachaji's elopement. In fact, Bhabiji had got ill with the shock of the elopement and had almost died. I had fallen ill at the same time with meningitis. Bhabiji had rallied, but I had been left blind, and Mamaji had drawn a connection between the two illnesses.

I heard Sister Pom's voice from behind, from the staircase, as in a dream.

"I don't want to stay here another day!" I cried.

"I'm taking him home with me," Sister Pom said. "It's settled. I'll inform Daddyji."

Within minutes, Sister Pom had swept up my few belongings and packed them in a suitcase—crying the whole time. She took me down the stairs, with Romesh Chachaji close behind, whispering apologies: "She was a queen in Lahore, but here she is struggling in three small rooms over Bombay Boot House, like a shopkeeper's wife. . . . She isn't in good health. . . . She has been embittered—your *chachis* have treated her as an outcast, because she's an Indian Christian. . . . Her asthma has really got worse since Partition. . . . Bahali Ram is always complaining. He keeps her riled up."

In the tonga, Sister Pom said to me, "You know how loving and wonderful to me Biji is." Biji, as Sister Pom called her mother-in-law, spent six months a year in Allahabad with her elder son, Kelly, and the other six in Dehra Dun with Kakaji. She had just arrived for her Dehra Dun stay. "But she has very high blood pressure and a very finicky temperament, and she has trouble sleeping. You mustn't make any noise. You must promise to live in the house so that she won't know you're there." She asked, "How did you wash yourself at Romesh Chachaji's?"

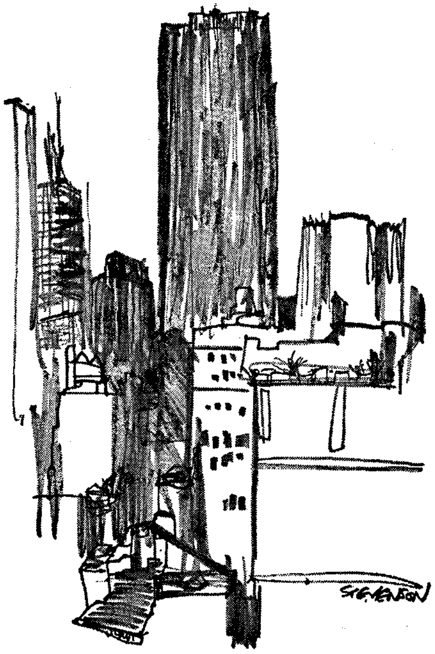
"Bahali Ram Chachaji would heat me some water when he was heating water for his tea," I said.

"Now you'll have to do without Bahali Ram Chachaji," she said. She stopped the tonga and bought me an electric immersion heater for three and a half rupees, so that in the mornings I could heat the water for washing my hands and face without troubling the servants.

Kakaji's bungalow couldn't have been more different from Romesh Chachaji's walkup flat. It was on Old Survey Road, where old Dehra Dun families lived. It had a compound of its own, with clumps of litchi and mango trees, and separate servants' quarters. It had both a front veranda and a portico, and was almost level with the ground, seemingly having no plinth. It was cavernous and run down, without plumbing, and consisted of a few big rooms that opened into one another.

That evening, before we sat down to dinner, Sister Pom arranged for her Indian Christian manservant, Massey, to take me on a bicycle to St. Dunstan's and bring me back. She wrote to Daddyji and told him that she had brought me away from Savitri Chachiji's. She installed me in a big room. I hadn't had a room to myself since Lahore, and I felt like a prince.

MY classes at St. Dunstan's occupied only a couple of hours in the morning. At Romesh Chachaji's, I had kept busy in one way or another—by playing with the children, reading my Braille books and magazines (I had been able to get my own free subscription to *Reader's Digest*), or sitting in the office with Bahali Ram Chachaji and listening to his jokes and stories. Every day, too, I had looked forward to a visit from Sister Pom, who would often stop by at four o'clock on her way to Kakaji's dental surgery, which was just fifty yards away. I would go there with her. In the surgery, I would examine dentures and casts of mouths, and try to imagine what the patients were like, while Kakaji finished up. Then the three of us would walk over to the Siwalik Club, named after the surrounding hills. While Kakaji played tennis, I would sit at the edge of the grass court with Sister Pom and whichever of her friends happened to be around. After tennis, we would go into the club—just a big bungalow—for lemon or orange squash. Back at the flat, Bahali Ram Chachaji and I would play gin rummy with my Braille cards in our room late into the night.



But at Kakaji's, except for walks to the surgery and the club with Sister Pom, I had nothing to do all day. I had finished all the magazines and books I could read at the St. Dunstan's library, and Sister Pom and the servants were completely occupied with Pom's infant son, Vindoo, or with Biji. Then, to make things worse, Sister Pom got a letter from Daddyji saying that now that Vindoo was a year old everyone was eager to see him, and she should come with him to Simla. She immediately left, with Vindoo and his ayah.

One day, I was running from room to room, sitting now in this chair and now in another chair, going out to the veranda and coming back into the bungalow, cracking my knuckles and worrying the buttons on my shirt, when Biji called me to her. "Child," she said hazily. As usual, she was taking snuff and chewing *pan*, and had a preoccupied air. "You seem lost without Pom. There's a harmonium in the house. Why don't you amuse yourself with it?"

"It'll make noise."

"No, it'll make music."

After that, for an hour or so a day, when I had made sure that Biji was not having a nap, I would sit on the carpet in the drawing room and play a few tunes and ragas on the harmonium. Kakaji even arranged for Massey to take me on a bicycle every second day to a music master who lived near Kakaji's surgery, for private tutoring.

WHEN Sister Pom had been gone scarcely a fortnight, Kakaji developed a high fever. A doctor was called, and his diagnosis was that Kakaji had typhoid. I was quite frightened. At home, we children often got sick, but Daddyji hardly ever got sick.

I urged Biji to inform Sister Pom, but she said, with a sniff, "There's no need to alarm her. Kakaji will get better with the medicine."

But the fever did not go down for four or five days, and then I overheard the doctor saying to Biji, "Kakaji may have smallpox." I got Massey to rush me to the post office—it had the nearest telephone—and I booked a trunk call to Sister Pom.

"Hello," I said, and she started crying, sensing that something was wrong.

"Kakaji has smallpox!" I shouted into the phone.

"I'm coming right back," she said, through her tears.

ONE afternoon, I was walking with Sister Pom to the surgery. (Kakaji had completely recovered from what turned out to be a severe case of chicken pox.) Usually, she walked briskly, but that afternoon she was a little slow of step. Usually, her arm under my hand felt steady—when we walked together she would have her hand thrust in her coat pocket and I would have my hand looped through her arm—but that afternoon her arm was fidgety, as if she were worrying something in her pocket. "You know how badly off Biji is," she said. She was a very direct person, and I couldn't understand why she was talking in such a roundabout manner. "Well, I overheard Biji talking to Kakaji last night. She said that your harmonium playing gives her headaches and sends her blood pressure up."

I caught my breath. "The harmonium was her idea."

"It's not just the harmonium—it's everything," she said vaguely. "You know, I'm going back to Simla"—she had left Vindoo behind and was returning to Erneston to spend some more time there—"and I don't want anything to go wrong when I'm not here. I think it would be best if you shifted to the hostel." She added, "You could have been killed in the bicycle accident."

When Massey was taking me to St. Dunstan's one morning in her absence, the front bar of his bicycle had broken off, and I had fallen onto the road. Even though I had to have a bandage on my head and spend a few days in bed, bicycle accidents were common, and in themselves, I felt, would not have made Sister Pom decide to push me out of her house.

"I'll go there tomorrow and talk to Captain Mortimer," Sister Pom was saying. In March, he had succeeded Sir Clutha as commandant.

I recalled that Sir Clutha, in his original letter to Daddyji, had been adamant that I should not stay at the hostel, among isolated men two or three times my age. Anyway, I didn't think the government would ever allow me to live in Army barracks and eat Army rations. But there was something in Sister Pom's voice that stopped me from saying anything.

SISTER POM took me to St. Dunstan's, with my luggage, in a tonga, and Massey followed us on a bicycle. Sister Pom had somehow persuaded Captain Mortimer to let me stay at the hostel, though I was to be segregated by having a room of my own. Captain Mortimer had arranged for me to stay in a corner room in the Madras Barracks, one of the hostel buildings. The room had no bathroom; the hostel had only communal latrines and communal taps. Captain Mortimer had a small tin tub placed on the veranda to one side of my room, and a commode set up under a tarpaulin tent in a corner of the veranda.

I complained that the tub was out in the open.

"You can take a bath when it's dark," Sister Pom said.

I wanted to protest, but there was an edge to her voice, as if she were angry or tearful.

She turned to Massey and told him that he would have to stay in the hostel and daily cook my food, clean my room, and bring my bathwater.

"I want Massey to sleep in my room," I said.

"He'll have to stay with the other hostel servants," she said.

"But I can't sleep in my room alone," I said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"I'm afraid," I said.

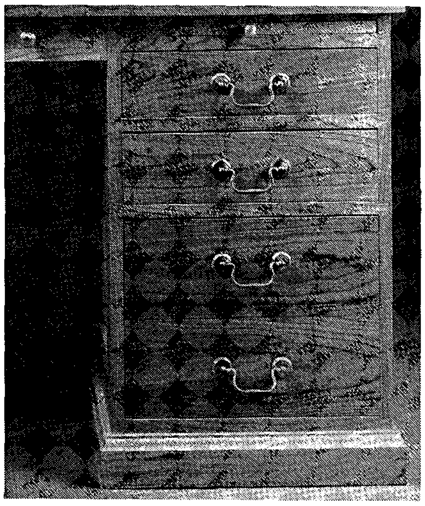
"Afraid of what?"

She started unpacking my suitcase and arranging the things in a small wall cupboard. There was a sudden whirr in the room, and I jumped. Then I realized that it was only the sound of a table fan—Sister Pom had brought one along, and Massey had plugged it in—and that its whirr sounded very loud because, except for a cot, the room was bare. I ordered Massey to unplug the fan, but Sister Pom told him to leave it alone, because it was very hot.

"I want somebody to be on duty at night," I said.

"But what are you afraid of?"

I couldn't reply, because what I was afraid of was ghosts. Even at Old Survey Road, if I was a bad boy at night a ghost ticked me off like an ill-tempered teacher. For instance, if I



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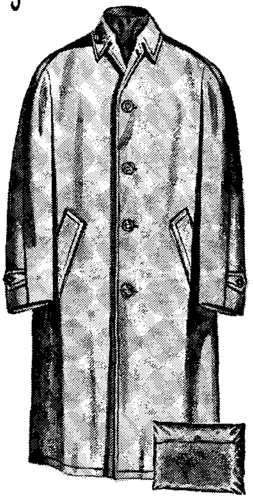

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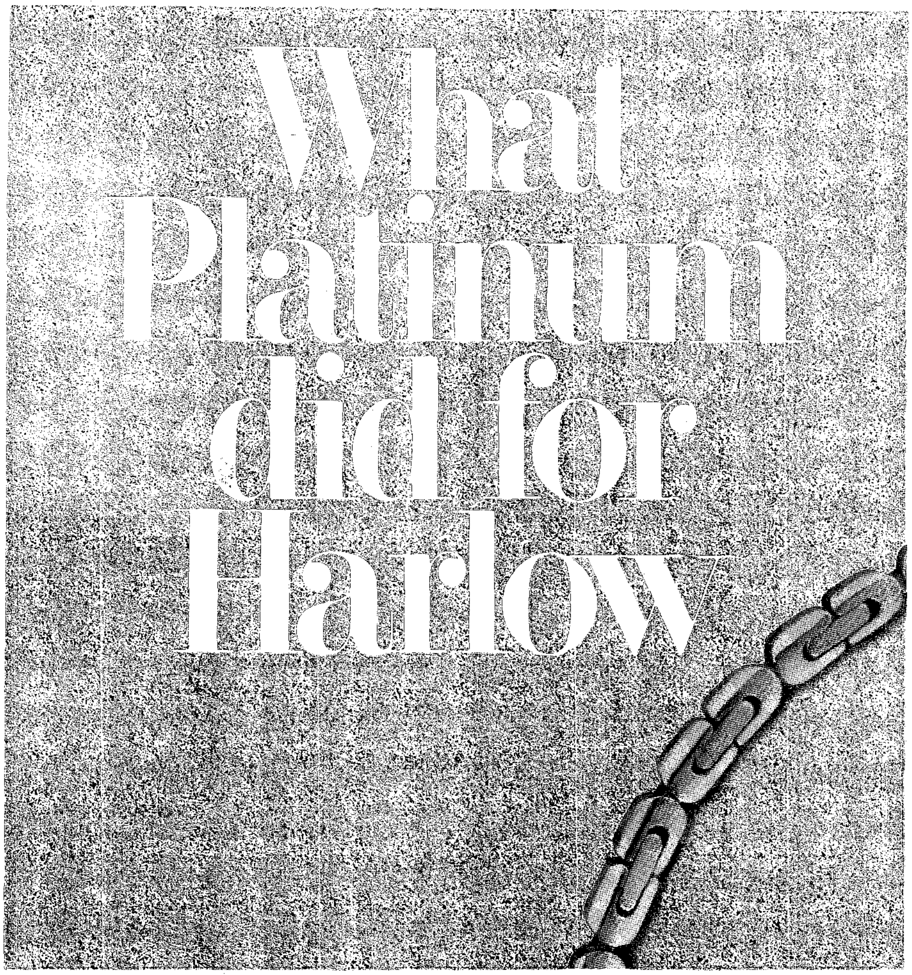

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slept with a sheet over my head, as Daddyji had told me not to do, because I needed oxygen, the night-ghost would shake me by the shoulder and wouldn't leave me alone until I had pushed back the sheet. If I slept all curled up, with my knees against my stomach, as Sister Pom had told me not to do, because it would keep me from growing, the ghost would tug at my feet until I had stretched my legs down to the foot of the bed. If I snored, as Sister Umi had told me not to do, because it kept her awake, the ghost would pinch my nose until I woke up. The day-ghost was no less vigilant. If I put my finger in my ear to stop an itch—when Mamaji caught me doing that, she would slap my hand—the ghost would put a crick in my neck. If I swung my legs while I was sitting on a bench or a cot, as Bhabiji had told us children not to do, because it disturbed whoever was sitting alongside, I was sure to be punished. Just the day before, I had been sitting on a bench with Ghulam Quadar. I had had my legs crossed and had been gently swinging my free leg. Although it was making the bench shake, Ghulam Quadar hadn't seemed to mind. But when I got up, the ghost had created a terrific wind and practically obliterated my facial vision: I had walked straight into a lamppost. When I first came home from Dadar School, I hadn't been able to sleep at all for fear of the ghosts. When I told Daddyji about them, he had laughed and said, "If there were ghosts, the British could surely get them to fight on their side and win the war." I had said, "But they might fight on the German side." He had said, "But the Germans haven't won the war. Have you ever heard of any ghost fighting on any side?" I'd had to admit that I hadn't. The subject had been dropped, because I couldn't think of anything else to say. In time, staying at home had made me forget about the ghosts, but now that I was to sleep in a hostel I knew that they would reappear in full force.

"What are you afraid of?" Sister Pom repeated.

"The hornets," I said. St. Dunstan's had no screens or chicks, and somewhere in the room a hornet was buzzing. It was a very big hornet, I thought, because I could hear it over the whirr of the fan.

"Where?" Sister Pom asked.

"There, Mistress," Massey said. "Up on the ceiling."

Sister Pom and I stepped out of the

room, and Massey jumped around with his duster. He managed to shoo the hornet out the window, and we went back into the room.

"I'm afraid of hornets and ghosts," I said.

Sister Pom pretended she hadn't heard the word "ghosts," and that made me think that she herself must be afraid of them. She patted me on the head.

"I don't like the tub outside," I said. "I could never take a bath there, dark or not. It would make noise. Everyone would know. I don't like the tent outside. It sticks out. I could never go to the bathroom there. I'll go and stay with Romesh Chachaji."

"But Savitri Chachiji won't have you."

"Let me stay at Old Survey Road. I won't ever play the harmonium."

Sister Pom started crying.

"Let me come back with you at least for one night."

"I can't do anything," she said, between her sobs.

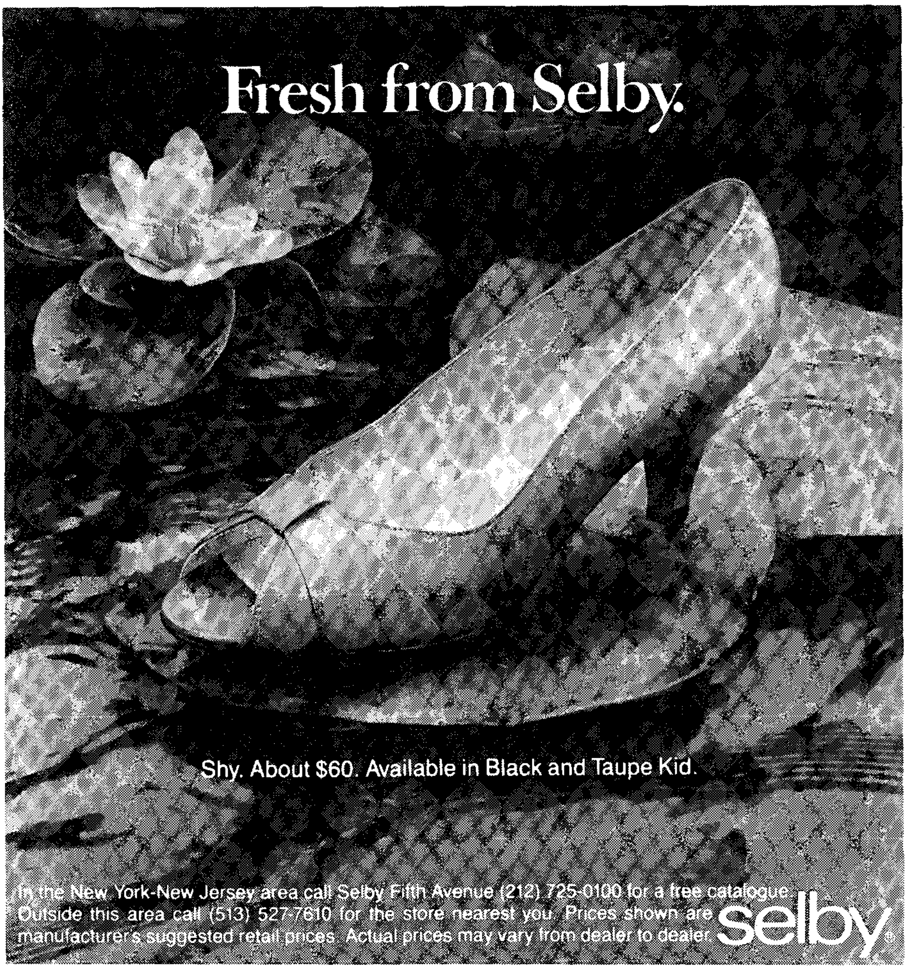
She was my sister, I thought, but now she belonged to another family. I became lost in thought. I scarcely noticed her hustle and bustle as she finished unpacking my suitcase, pushed it under my cot, and said that we would meet the next day—either she would come to see me or Massey would take me to visit her.

"Don't worry," I said, gulping. "I'll be all right." Then I realized that I was speaking to an empty room—she had already left.

There was an eerie sound of somebody snapping a towel outside my window. I shouted "Massey! Massey!" I went out and shouted some more. He didn't come. I stood outside my room listening. All I heard was the sound of my heart. I walked slowly into the room.

I slammed the door and the window shut and bolted them. I listened. Everything was still, as before a monsoon rain. Then I heard the ghost up on the tin roof, pounding his heels, as if he were getting ready for a classical dance. I sat on my cot; he crossed the roof and began pounding just above my head. I went and stood near the window; he began pounding there. He seemed to be able to see me through the tin roof. I was afraid to stay in, in case he dropped down and attacked me. I was afraid to go out, in case he chased me and caught me. I felt utterly trapped.

I lay down on the cot. He started pounding above my chest in rhythm



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with my heartbeat. I turned onto my stomach.

I must have fallen asleep, because I was awakened by someone screaming outside. He's found other game, I thought. I'm spared for one more night.

THE men in the hostel wouldn't leave me alone. They would stop by my room at any time of the day without invitation or warning, and when I was outside walking they would call to me; they recognized my fast walk. They would catch me by the hand or put an arm around my shoulder. They seemed only half-clothed—they wore undershirts and shorts. They had pungent breath and were inept. They spoke languages I didn't understand (they were from different parts of India)—languages that sounded harsh and guttural and very foreign. I had difficulty listening to them—I would hear and not hear. They were big, and I was small. They were old—a couple of them older than Daddyji—and I was a boy. They were from poor homes, and I was, as they never stopped reminding me, from a "good family." Many of them had wives and children, but, like Ghulam Quadar, they had apparently been brought to the hostel straight from the hospital, and had not been with their families since being blinded. Most of them had never learned to read or write; they could correspond with their wives, if at all, by paying a postal clerk to write and read their letters. Most of them had already been at St. Dunstan's for a year or longer and had begun to despair of ever being able to walk again without assistance or guide wires. While they had made some progress in learning to weave, to cane, or to sing, few of them thought that they would ever be able to earn their living. Even fewer believed that they would ever be able to go home and live with their families. Men who had "double disabilities," like Ghulam Quadar, spoke openly about being permanent wards of St. Dunstan's.

ONE morning, people along the veranda outside Mr. Advani's class shouted, "Her Excellency Lady Mountbatten is coming! Inspection! Inspection!"

Mr. Advani cleared his throat and told me, "Get ready for a demonstration."

I sat up in my chair, with my hands on the Braille book in front of me.

I heard the voices of Captain Mortimer and Sir Clutha and a rustle of women's clothes. There was a whiff of scent—a kind I had never smelled before. My heart raced under my shirt as the heart of my pet myna used to race under my fingers.

"Read, Ved Sahib," Mr. Advani said.

I had no idea what book was under my fingers or what words I read. I wanted to tell Lady Mountbatten that Daddyji knew her, but before I had finished reading a couple of lines the rustling clothes and the scent were gone—the party had moved on to Mr. Cameron's room.

That evening, I was alone in my room. I was fiddling with the fan, trying to see if I could stop the rotating blades by sticking my fingers through the wire guard. I was careful to keep my fingers near the center of the assembly, where the blades were close together and so were not very dangerous. I don't know why I was doing it. Perhaps I was mesmerized by the clicking sound that the blades made against my fingernails. Perhaps I simply had nothing better to do with my ever restless hands.

Suddenly, I thought I heard Daddyji's footsteps on the veranda. Ghosts, I thought. They're coming to punish me for being naughty with the fan.

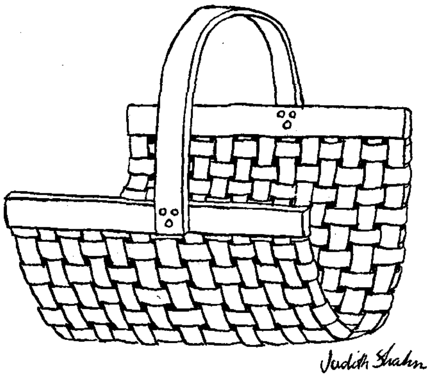
Just as I was about to get up and slam the door shut to scare the ghosts away before they scared me, I heard Daddyji's voice say, "How are you, Son?"

If Lord Mountbatten himself had walked into my room, I couldn't have been more surprised.

"I just happened to meet Sir Clutha on the way here," Daddyji was saying. "He told me that Lady Mountbatten was here today and that you read for her. He said that she was much impressed."

"I don't like living in the hostel," I said.

"Why not? It's a nice, open, cool place, with litchi trees all around. It's



Judith Shahn

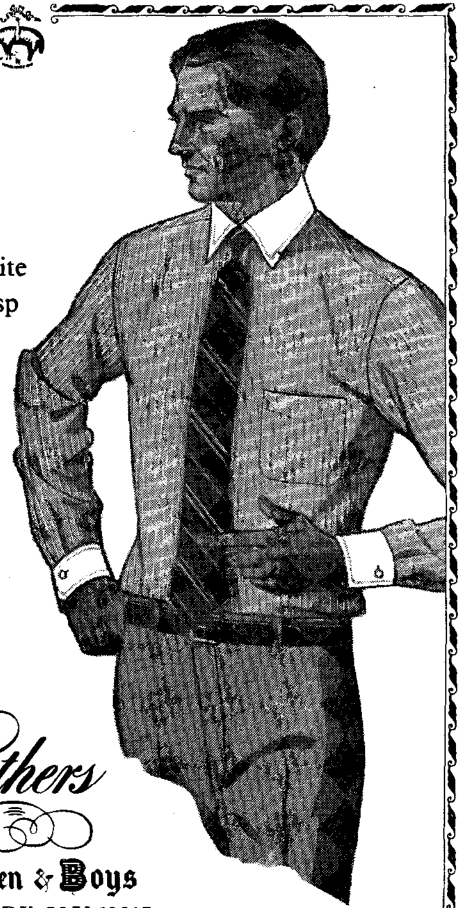
like being in the hills. I understand that Pom has made good arrangements for your food and water. What don't you like about the place?"

I wanted to tell him that I didn't like men catching hold of me and breathing on me, that I could never find Massey when I needed someone even to swat the flies, that hornets flew in and out of the room, that centipedes and spiders fell on my pillow in the middle of the night and left me trembling hours after I had brushed them off, that at night I was afraid to put my feet on the floor or to go to the bathroom outside. I wanted to tell him about the ghosts. But I didn't tell him anything. For some reason, I felt afraid of him, the way I did of people in authority—even friendly ones, like Captain Mortimer. I felt unworthy—just the way I remembered feeling when I was at Dadar School. More than anything, I was afraid that Daddyji might take me out of St. Dunstan's and stop my typing and Braille classes, and that I might find myself back in Simla, sitting at the edge of the fire circle and not knowing what to do with my hands.

"The place is too alone," I said.

"But you're much safer here than at Romesh's or Pom's. Rajpur Road is no place for bicycles. In fact, I was surprised at how many lorries there were on that road. I can't imagine how Bahali Ram, with his poor coördination, got you back and forth on the bicycle."

WHENEVER I could, I would slip into Mr. Cameron's classroom and type letters—to Daddyji, to Mamaji, to my sisters in Simla, to Brother Om, at his college in Ludhiana, and to Cousin Nitya Nand, in Bombay—and pretend that I was among familiar voices, not at St. Dunstan's at all. I complained about the food that Massey cooked, and I asked for more money to buy food supplements from the officers' canteen—a discount shop in St. Dunstan's which I was permitted to use. I wrote at length about the trouble I had in meeting my expenses. I had to pay not only Massey and the music master but also a sweeper, who came to sweep my room and clean the commode every day, and a washerman, who came for my clothes every week. In one letter, I told them that I had dismissed Massey and hired another servant. In another, I asked permission to stop going to the music master, because his place was too difficult to get to on a bicycle from



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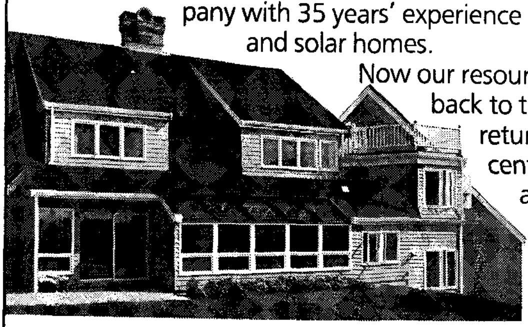

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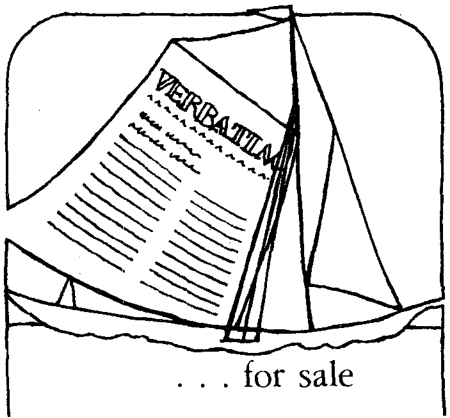

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The Language Quarterly

the hostel. In practically every letter, I asked for a typewriter, a 3A Meccano set, a radio, and an extra bucket for bathing—I wanted the servant to fetch the water for the tub two buckets at a time. (In retrospect, I realize that I must have looked to things to take the place of people I missed, to take up the slack in days and nights when I had nothing to do and had no idea how long I'd slept or been awake. St. Dunstan's had neither a bell nor a striking clock. I had just heard about the Cyma Braille pocket watch, made in Switzerland, but it cost almost as much as a typewriter, and I didn't allow myself even to think about it.) Although I never got a typewriter of my own that worked, or the right Meccano set (never mind a Braille watch), I did eventually get a radio, and I would spend hours tuning it to get a clearer shortwave signal or the sound of BBC news broadcasts, or taking it apart and putting it together—and pretending that the people singing or speaking over the set were my friends.

The replies to my letters were read to me by one or two partially sighted, literate soldiers, who would wonder aloud about my family—about how we could find so much to say to each other. But I had just discovered correspondence, and the soldiers' remarks—like much else—only went back into the letters.

As it happens, most of my letters from 1948 are lost; hardly anyone kept them. The letters I received in reply I saved.

On April 4th, Cousin Nitya Nand wrote:

Bombay

MY DEAR VEDI,

Received your letter of the 18th March. I have got my typewriter repaired and now it is working very well. I will send it to you when I find somebody going to Dehra Dun. I don't want to send it by post because again it might be spoiled on the way, and it was quite difficult to get it repaired this time. If you come to know of somebody who might be coming to Bombay from Dehra Dun, you please let me know. I will send it with him. If you like I could send it up to Delhi and then you try to get it from Delhi. Anyway you let me know what ever is to be done and I will do accordingly. I could probably send it to Simla even. You shouldn't worry about it and in due course of time we are bound to find somebody who could take it up to Dehra Dun.

I am glad to know that you have learnt your type writing so well and are learning music also. What more is taught in the school?

Do you like to collect coins also? I have got some coins lying with me. If you want them I could send those to you.

If you want anything else from Bombay, you let me know.

With love,
Yours aff'y

From Cousin Nitya Nand, on May 7th:

c/o H. K. Thakkar Esq.
2 Flag Staff Road
Civil
Delhi

MY DEAR VEDI,

It is a long time back since I wrote to you last—and received your reply. I am extremely sorry that I didn't write to you earlier. You see, Vedi, I have had too much of work for the last few months, because the work is nearing completion, and I had to do the lab work as well as write up all that I had done. I had literally had no time at all to do anything, and I didn't want to write to you unless I had done what you had asked me to do. I used to go to the lab at 7 in the morning and come back at about 8-30 at night. So I hope such a nice little brother as you would excuse me for this delay.

I have taken about fifteen days leave and have come to Delhi. I shall stay on here for about ten days more. I have got that 3A Meccano set and have brought it here along with the typewriter. I will send both these things to Dehra Dun with a relative of mine who is going to Dehra Dun in a day or two. I shall let you know in my next letter about his definite programme, so that either he could deliver the things at your place or you could get them from his place.

I hope you are going on well with your studies. Please let me know all that you are studying & learning these days. If you want anything from Delhi, let me know. Where is Sister Pom nowadays?

With love, yours aff'y

P.S. I will send the coins also along with.

From Cousin Nitya Nand, on May 23rd:

MY DEAR VEDI,

It is long since I have heard from you. I sent the typewriter & Meccano set through your Uncle R. C. Mehta. Even before I received your letter I had contacted your Uncle and had decided to send the things through him. I am very eager to know whether you have received the things in a proper condition. Please let me know at once about it. I hope the typewriter is working properly, and the Meccano set is the one that you wanted. Inside the box of the typewriter I had put an envelope containing some coins. I hope those have not been misplaced while opening the typewriter and you have received those too. . . .

Please write to me about how you spend your whole day. I hope you do like your St. Dunstan's life and you should start liking your food too.

More later.

With Love
Yours aff'y,

The typewriter did arrive, but it was damaged, and the Meccano set turned out to be No. 3, from which I had long since graduated, instead of

No. 3A. The coins, however, were very nice to touch and show off.

From Sister Umi, on May 24th:

Erneston
Simla

My dearest Ved,

Daddy got your last letter day before yesterday. We were all pleased to know that you were hale & hearty. Every one here is in good spirits and best of health. Nimi and I went for a picnic to the Wild Flower Hall on cycles. Gurmeet and Baljeet Malhotra & Uma Vasudev were with us too. We had great fun. On our way back one cycle punctured. Half the time we had to walk but besides that coming down a hill on a cycle was divinely. The weather here is getting very warm. It must be terrible down on the plains. I do hope you are working hard. We got a letter from Om. He is perfectly alright. Daddy will write to you himself about the radio set.

With fondest love from all
Your affectionate
Sister

From Sister Umi, on June 9th:

Erneston
Simla

My dearest Ved,

Thanks very much for your letter which I got a few days back. I could not write to you earlier as my exams have started. [Umi was taking her B.A. finals; Nimi had already finished.] Today is a holiday so I am writing to you. Yesterday it was Gurmeet Malhotra's birthday. We went for tea and had great fun. I do hope you have made some friends in Dehra. How is your music getting on? Enjoy as much as you can. This is the only time in life to have fun. How I'd like to be in school again!! I haven't done very well in my papers but they were quite tolerable. Nimi goes for her tennis regularly. Vindoo can stand now. Ashok has bought a new mouth organ for five rupees. Usha is doing pretty well too but her rudeness cannot leave her. Anyway she is improving in her work too. Pom and Billoo are doing fine. [When Pom returned to Simla after Kakaji's illness, she took Billoo, her sister-in-law, with her.] I have become quite friendly with Billoo. I do think she is enjoying her stay here. Mummy and Daddy are enjoying themselves. Every second day they are out for lunch or tea or dinner. Every day we all think of you and Om and talk about you. We all miss your pleasant company in the house. Any way such is life, Dear. Hope to meet soon. My holidays for 10 days will start from 12th June.

With fondest love from all
Yours

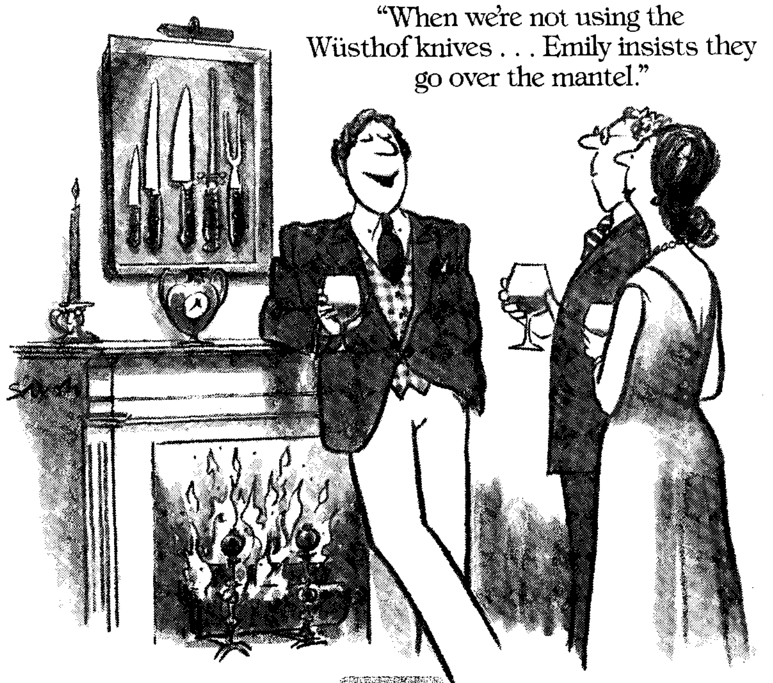
From Sister Pom, not dated:

Simla

My dear Ved,

Billoo and I reached Simla safely. Daddy had come to the motor stand, so we had no difficulty in getting home. Vindoo refused to recognise me at first. But now again he has become fond of me.

Daddyji sent Biji 200 rupees for you. You can pay off your Board & Lodging, Massey and Masterji. Mama says for the time being you can take a bucket from Biji



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and then she'll send you a new one with Billoo.

I hope you go to see Biji every alternate day. Do you ever meet Kakaji? Usha remembers you a lot.

With love from all of us.

Yours,

From Sister Pom, on June 9th:

Erneston

My dear Ved,

I was so pleased to get your letter. But I was sorry to learn that you have turned out your servant [Massey]. I am sure you are having a lot of difficulty. . . .

Are you having good food? We are all having a nice time here. Om is expected here on the 10th. Billoo is still here. She'll go back when Kakaji comes.

Is it very hot there? You must be having a good time with litchis and mangoes.

Mama will send you the clothes with Billoo. I hope you brought the bucket from Biji.

You must keep on writing to us. We all feel so happy when we get a letter from you. . . . Nimi has a fine time, with tennis and shorthand. Vindoo has started standing up.

More in my next letter. With love from all of us.

Your loving sister

From Sister Pom, on June 28th:

My dear Ved,

I was glad to know that you have kept another servant. Is he as good as Massey was? Can he take you for your music lessons on a cycle? What are you paying him?

I hope you go to Biji quite often. If you want anything ask Billoo for it. Mama also sent you some money. I hope you won't need any more till I come back. . . .

Om came to Simla for a fortnight but unfortunately he was ill for most of the time. . . . Ashok is becoming more sensible every day. He remembers you a lot.

With lots of love,

Your loving sister

From Usha, on July 1st:

Erneston.

My dear brother Ved

How are you? I am quite well. You did not reply to any of my letters. You must bring me a doll when you come, because Ashok has broken that one which you gave me. Vediji, I miss you a lot because you were the one who used to take me out for walks, nowadays nobody does. Allright, bye-bye.

Your loving sister,

From Mamaji, in Hindi, on July 1st:

Simla

My loving Ved, lots and lots and lots of love,

Ved, your daddy has gone on tour. Perhaps he'll return on the 3rd. Son, he's very busy in his work. That's why his letters to you get delayed. Do not worry when his letters are delayed.

I will send you more rupees. Don't be anxious about it. I have written down all your accounts. Youngster, your payment to your sweeper and washerman is high.

When your daddy comes, I'll discuss your accounts with him and get him to write you a letter.

Nirmila has gone off to the physical-training college at Tara Devi. She's going there to get training in sports and games. It seems half the family has gone away and left home.

Well, trust God keep you all happy in your respective efforts. Let God make you all excel in your efforts. My prayer to God is only this: that He give you all health and you become successful in your lifework.

Everyone's love,

Your mama

From Mamaji, in Hindi, written over July 10th, 11th, 12th:

My loving son Ved, lots and lots and lots of love,

Ved, your loving letter received. After reading it, I got to know all the news.

Whatever you get to eat, please eat it. You should learn to eat everything.

Ved, you should also practice your singing.

Your daddy has made an arrangement to get a radio for you in Ambala. He will try to send it to you quickly.

Spend money carefully. Please buy from the officers' canteen and send one dozen boxes of condensed milk, of cornflakes, of Lux flakes, of Ovaltine, of Sunlight soap—or whatever else you think is cheap. Also, buy six underwears, those with legs. Please send that home, too. Everybody's love. Ved, please make arrangements for getting milk. You definitely must drink milk every day.

Your Mama

From Sister Pom, on July 14th:

My dear Ved,

You will be glad to know that Daddy has bought a radio for you. I'll bring it when I come to Dehra in the end of this month.

Yes, we have seen the account you sent of 250 rupees. I hear you want some more. You can take another 100 rupees from Kakaji, but be very careful in spending it. You should not waste a penny. You are big enough to realise Mama's condition as far as money is concerned. Now Nimi has gone to Tara Devi for her physical training course. So her expenditure is also 100 rupees per month. Om is also spending about 150 rupees.

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you will be very good by the time I come back. Do go and see Biji.

Write to us by the return of post your account and the money you have taken from Kakaji.

With lots of love
Your loving sister

From Daddyji, on July 22nd:

Simla

My dear Ved,

I have received all your 3 letters and I quite appreciate your difficult position with your Music Master. Under the circumstances, you may discontinue going to his place till such time that Promila goes back to Dehra Dun. Thereafter in consultation with her, you may start taking music lessons at Promila's place and not at the Master's house.

I am glad that you are going to read and write in Braille system before Her Excellency Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. [After Lady Mountbatten's visit, a succession of Indian dignitaries came to visit St. Dunstan's.]

I have read your composition with great interest and am well satisfied with the progress you have made in English language, but I would advise you to write short sentences and also learn the use of punctuation and spellings.

I have seen the details of your expenditure and will send more money through Promila who shall settle your accounts every month.

I have purchased a new Philips radio set for you. It is lying in Ambala and will be sent with Promila.

Vindoo has just started to learn how to walk. Sheila with her son, Mohinder, and Leila [Cousin Leil] are with us and Ashok and Mohinder are good friends and play together.

Lakshman, Sureshta, and their two sons, Arun and the baby, are coming tomorrow with Babuji to stay with us here, so we shall have good company.

I shall be going out on tour on the 29th inst. to Delhi and shall return to Simla on the 7/8th Aug.

Om Prakash is doing well at Ludhiana and everybody else here and in Amritsar are fit and well.

You should not worry about your music lessons if no arrangements can be made at Dehra Dun. You can on your own practice from records.

With best wishes from us all,
Yours affectionately,

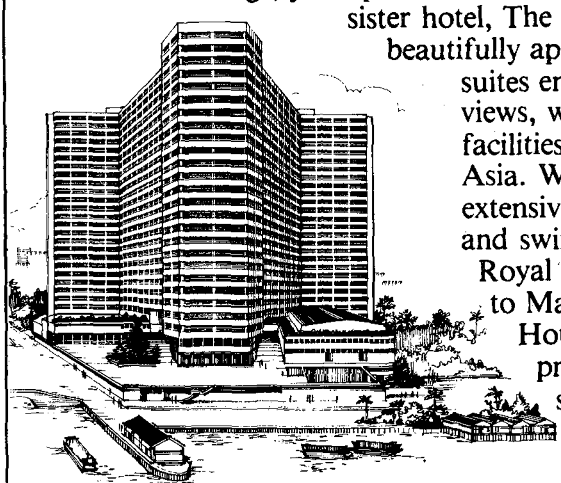
Surprisingly, the letter was signed "Amolak Ram Mehta." It made me feel very grown up.

From Sister Nimi, without a date:

c/o Miss M. Alfred
The Homestead
Tara Devi
Simla Hills

My dearest Ved,

Thanks ever so much for your affectionate letter which I received some days ago. Vedi, Pom is thinking of going to Dehra Dun with Dad on the 29th July. So she will take your radio along with her, otherwise Daddy shall give the radio to Uncle Romesh in Delhi so when he goes to Dehra Dun he will take it along with him and give it to you. I know how lonely one feels without a radio especially on rainy days. Vedi, how about your music? You must



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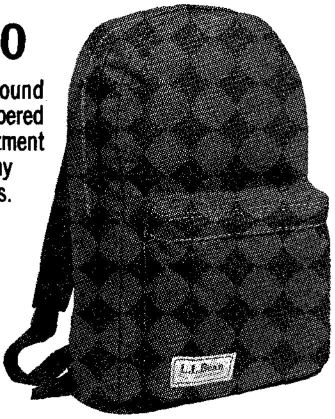

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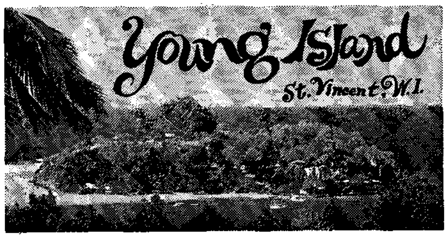

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have improved a lot by now. When do you intend coming up to Simla? Won't you have any holidays? My course will finish in Dec. Have you made any friends there? If you have how do you like them? So far I have not made any real friends here—I talk to all the girls. More over I remain so busy the whole day long that I don't even get time to talk. . . .

Really Vedi, Radio gram is an excellent thing. We have bought some nice new records. When you come here, we shall have great fun. Om, too will be coming to Simla in September as he is not keeping fit. He shall appear from Simla. [Om was to appear for his F. Sc., an examination leading to his B. Sc.] All are doing fine. Reply soon.

With fondest love, yours aff'y

From Babuji, on August 7th:

11 Ram Kishore Road
Delhi 1948

MY DEAR VED,

It is long time since I have seen you. [We hadn't met since before the Partition, in Lahore.]

While leaving Simla day before yesterday, I was sorry to learn that you had a cycle accident & received injuries. [I was on the bicycle of my new servant, and we were knocked over by a lorry that was coming very fast.] Thank God it was not worse. I hope you are out of bed by this time & attending to your wounds and work.

With love & blessings.

From Sister Umi, on the same day:

"Erneston"
Simla

MY DEAREST VED,

We were very sorry to learn about your accident and are still worried about you. I do hope the wound is not very serious and Pom has seen you after that. She must have taken you to the doctor. Please do let us know all about yourself. [Sister Pom had to take me to the doctor several times, because the wounds were bad and required a lot of attention. Besides, I was pulled down because of bad food and lack of sleep.]

With fondest love from all

Yours,

From Mamaji, in Hindi, on August 14th, 16th, 17th:

MY LOVING SON, VED, LOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS OF LOVE,

Ved, got your letter. Reading it gave me a lot of joy.

Ved, some clothes I've sent to you with your Daddy, but the cloth for your knickers got left behind. That I will send with Malhotra.

Ved, don't waste money. Please spend with care.

Lots and lots of love,
Your Mama

From Sister Umi, on August 19th:

"Erneston"
Simla

MY DEAR BROTHER VED,

Ashok is persuading me to write to you. It is 9 P.M. now and he is yawning away but he will not listen to anything but tell me to write to his Vedi Bhapa [Brother]. He is getting very naughty and bosses over Arun unnecessarily. Poor Arun is so frightened of him. Now Ashok has started climbing trees. This evening he was on the swing with Googi & Padi [nicknames of Uncle Lakshman's sons]. He gives one push to them & gets two in return even then he does not care and carries on. Now he wants me to stop for he can't wait any longer. After this he will doze off.

With love from all.

Yours,

From Ram Gopal Khanna, the ex-principal of the Emerson Institute, without a date:

Government Industrial School
Rewari, East Punjab

MY DEAR VEDI,

I am pleased to see that you are put up in a good school. Take the best advantage of it. I am glad you have learnt Type. May I expect a letter from you in Type written script.

I am Transfered to a school where I have to supervise leather work. Do you want a good shoe. Let me know per return. Luck has made me a *mochi* [Untouchable cobbler]!

No blind school has so far been started in East Punjab.

I want a detailed letter from you. I met your Daddy at Jullundur. He was all hale and hearty.

Yours affectionately

ONE morning in September, 1948, when I had been at St. Dunstan's for about eight months, I was walking by the workshop area, and Captain Mortimer called to me: "Ved Sahib!" He often talked to me in Urdu and so used the polite form of address. "Stop a moment. I've written to Doctor Sahib that you must try for education elsewhere, that you've learned all St. Dunstan's can teach you."

I felt I must have done something wrong. I felt like crying. I wanted to tell him that I didn't want to leave, didn't want to go and sit at the edge of the fire circle; but I didn't know how. "I have no place to go," I said. "I'm making good progress in typing and Braille. You can ask Cameron Sahib and Advani Sahib."

"I know," he said. "Cameron Sahib tells me that you're typing your own letters, Advani Sahib tells me that you are fluent now in reading Grade 2 Braille, that you've sometimes even taught Braille classes for him. But the men here are bitter men, without their wives and children close by. You're a happy boy of fourteen. It's best that you get out. I've written to Doctor Sahib that the company of resentful, lonely, discouraged men is not good for an impressionable boy."

"But I have nowhere else to go to school."

"But, thanks to St. Dunstan's, you

can now read and write and speak English. You also know from the example of Sir Clutha how well a blind person can do. It's time you went to the West." —VED MEHTA

(This is the third part of a four-part article.)

•

INSIDE AND OUT

Upstairs a young man plays
the stereo. From the ceiling
he watches himself dance like a cock.
No one understands him.

Outside the rain scribbles down
into the suburban garden
once ablaze with poppies,
peonies, salvia, impatiens,

seven varieties of loneliness.
Now the plot thickens
with weeds and poison ivy.
The picket fence wants painting.

The young man wants money,
but will not paint or weed.
Before the empty fireplace
the cat bites off a mouse's head.

In the morning kitchen a lemon
slice of sunlight spills
across a woman kneading dough.
Whole wheat, health food—

there is no health in it
for the young man. The bread
she bakes is bitter to the tongue.
It tastes of acrimony.

Downstairs in the master bath
a man sings a song
from the fifties: "Where are you,
lucky star? Now and forever?"

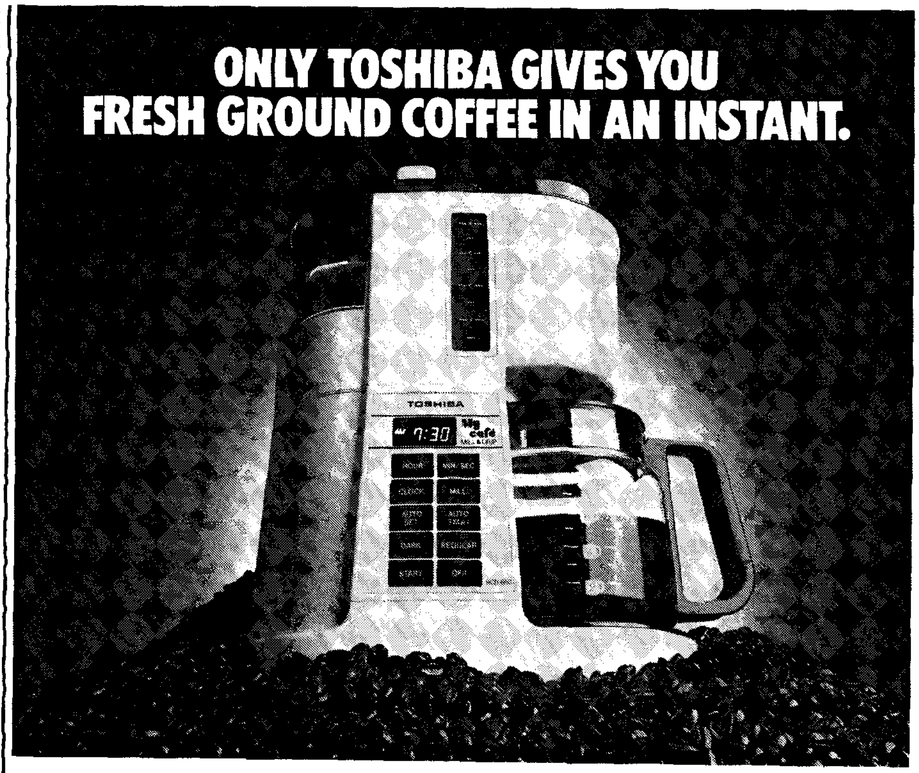
He would shake down his life
like a thermometer. He dries
his body, thickened like pudding.
He leaves the mirror steamed—

he's weary of looking at himself.
The house creaks, an ancient sloop
going nowhere. The basement
carries the cargo of their lives.

Outside in the two-car garage
an aluminum rowboat is suspended
like a rocket ready to blast.
It's hung around for years.

Long ago the boy begged his father
to set the two of them adrift.
But the man fears depths,
and could not save them if they tipped.

—ROBERT PHILLIPS



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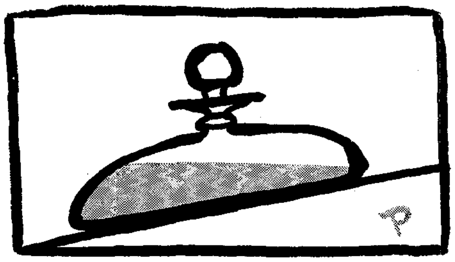
LETTER FROM EUROPE

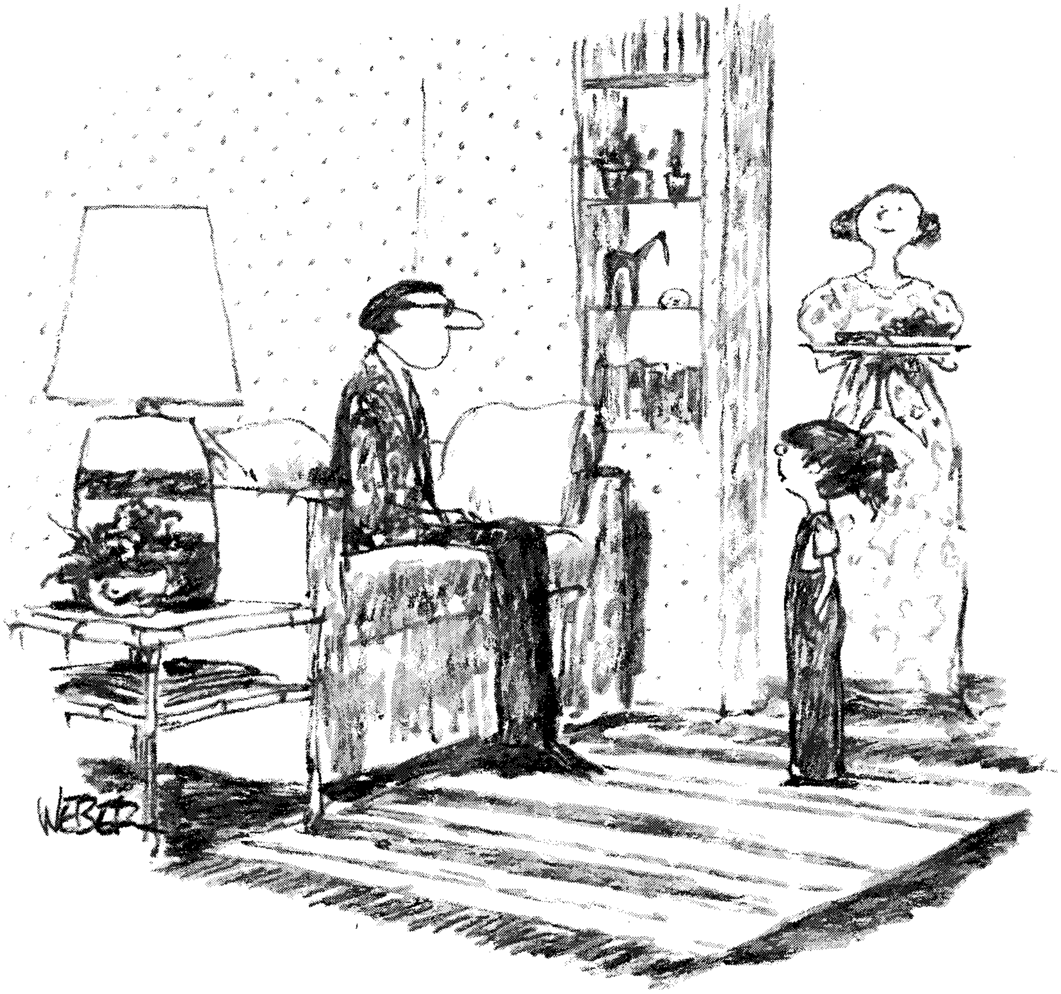
PARIS, AUGUST 25

LAST week in London, I asked a young Tory wet (after those public-school boys who are called "wet" if they do not take well to the trials by playing field and the punishment considered essential to the building of ruling-class character) to describe his sort of Tory. He thought for a bit, and said, modestly, that his sort of Tory was someone who longed to take the politics out of politics and replace them with his own prejudices. To my mind, that was a fine definition of a wet. It was full of charm and hypocrisy. It implied that politics was a tacky business, whereas prejudice was merely eccentricity—a harmless joke involving wogs and workers and Irishmen and other unfortunates invented by the class whose duty it was to look after them. It is not a definition that applies to the Tory Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. Since Mrs. Thatcher was reëlected this June, there has been a great deal of argument in England about whether the members of the old wet Tory establishment have found in Margaret Thatcher—"Grantham grocer's daughter Maggie Thatcher," the papers usually say—a fierce but innocent front for their own class interests or whether the grocer's daughter is using *them* to convert England to a radical politics of the right that in the end will leave their interests irrelevant and their euphemisms exposed. Mrs. Thatcher's reëlection has confirmed, if not a breakdown in England's old, class politics, a new *rapport de classe* between a Conservative gentry and a self-made bourgeoisie that is climbing to prosperity and pulling the ladder up behind it.

Until now, the English Tory has been as much of a cliché as the grocer's daughter: country gentleman with a club in town, a toothy voice, worn tweeds, and a lively interest in orphans. (The Church of England Children's Society is still Waifs and Strays to its members.) He is a boys' book enthusiast of the English common man. And he is a friend to the poor, frankly paternalistic when it comes to poverty. In fact, he considers poverty, like ignorance, a kind of class failing—something on the order of a moral or genetic fault. He wants to indulge the poor with his protection, because he does not really think that being poor is a condition anyone can correct. Since Disraeli, an impressive number of the laws that protect British workers have been Tory laws. They were laws that reflected truly conservative notions of public responsibility, and the truly conservative values of honorable, charitable people who believed that English society was fixed—a kind of absolute structure—and that mobility was unnatural and "improvement" impossible. Mrs. Thatcher's constituents, on the other hand, are people who know that their society is not fixed any longer, people who have worked hard and have discovered, often to their own surprise, a much larger measure of flexibility in English life than the rhetoric of class and privilege prepared them for. They are civil servants, provincial businessmen and merchants, skilled workers (evidently more than a third of the workers in the country voted for Mrs. Thatcher), and even the industrious Indian immigrants who arrived from Uganda in 1972. They are not the majority of the Conservative Party, but they are the significant margin, the votes that swing elections. Their politics is mainly the politics of self-interest. They do not believe in the confident philanthropy—the blood money, they would call it—of Tory gentlemen. Having made good (or, at least, having made do) in hard times, they are convinced that anyone with the will to work at it can make good, too. They believe in self-help and self-improvement and in the fact that a grocer's daughter did arrive at 10 Downing Street with only a voice coach from the National Theatre and a dog-eared copy of the economist Friedrich von Hayek's "Road to Serfdom" to reassure her. By extension, they tend to believe that grocers' children who fail must blame themselves, and not the people who shut down steel mills or shipyards or cut the money supply. Mrs. Thatcher rarely talks to them about the punishing monetary strategies of her administration, which are keeping three and a half million people out of work for the sake of stable prices at the supermarket. She talks to them about her granny's "Victorian values . . . of generosity, duty, selflessness, and perseverance." In this, they are a little like Ronald Reagan's people, who were "raised" as a constituency around rhetorical issues having to do with old-fashioned American family values, and not the harsher values of the board chairmen and insurance millionaires who in fact dominate the Republican Party. Liberals in both countries often regard such people as small-minded and selfish petits bourgeois, and ignore the pathos in their furious need to have the sacrifices they made and the respectability they accomplished count for something important. In England, their "issues" were not the corruptions of the secular state but the corruptions of the welfare state. They took the argument between the haves and the have-nots, which for political purposes was the old Tory-Labour argument, and replaced it with an argument between the diligent and the idle.



MRS. THATCHER'S "landslide" was only forty-three per cent of the vote—less, actually, than in 1979—but under Britain's constituency system that vote provided her a huge new majority in Parliament. (Tories now control three hundred and ninety-seven of the six hundred and fifty seats.) It is a majority they owe almost entirely to their association with what has come to be known as "Mrs. Thatcher's war" in the Falklands and to the virtual collapse of the Labour Party. The new Social Democratic Party, which was founded in 1981, has split Labour and—through its electoral alliance with the Liberals—the Labour vote, which this June turned out to be its worst in sixty-five years. The Liberal–Social Democratic Alliance got twenty-six per cent of the vote in June, and Labour twenty-eight per cent, and by now the Labour leadership—what's left of it—is fighting viciously over who will control the Party for the next five years. There are ten and a half million workers in the unions that make up the British labor confederation called the Trades Union Congress, and as of now most of those workers have to either pay a "political levy" that goes to the Labour Party or "opt out" of the levy, as the English say, under the scrutiny of a shop steward who usually owes his authority to the Party and is not likely to favor what, from the Party's point of view, amounts to betrayal. In 1981,



"Mother says you're a single parent, too. How's it going?"

• •

a Labour convention at Wembley turned forty per cent of the votes on the Party executive over to the Trades Union Congress bosses. The Labour Members of Parliament got thirty per cent of the votes. But so did the local-constituency parties, which think of themselves as the *real* Labour Party and tend to resent the M.P.s and their visibility. This gave the unions what amounted to a veto over Labour policy in the last Parliament. It was a veto that, for practical purposes, they had already had when Labour governments were in power, because Labour governments had long since got into the habit of sending their legislative drafts over to Transport House, the unions' headquarters, for "consultation" before introducing them to the country, or even to their own M.P.s. And it was a veto that infuriated those M.P.s—to their minds responsible to a much larger constituency than either their local parties or the trade unions—to the point where some thirty of them defected to the Social Democrats almost as soon as the new party got going.

None of this begins to account for the hatred that most men and women in Great Britain who are not in the Trades Union Congress—and a lot who are—have come to feel for British unionism. Hatred of the unions is something that dominates politics there. A good deal of Mrs. Thatcher's popularity has to do with the fact that she was the first Prime Minister to acknowledge the hatred and, in a way, to authenticate it. She went to war against the unions the way she went to war against Argentina last year—as a patriot. She promised to bring the unions to their knees. Her tactics—she refused to negotiate when the unions struck, and she refused to give when they stopped striking—seemed brutal to strangers, but strangers did not appreciate the extent to which English liberals approved of those tactics and were even rather pleased to have a Mrs. Thatcher, who was so obviously not one of them, for a fall guy. The reality seems to be that British unionism is as brutal as Mrs. Thatcher—and as brutalizing, in its way, as the age that produced it and the capitalists who fought it. By now, it is synonymous with great corruption and great waste and reckless power—with a kind of piracy that is robbing England of the essential qualities of English life.

The winter of 1978-79 (the English called it the winter of their discontent and shortly thereafter elected Mrs. Thatcher for the first time) was a winter of strikes that had to do with hospitals and fuel deliveries, and ordinary people, Labour people, tend to remember it as a time when pensioners died for the power of a couple of union bosses with private clinics at their disposal and plane tickets to the Caribbean. Those strikes started the defections from the Labour Party. English intellectuals who had always identified with the Labour cause began to quit, and they quit with a great sense of shame, because for so many of them the left had been a vision, a vocabulary, that cut through the stale polemic of English class and, in a way, freed them for the future. It was a generous and humane vision, and it had attracted generous and humane people. Men like Michael Foot, who ran against Mrs. Thatcher, and Neil Kinnock, the Welshman who in all likelihood will take over from Foot as Party leader in October, are much more appealing characters than the chippy new politicos in the Prime Minister's Cabinet, and even than the Prime Minister herself. Mrs. Thatcher, of course, points out that it is easier for an Oxbridge intellectual with a good Kensington address and children at Westminster to think of himself as a socialist than it is for, say, a Sussex principal trying to meet the mortgage payments on a retirement cottage when nearly half his salary goes to welfare-state taxes. But the sadness of those defecting Oxbridge socialists is genuine. A lot of them voted Labour in June. It was a sentimental vote, a gesture in memory of the socialist heroes—people like An-

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thony Crosland—they had grown up on. They said later that they had probably voted Labour for the last time.

WHEN Margaret Thatcher took over in 1979, the inflation rate was on its way up to twenty-two per cent, and about a million and a half people were out of work. Now, after four and a half years of what the Prime Minister calls "British monetarism," inflation is down to four per cent, but unemployment could be up to as much as four million by the end of December. Economists in the Opposition will usually admit that about half the people who are out of work today have lost their jobs because of the general world recession, and not because of Mrs. Thatcher, but everyone recognizes that the other half are sacrifices to Mrs. Thatcher's strategy of keeping money tight, interest rates high, and public borrowing low in order to trim British industry to the realities of the market. People in the South of England, where there is little industry, are not much interested in the social cost of that unemployment. They approve of Mrs. Thatcher because the price of a chicken at the poulterer's today is pretty much what it was last month—and they take that as a measure of the Prime Minister's genius. They approve of her because she has given them tax cuts along with a reason to serve the Sunday roast on a commemorative platter of the Falklands War, and because their take-home pay is higher now than it was when they first elected her. For the first time in years, they say, they can make plans to use the money they have. They can take a trip or buy a house. In the last three years in Britain, five hundred thousand people bought council flats or houses that they had been renting from the government. They bought them at low prices and got easy mortgages. They like owning their houses. They like it so much that now they vote for the Tories, who put those houses on the market, instead of for the Labour candidates whose affectation it had been to insist to hardworking people that wanting to own a house was not a proper socialist sentiment. They vote with a cheerfulness that comes from having jobs and homes at a time when notions of community have broken down and having a job or a home is taken for a kind of virtue. They see the unemployment figures that the head of the Greater London Council, who comes from the left wing of the Labour Party, has put in lights on the front of the County Hall, in Southwark, for the edification of the London bourgeoisie crossing the Westminster Bridge on its way to a night out at the National Theatre, but they rarely see the thousands of jobless West Indian boys hanging out a couple of miles away on the streets of Brixton. They certainly do not see the boys who wait on the streets of North Country steel towns for the pubs to open and give them the chance to drink their way to bravado on their unemployment checks. They do not suffer the financial cost of keeping those boys unemployed—not yet, anyway. The British unemployed are supported by revenue from North Sea oil. They are supported—if the cost is figured in lost taxes, unemployment compensation, and supplementary benefits in the form of rent rebates and credits for things like food and school clothing—at the rate of seventeen and a half billion pounds a year, which means the equivalent of seventy-six hundred dollars for every man or woman in Britain who is without a job. Mrs. Thatcher's critics say that she is wasting oil—that, in effect, she is using the North Sea to keep three and a half million people unemployed. They say that oil—especially for an overpopulated island with as few resources as England has—is a trust that has to be managed prudently, by leaders with a long view, and that Mrs. Thatcher, pumping the North Sea to capacity, would be better advised to save some British oil for a British future.

In another few years, three key North Sea wells will start running dry. Oil production will have to drop then, and much more of the burden of supporting the unemployed will be on the people with jobs—and Mrs. Thatcher will probably be in trouble. In a way, she is already in trouble. The pound is high—people in England call it an oil pound—because, in pushing oil production, the Prime Minister also pushed up the exchange rate. British products are too expensive for a lot of the countries that used to buy them, and this is disastrous for an economy that, relative to its size and productivity, has been the biggest export economy in the world. (On the other hand, manufacturing countries whose currencies are low—countries like France—often cannot afford the fuel and the material to produce the goods that foreigners *could* buy.) Exports still account for about a third of

Britain's income. In a way, the economy is a phantom of the British Empire—a habit from the days when England bought the raw materials for its industries from its own colonies and paid for them by selling back whatever the industries manufactured. The Empire was a captive market. Manufacturing grew in order to exploit that market. And then, when the Empire began to go, the British were left with the illusion of a market—and, with the illusion, the jobs and subsidies and credits of better days. No one doubts that Mrs. Thatcher has shaken that illusion out of British manufacturing. Manufacturers who have stayed in business can say that they are producing more, proportionately, and doing it more efficiently—usually for the simple reason that it was their least productive branch factories and subsidiaries that went under when Mrs. Thatcher cut the money supply. But production itself has dropped by fifteen per cent since 1979, and the growth rate is down to less than two per cent, which is among the lowest growth rates in Europe. Christopher Smallwood and Jeremy Hardie, who worked on the Social Democrats' economic platform, say that the growth rate has to go up to at least three per cent for unemployment to start going down—or, for that matter, for a new government to start financing the sort of short-term works projects that the Social Democrats are suggesting. They figure that works projects (involving, say, health services or railroads), along with subsidies to help businesses take on people who have been out of work for a year or two and are by now classified as "hard-core unemployed," would put the government in debt for three or four billion pounds more than it is borrowing now but would also put a million Englishmen in jobs in less than three years. The problem is how to finance this sort of recovery. Social Democrats and Liberals talk about an "incomes policy," with a tax on companies that raise their workers' salaries, but in the end, just like Labour people, they come back to the old Keynesian solution of government borrowing from itself—which simply means printing money as it goes along. The Tories predict that the economy will "reflate" automatically ("reflation" is current jargon for growth without inflation) once British industry and British capital get back some of their old confidence, but a lot of economists say that the only predictable thing about Mrs. Thatcher's

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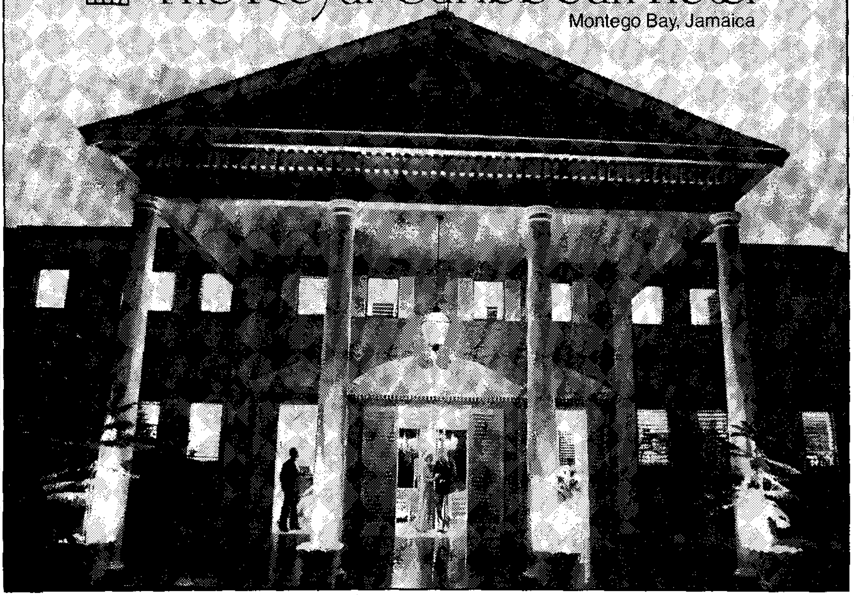

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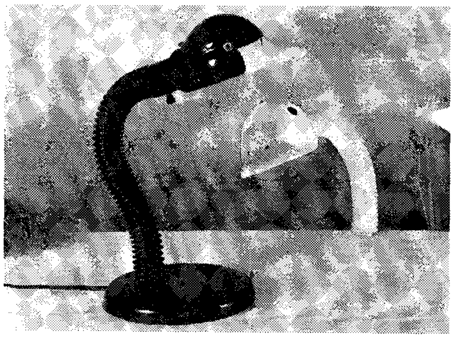

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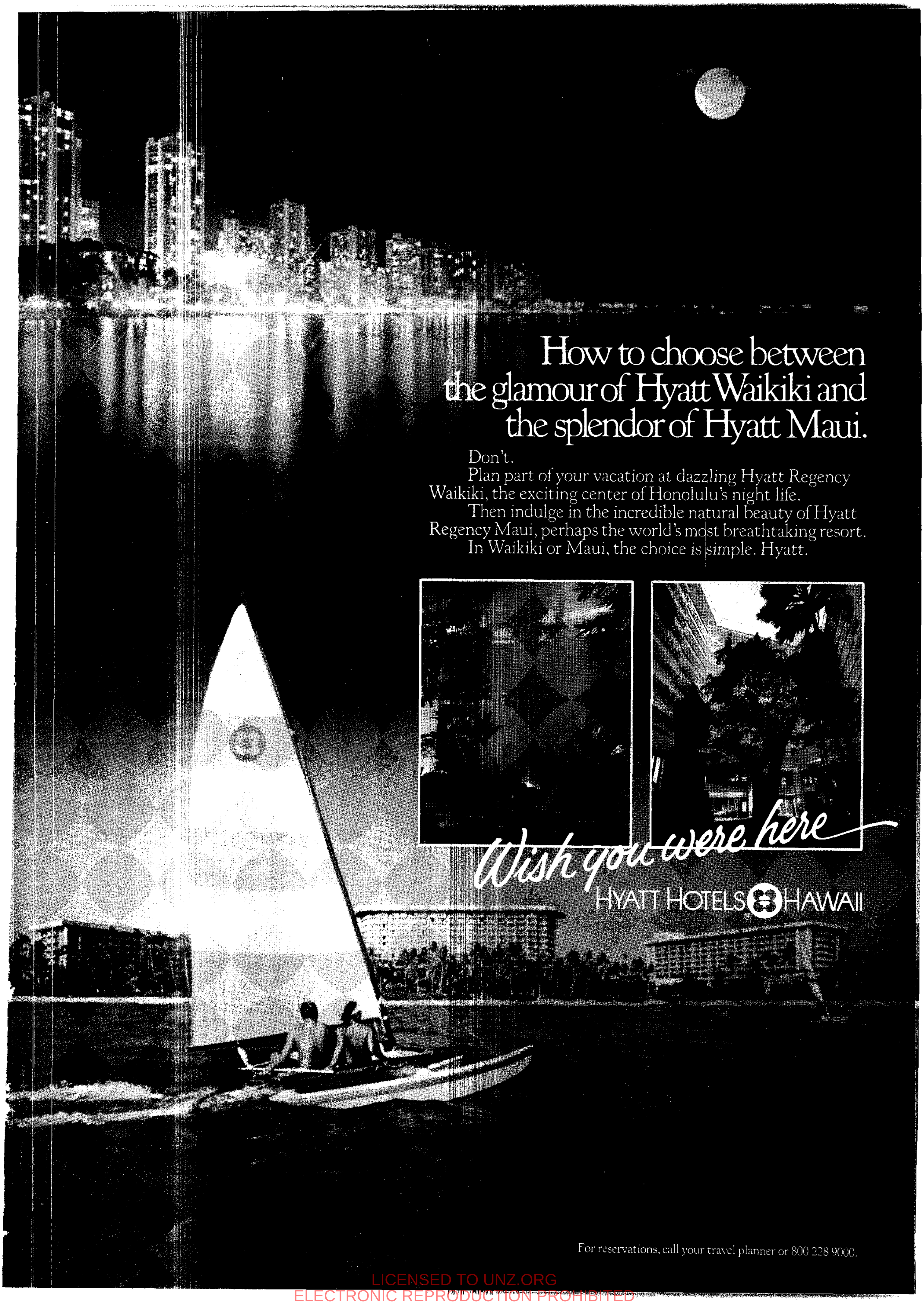
monetary policies is deflation. They say that mechanistic theories like monetarism cannot account for intangibles like power or confidence—"confidence" is the monetarist catchword—any more than they can account for the bracing effect of a short war in the Atlantic with a prince of the realm on helicopter duty, and that what amateurs like Mrs. Thatcher fail to understand is that in economics there is no such thing as an automatic or "natural" regenerative process. Mrs. Thatcher claims that "expectations" about money will change with the money supply, but this, in its way, is as magical a statement about human nature as any claims the Keynesians—with *their* vocabulary for reality—made before her. What she did manage to convince English voters of had less to do with monetarism than with monetary discipline. She convinced them that their choice was between discipline and socialism: between what her Arts Minister, Grey Gowrie, calls the Classical Right—with its belief that there are fairly depressing limits to the capacity of human beings for community, and that consequently it is up to government to be skeptical about progress—and the Classical Left of the old, utopian state socialists. The English middle class (the real middle class, and not the élite that calls itself middle class) is no less greedy today than it was when Thackeray and Trollope started to describe it. It did not want to spend its money on the state when James Callaghan was Prime Minister, and it is not likely to enjoy spending that money now, to support three or four million unemployed, if Mrs. Thatcher's experiment fails. In a way, Mrs. Thatcher underestimated the extent to which unemployment would hurt employers, too. Investors in England are demoralized now. The attrition in industry is enormous. Businessmen—particularly the sort of aggressive young businessmen that Mrs. Thatcher admires—are going bankrupt because of the lack of credit and the loss of markets. And Mrs. Thatcher, like her Labour predecessor, has been left subsidizing an extravagant public sector while three and a half million unemployed people become unemployable and British businessmen put their money in Switzerland.

MRS. THATCHER'S most serious problem is not, finally, an economic one—the problem of, say, selling one's oil to reduce the cost of labor by hiring less, and ending up with no oil and no production. It is a human problem, and involves a certain unwillingness to comprehend that working people are not a raw material, like oil or iron, that can be put away for five years and taken out again when markets change. People without work are quickly obsolete in any sophisticated economy. People who have never worked at all become a lumpen proletariat. The real radicals in Mrs. Thatcher's government say that she has not gone far enough. (Sir John Hoskyns, a computer entrepreneur who used to run her personal think tank—now it is run by a journalist named Ferdinand Mount, who once worked for William Buckley, and who wrote a book about the extended family as a left-wing fiction—quit last year because he disagreed with what he called her "decision timing.") Some of them claim that the only appropriate welfare policy is no welfare—that a young worker getting twenty-five pounds a week in unemployment pay for himself, fifteen more for his wife, and what amounts to twenty more in benefits is not likely to line up for the sort of dreary twenty-five-pound-a-week apprenticeship that Mrs. Thatcher is proposing to get him back to work. They say that the only way to make not working unthinkable for that young man is to stop supporting him—that when he has no money in his pocket his expectations will indeed change. They mean that he will expect nothing at all. To their mind, the choice should not be between apprenticeship and welfare but between apprenticeship and starving. On the other hand, the Tory wets say that, having inherited such an enormous public sector, Mrs. Thatcher has no choice, really, but to maintain it. They argue that the truly draconian money controls she talks about might work in, say, capitalist America but that they have no chance in a country like England, which has adjusted to socialism over the years and, in fact, exploits the state enthusiastically. British Prime Ministers since the war have subsidized, if not nationalized, so much of the economy that Mrs. Thatcher could sell off everything the government owns or runs and still not change what is by now a fundamental conviction that the government owes its citizens a living. Preaching a work ethic and having little work to offer, she is left with policies it would take a tyrant to administer. Mrs. Thatcher is a believer, and, like any populist,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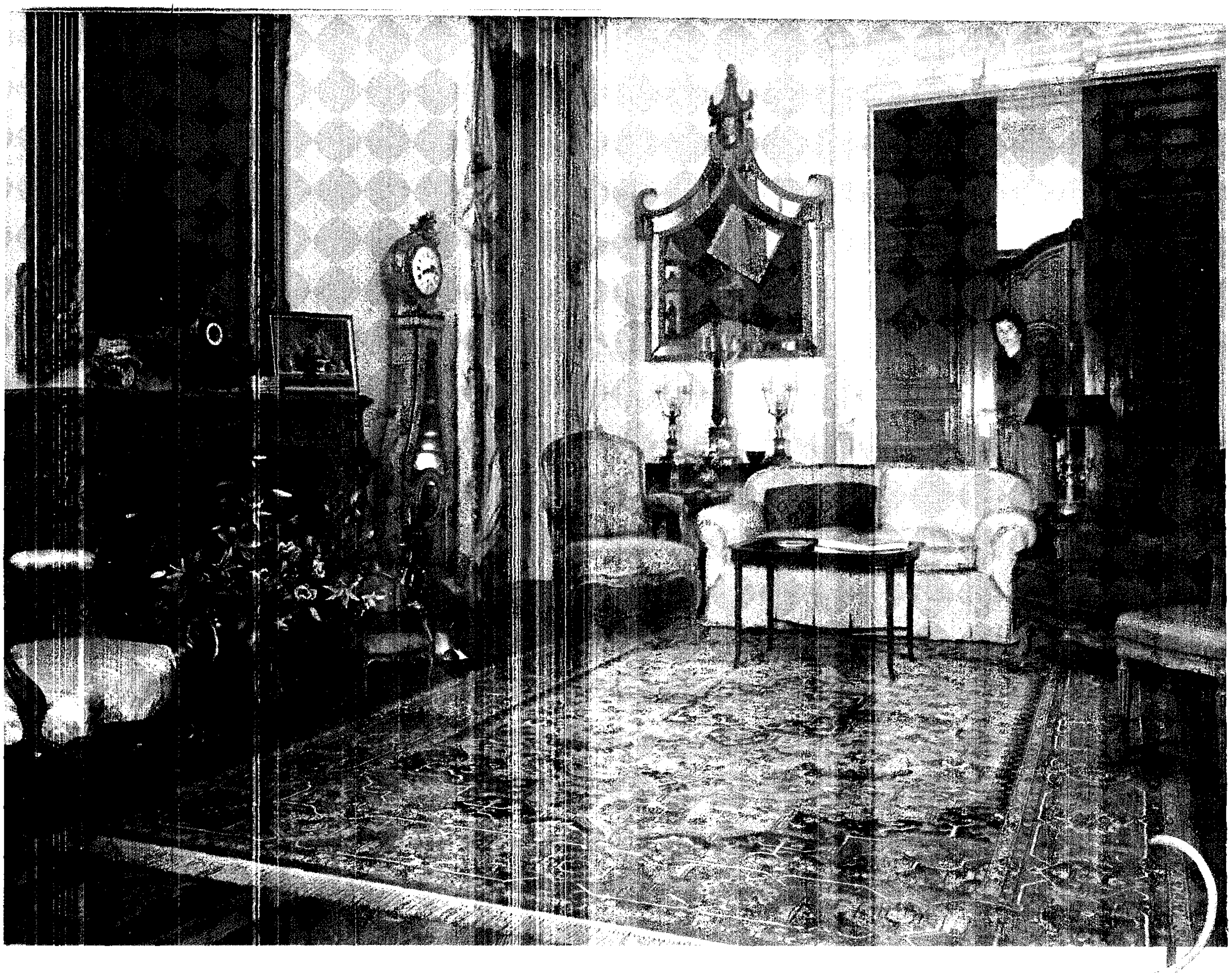

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bossy, but she is obviously not a tyrant. She is more of a textbook libertarian—on the order of those characters in Montana and Wyoming who run for President on a platform that combines free-market economics and the conviction that rules about seat belts and motorcycle helmets violate the right of the citizen to kill himself.

Nearly everybody who has written about Mrs. Thatcher over the past four or five years has noted that she is the first Prime Minister to have come of age politically since the Depression and the Second World War. By this they mean that, not having shared the suffering of others then, she does not hold herself responsible for the suffering of others now. It may be more to the point that Britain itself has changed since Margaret Thatcher left Grantham. The Falkland crofters notwithstanding, there is not much left of the Empire where an Englishman could find a place for himself when there was no job for him at home. Colonialism was England's first solution to unemployment. The poor went out to the colonies—a migrating proletariat—and thousands of them did well enough to buy the things that English mills and factories produced in order to expand and make more jobs and more money until the next crash came and another generation of workers had to leave. The country has had to adjust to the loss of a frontier, to boundaries that have not constrained it since the seventeenth century, and it has had to take in its old colonials—and even more of its colonized—into the bargain. Fifty-six million people on an island have nowhere to go.

—JANE KRAMER

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AS YOU GET SETTLED THIS MORNING you are asked to sign the Friendship Register (found at the end of each pew) passing it to the person sitting next to you. When all have sinned pass the tablet back down the pew, taking note of those around you. Take care to greet your neighbor, particularly those you don't know, before leaving the service.—*Bulletin of the First Presbyterian Church, in Bloomington, Ind.*

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[*From the Washington* (*D.C.*) *Times*]

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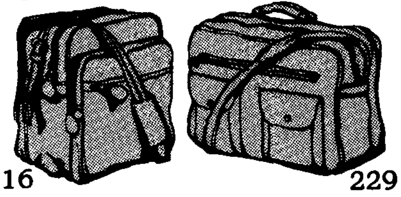

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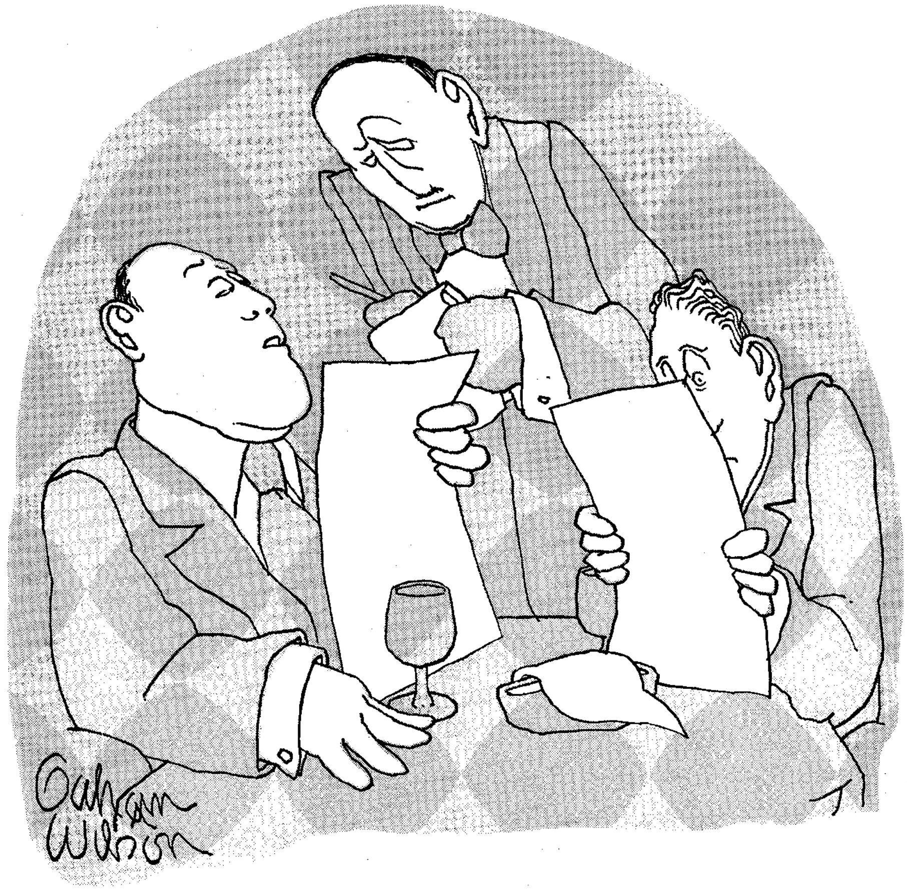
THE THEATRE

Back Street Blues

IN recent years, few musicals have been more eagerly looked forward to than "La Cage aux Folles." The word of mouth from Boston—from stiff-backed, tongue-tied Boston!—was passionately affirmative, with the result that even before the show's opening here, at the Palace, advance ticket sales were said to have passed the four-million-dollar mark. Well, the fact is that Boston wasn't altogether overwrought: on the one hand, the settings, by David Mitchell, the costumes, by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting, by Jules Fisher, are every bit as remarkable as we were led to expect; on the other hand, the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are run-of-the-mill Broadway romantic (one major song, "The Best of Times," has almost nothing to do with "La Cage," and could have served equally well in any of a dozen musicals of the past twenty years), and the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental twaddle of the most transparently self-congratulatory sort. Fannie Hurst's once famous novel "Back Street" can't hold a candle to it for sheer soppiness; little of the prankish high spirits of the play, by Jean Poiret, from which the musical has been taken, or of the movies that have also been taken from the play, remains. The farcical devices upon which the plot turns have been transformed into weapons with which to attack the purported obtuse inhumanity of conventional society; the tone of the book, which is intended to be bittersweet, proves to be naggingly bittersour. I recommend the show for its physical beauty and technical finesse, and I deplore it for its silly, constantly reiterated message to the effect that the family love practiced by homosexuals is somehow superior to the family love practiced by heterosexuals and that the family love practiced by drag queens is even more praiseworthy than that practiced by what Fierstein snubbingly calls the "plain" homosexuals, on the ground that drag queens have more at risk, and the more risk, the more love. By this logic, the love practiced by homicidal maniacs might well be argued to be the most praiseworthy love of all, considering what they have at risk, but I will refrain from launching a Socratic dialogue on the topic; love is indeed wonderful, wherever it may be found, and, against all the evidence, I am inclined to agree with songwriters, rather than with physicists, that it is love that makes the world go round.



"I will have the senior-executive businessman's lunch, and Hooper here will have the junior-executive businessman's lunch."

The musical's title is the name of a night club in Saint-Tropez that specializes in performances by drag queens. (I once mistranslated the name in these pages as "Cage for Crazy Ladies;" subsequently, I was informed that in French homosexual argot "*folles*" stands for "queens.") Georges, the proprietor of the night club, and his star turn, Albin, have long been lovers; living, in effect, "over the shop," they have there brought up a son, Jean-Michel, whom Georges fathered in the course of a minuscule affair with a woman who had no interest in motherhood and was happy to turn that obligation over to Albin. The only other biological mother figuring in the plot is a simpering nonentity, contented to be bullied by her husband. Jean-Michel has fallen in love with a pretty blond girl, no more interesting a character as written than the nonentity and the bully, who are her mother and father, and the occasion of Jean-Michel's bringing the girl and her parents home to meet his family provokes a series of domestic crises. "Mother" Albin must be banished to prevent a scandal, and his anger at this humiliation leads to the big song that brings down the curtain on the first act. It is called "I Am What I Am," and I feel obliged to report that, despite my sympathy for Albin, the song put me in mind of nothing so much as the celebrated chant of Popeye the Sailor Man. The intellectual content of the proposition "I am what I am" is, in any event, low; it could be uttered with equal fervor by St. Francis of Assisi and Genghis Khan. Another song, "Masculinity," in which Georges and the townspeople of Saint-Tropez encourage Albin to learn how to eat his morning toast like a John Wayne instead of a queen, uncannily echoes the lilting recitatives of the "Rain in Spain" number in "My Fair Lady."

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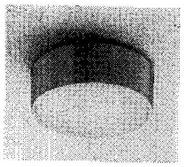

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has reason to anticipate in "La Cage" are found in welcome abundance in Mr. Mitchell's settings, which are made all the more amusing by the manner in which, slyly aping movies, they are presented to us in a series of almost continuous dissolves. Mrs. Aldredge's costumes are both gorgeous and droll, and when Mr. Fisher gives us moonlight over the ravishing little ochre-colored harbor of Saint-Tropez we are as nearly there as no matter. Equal to all this exceptional technical prowess are the performances by George Hearn, as Albin, and Gene Barry, as Georges. How tiresome it must be for these admirable actors to be praised in the press for the feat of successfully impersonating homosexuals! What they deserve praise for is the invention of characters far more touching and believable in a time of trouble than the characters provided for them by the author. I am in awe of the mingled vigor and delicacy with which they have attacked their roles—all the more so because the director, Arthur Laurents, has permitted other members of the cast, and especially Jay Garner and Merle Louise as the stuffy, heterosexual parents, to ham it up to their hearts' content. John Weiner, as Jean-Michel, and Leslie Stevens, as his girlfriend, have little to do and do it awkwardly, while William Thomas, Jr., as a maid/butler, is an embarrassing grotesque. The chorus, known as Les Cagelles, dances superbly, under the direction of Scott Salmon. The sound has been designed not by God but by Peter J. Fitzgerald, and one can tell the difference.

IN the case of the revival of Emlyn Williams' "The Corn Is Green," at the Lunt-Fontanne, least said, soonest mended. It stars Cicely Tyson, as the redoubtable Miss Moffat, and she is not so much miscast as mistaken in her understanding of the role. Her Miss Moffat is an imperious and charmless busybody and would surely have been unable to lure illiterate boys out of the mines and pubs of Wales and into her improvised classroom, and thence to Trinity College, Oxford. Peter Gallagher, as Morgan Evans, the most gifted of her pupils and all too evidently the playwright's indulgent version of his Apollo-like self in youth, comes much closer to the mark. Off the mark are Mia Dillon, as a whining Bessie Watty, and Gil Rogers, as the Squire; even stage squires need not end all their lines with a bluff "Ha-ha!" The setting is by William Ritman, the costumes are by Mrs. Aldredge (in an appropriately subdued mood), and the lighting is by Richard Nelson. The play has been nervously ill-directed by Vivian Matalon. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

No Laughs

MANY of the separate elements of Joseph Papp's production of "Non Pasquale," in Central Park through September 4th, are so good that it seems churlish to have any reservations at all about it, but I certainly do. Best of all is the witty, imaginative musical adaptation of Donizetti's score by William Elliott, whose dynamic presence in the pit might well make him the hero of the occasion (as he was of Mr. Papp's "Pirates of Penzance" a few years ago). The music was adapted by Mr. Elliott from original arrangements and orchestrations by Tito Schipa, Jr., and Gianni Marchetti, and it comes in *all varieties—jazz and rock and tangos* and tarantellas and the expected romantic arias and duets and trios. The scenery, designed by Bob Shaw and Wilford Leach, the last of whom also directed, is charming: the proscenium arch covered with leaves and fruits and flowers (and a salami—boring joke); the backdrop a picture of Rome with three cherubic little boys dancing in front of the Colosseum; and the interior drawing room of Don Pasquale's house spare and elegant. The dancing, choreographed by Margo Sappington, is effective, and the singing by everyone sounds good. Most of the actor-singers perform pretty well, too, my favorite of them being Joe Grifasi, as a character called Trumpet, who is the factotum—the local Leporello, so to speak—of the sly deceiver Malatesta, the master of the revels and the spinner of the plot. (Plot: Once upon a time, there lived a miserly old bachelor, Don Pasquale. He marries—or is misled by Malatesta into thinking he has married—a beautiful young woman, the fiancée of his nephew and heir, Ernesto, and who gets his comeuppance in a complicated and rowdy way. Tricks and mistaken identity and disguises and Italian jokes abound.) Ron Leibman, a study in hokey decrepitude, is Don Pasquale; Joe Masiell, a fine singer, very much in charge, is Malatesta; Priscilla Lopez is the pseudo bride of the Don and fiancée of the nephew; and Kipp Tozzi makes a striking New York début as Ernesto, from the moment he enters on a motorcycle and demands his allowance from the Don to his final reconciliation with his girl in his arms.

All that being said, it must also be said that "Non Pasquale" is not very funny—except, again, in the case of Mr. Grifasi (the role and the acting). I was not offended by the show—this being my first exposure to the opera, I had no residual reverence for it—but I was often bored and annoyed. Much of the comedy, for all the obvious effort expended, is cluttered with cuteness and fussyness and facetiousness. Perhaps spoofing a comedy is not the best idea on earth, in any case.

THE Roundabout is presenting—at its Stage One, through September 11th—a lacklustre revival of Ann Jellicoe's comedy "The Knack," which is notable only for the performance of the English actor Daniel Gerroll, who was last seen here as the prospective father of the heroine's child in "Plenty." "The Knack" was first done in New York in 1964, in a dynamic, if not entirely satisfactory, production directed by Mike Nichols, and a year later it was released as a movie with Rita Tushingham and directed by Richard Lester. The story, such as it is, is about three young men in a basement flat in London and a shrewd-ingenuous young woman who pokes her head in through a window to ask directions to the Y.W.C.A. and then remains for the two-act duration. The "knack" of the title is the knack of seduction, at which one of the men is a self-proclaimed expert and another a rather too willing apprentice. The third fellow is as much instigator and commentator (and moral force) as he is participant, and, as played by Mr. Gerroll, a humorous and delightful free spirit. There is wit and style in the writing, but they don't come to much here. —EDITH OLIVER

•

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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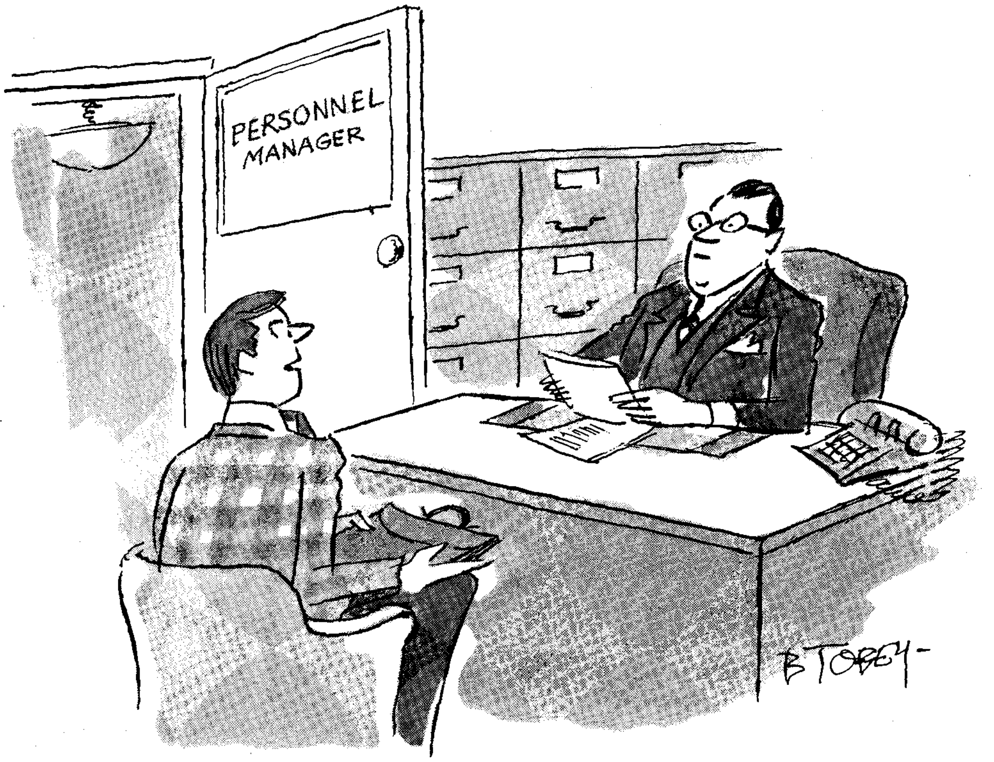
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sex and Politics

A Moviegoer can vegetate fairly comfortably at Eric Rohmer's innocuous sex roundelay "Pauline at the Beach." Rohmer's psychological observations are so precise and tiny and he is so distanced from his six characters that the film has a cooling effect. There's no danger here of not understanding everything the six are up to. Rohmer doesn't just show you—he also tells you. In fact, he tells you more than he shows you. You listen to the chat or read the subtitles, and feel "civilized."

Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. (The lighting is the best work by Almendros that I've seen in several years.) The six convey a sense of ordinary, ongoing life. The belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond fashion designer Marion (Arielle Dombasle—she was the heroine's friend in "Le Beau Mariage"), is a self-centered divorcée with an unpleasant tinkle in her voice. She seems to take pleasure in her own affectations—she flirts coyly, touching her face and shoulder with a fluttering hand as she talks of wanting to "burn with love." Rohmer tells us what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet silver-gray bathing suit that's squeezing her: she's Venus with rear cleavage.

The fatuous Marion does her burning with Henri (Féodor Atkine), a tall, suave, fortyish stud who's like a slinkier Trintignant with the high-cheekboned sexual arrogance of a Yul Brynner. He's amused when she lands in his bed on their first date. (The next day, she once again walks away from the camera—this time her bottom is center screen.) Henri is impressed by her beauty but sees through her pretensions—she's of purely transient interest to him. Pierre (Pascal Greggory), a handsome blond windsurfer, has known Marion for years; he thinks that he has earned her love by his devotion, and he can't understand why he has never got very far with her. He hangs around her like a puppy playing guard dog. She urges him to date Pauline (Amanda Langlet), her dark-eyed, fifteen-year-old cousin, who has been put in her charge for a few weeks, and she advises Pauline to gain some sexual experience by going out with him, but Pauline finds a boyfriend on her own—Sylvain (Simon de la Brosse), who is about her age—and without any ado they become lovers.



"My imagination soars. I need a job that can encompass it."

The incident that creates the bedroom-farce misunderstandings is a casual sexual matinée. While Henri is in his bedroom with a sexy working-class girl—a candy seller from the beach (played by an actress known simply as Rosette)—Sylvain dashes upstairs to warn him that Marion is on her way. Trying to spare Marion any humiliation, and hoping to avoid a bad scene, Henri pushes the candy girl and Sylvain into the bathroom. When Marion sees them, she assumes that the matinée has been theirs, and eventually, through Pierre's self-righteous snitching, Pauline hears of it and is wounded.

We know what Rohmer thinks of Pauline—her bathing suit fits her nymphet behind snugly, with nary a wrinkle or a crease. Pauline is natural and truthful; she hasn't learned adult subterfuges. The film begins with a French proverb translated as "A wagging tongue bites itself," and Pauline, who is the moral center of the movie, doesn't carry tales. She listens to Marion deceiving herself and switching from one attitude to another as she tries to manipulate Henri. Pauline takes in what people say and what they do; she doesn't add to the talk with what she has heard. Rohmer treats the lovemaking of Pauline and Sylvain as pure and uncorrupted. And now the selfish adults, with their stupid games, have spoiled this playful, perfect first love.

Rohmer serves it all up with exquisite control—all the low-key conversations and the soft sounds of the wind and of steps on gravel. The nuances seem exactly right: there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody, and nothing looks forced, though I wish that Henri didn't have to spell out the limitations of Marion's physical attraction and explain that he found the fuddlebrained candy girl sexier. But does anybody who isn't a senile sentimentalist really believe in these "natural" adolescents who go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness—without even any coaxing or promises or pimples? Rohmer's adults delude themselves; his children see clearly. Their love is a state of grace from which adults fall away. "Pauline at the Beach" is frivolous, yet it has this phony moral built into it. And people in the crowded theatre chuckle their approval of Rohmer's wisdom. They seem to accept his judgment of the characters. I don't

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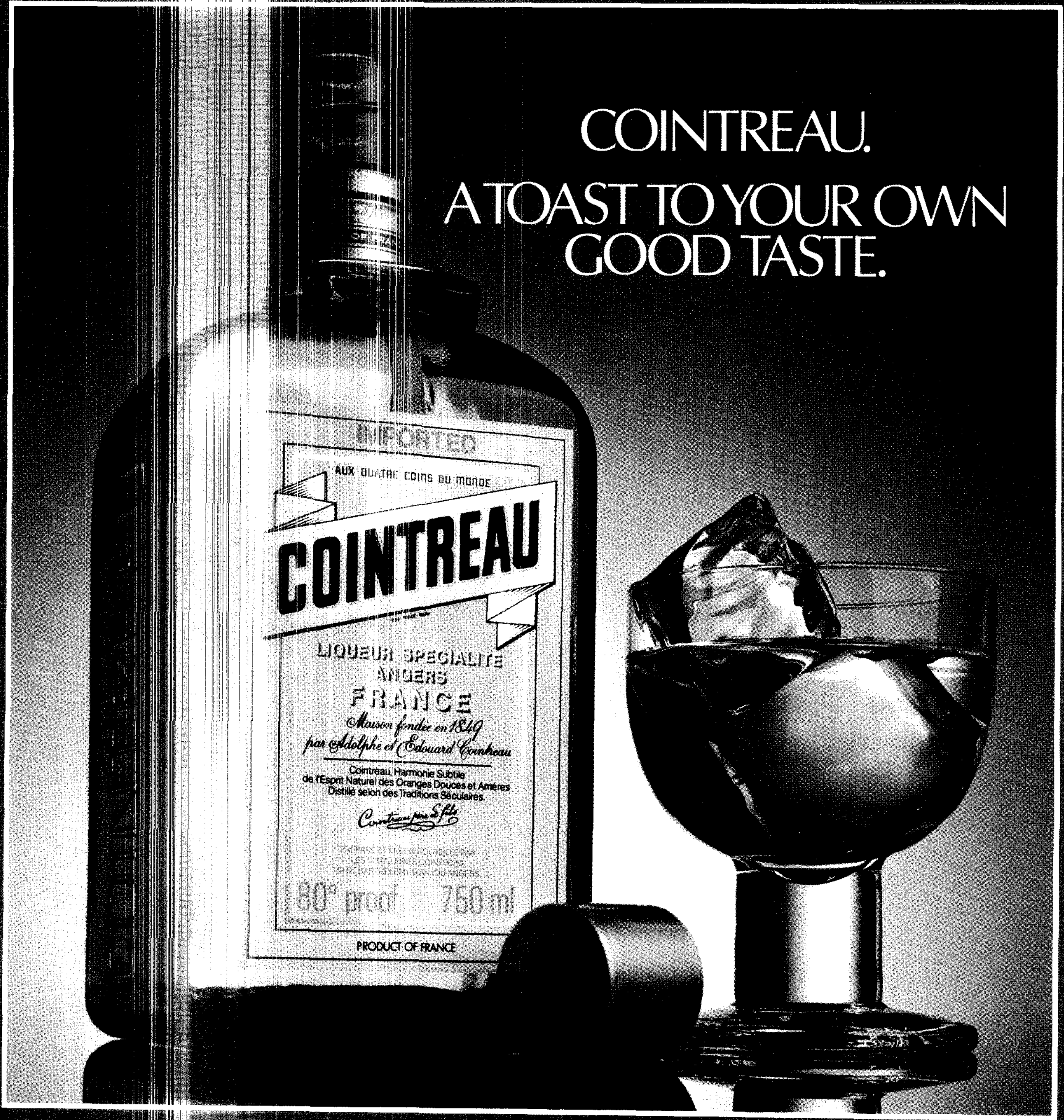
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think I've ever before seen a director score points with an audience by treating a mature beauty's curvy behind as vulgar and a pubescent, undeveloped girl's behind as the ideal. The movie is a daisy chain woven by a prig. The little girl is our moral instructor.

FOR about the first fifteen minutes, "Risky Business" has a lively, offbeat quality. At seventeen, Joel Goodsen (Tom Cruise), a virginal and not too smart high-school senior, is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. His parents go off on a week's vacation, and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago. Goaded by a schoolmate, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, Joel is desperate, horny, and ingratiating—especially when he dances by himself to a Bob Seger record. Imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. (At times, he's like a shorter Christopher Reeve, and the film seems to be raising the question "Can nice boys be sexy?") But once Lana glides in, murmuring, "Are you ready for me?," the movie shifts into an enamelled dreamtime in which this flowerlike young call girl gives the kid sinfully sweet erotic satisfaction and helps him make a pile of money besides. The picture becomes visually glib and so smooth that at first I assumed it would all turn out to be a joke—I waited for Joel to wake up. After a while, I waited for the writer-director, Paul Brickman, to wake up. But this languorous, glossy professionalism—mated to jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream—was apparently what he was after. From Lana's entrance to the end, the film keeps its creamy-dreamy soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal.

"Risky Business" aims to be hypnotically sexy, but it's overdeliberate and vacuous. Directing his first feature, Brickman (who wrote "Citizens Band" and the forthcoming "Deal of the Century") is a control freak. He makes Lana's scenes with Joel as much of a turn-on as he can without actually showing anything anatomical (he might have set out to top "Body Heat" in this), but there are no incidental pleasures in "Risky Business"—there's nothing but the one thin situation. It's all Joel's rite of passage into hipness; he grows up sexually, and financially, too, when Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello for one big, lucrative night. He has been attending a seminar workshop on free enterprise; Lana makes an entrepreneur out of him. The film's point of view is that Lana's whoring is a hot girl's practical and honest approach to business, that her street-smart materialism is cleaner than the snobbish, hypocritical materialism of Joel's parents: the father with his punctiliousness about his platinum Porsche, the mother with her panicky fears about her dumb bric-a-brac, and both with their anxiety about their son's getting into the "right" (i.e., Ivy League) school, so he'll be on the path to success.

There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Joel gets to fulfill his daydreams about having sex and making money, and Paul Brickman gets to fulfill his daydream about making what he probably regards as a serious satirical comment on American affluence. Joel becomes an Example, and he loses whatever likability he had as a goofball kid; Cruise isn't allowed enough emotions to sustain the performance. Joel's schoolmates are similarly drained of personality (when they play cards they're just junior versions of their fathers, and that seems funny until you realize that the film means to indict them for it), and his parents never had any. The Goodsens are an upper-middle-class Jewish family who are like Wasps, only more so. The exteriors were shot at a Highland Park house just around the block from the one used in "Ordinary People."

The only person in the movie who is left with any trace of individuality is Rebecca De Mornay's purringly seductive Lana—a vision created out of men's desires, yet distinctive, too. She's mysterious, supple—a golden blonde with an inward-directed smile, like Veronica Lake, but taller and with a greater range of expressiveness. This young actress has an original way of playing a prostitute. Her face never opens up to Joel or to us. She's calculating; she has something going on in her head beyond what she's saying—she might be thinking of the move after the next move. Somehow, Rebecca De Mornay—this is her first major screen role—makes the coolheadedness that Brickman has written into the character seem bewitching. But, of course, Brickman never takes Lana out of fantasyland; she isn't permitted to emerge as a character—she has no motives or feelings beyond what serves his purpose. Lana has to be a sensuous creature who enjoys her work, and prostitution here isn't a sad, rotten business—it's just a shade "risky." The picture is centered on this tiresome lie, which appears to satisfy some deep vanity in men. It's one of the invincible lies that keep going so long they gather moss and turn into fables.

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

DURING the past few weeks, the book "The Rosenberg File," by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, has been widely reviewed by people who expressed surprise that the authors came to the conclusion that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were indeed guilty of conspiring to give atomic-bomb information to the Soviet Union but that their execution, on June 19, 1953, was a terrible injustice. This conclusion is now being discussed in the press as if it were something totally new—as if people in the fifties, governed by their political prejudices, believed the Rosenbergs to be either spies who deserved to die or innocent martyrs. I went to my bookcase, and within ten minutes I had found essays on the Rosenbergs by three writers—Harold Rosenberg, in "The Tradition of the New," Robert Warshow, in "The Immediate Experience," and Leslie Fiedler, in "An End to Innocence"—all dating from the early fifties and all saying substantially the same thing as the Radosh and Milton book. Harold Rosenberg wrote, "What shocked fair-minded people was the objective factor of the disproportion between the crime as charged, and for which the defendants were convicted, and the death penalty. . . . Granted that the Rosenbergs were justly convicted, and I don't question that, they did not seem to deserve the electric chair." And these writers showed an understanding of the manipulative possibilities in the case. These are Warshow's calm opening words, written in 1953: "Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were not put to death for their opinions, but from their side, clearly, they died for their opinions nevertheless. And not only did they choose to give up their lives: each sacrificed the other, and both together sacrificed their two

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young children." And Leslie Fiedler wrote of the contrast between the Rosenberg case that came to trial early in 1951 and the symbolic, propagandistic Rosenberg case that got its start in the Communist press later that year, in which the couple were depicted as the victims of a frameup because they were "progressives" and Jews. Soon they were discussed all over the world as political prisoners and compared to Dreyfus, Sacco and Vanzetti, and the Scottsboro Boys.

The new movie "Daniel," directed by Sidney Lumet, from E. L. Doctorow's script based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel," is about that symbolic Rosenberg case. It was clear from the quasi-modernist novel that Doctorow wasn't naïve about the Rosenbergs but that he was letting himself go emotionally—that he loved the energy and anguish that Jewish persecution stirred in him. And he went right for the torn, bleeding heart of the matter: the novel centers on the emotions of the two young children orphaned by the electric chair and (less powerfully) their struggles as adults to come to terms with their political legacy. The book is an upsettingly personal fantasy that plugs right into the persecution fears and victimization fantasies that the case excited—particularly among American Jews but also among much of the Gentile left. Doctorow's book is so charged with painful feelings that it's sadistic to the reader. He uses the Rosenbergs' deaths to fire his furnace. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing.

The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. Whenever Sidney Lumet gets into one of his chronicles of agonized morality—such as "Prince of the City" (1981) or "The Verdict" (1982)—it seems as if his normally high energy level sinks, and the melodramatic materials he's working with thicken and become clotted. "The Verdict" at least followed a relatively straight line, but "Daniel" jumps back and forth among four decades shot in slightly different color ranges, and nothing takes hold now or then or in between. It's one of the most emotionally fragmented films I've ever seen. Or didn't quite see. For Lumet, chiaroscuro appears to be a sign of seriousness; everyone lives in the dark. Lumet is once again working with the Polish cinematographer Andrzej Bartkowiak. The two of them received considerable praise for the "Caravaggio" lighting of "The Verdict"—but why should anyone want to do a modern courtroom drama in Caravaggio tones? "The Verdict" was dim and looked posed. This picture often looks plain ugly, as if there were barnacles on the lens; even when the action is outdoors, it has the gummy drabness of institutional life.

"Daniel"—in which Timothy Hutton plays the title character, the son of the "Isaacsons," and Amanda Plummer plays his driven-mad younger sister, Susan—is meant to take its form from Daniel's quest for the meaning of his dead parents' lives. He has jeered at his sister's political activism and has become a rigid, tight academic—a graduate student at Columbia who even gives his young wife a bad time. Disliking himself, he goes back over the events of his childhood, hunting down people who were involved in the Isaacson case, and asking questions. But this doesn't provide any impetus to the scenes, because it isn't clear what he hopes to find out. He never asks the straightforward question "Were my parents spies or weren't they?" And so he never gets to the question "If they were spies, how was it that they were fooled into thinking that what they were doing was for the good of mankind?" The movie doesn't move—it agglomerates. The hollow quest is carefully rigged with digressions and overcomplicated by narrative devices. As if the material weren't agonizing enough, from time to time we get Daniel in closeup—sometimes just his eyes and nose and nose hair filling the screen—as he narrates gory particulars of the different means of execution that have been used in various countries throughout history. (You can bet that drawing and quartering gets its full share of attention.) We also see perhaps half a dozen sequences with the actors in dumb show, their arms waving like semaphores, while Paul Robeson's voice rolls across the soundtrack in songs that have been selected for their special relevance to what Daniel sees or remembers as he criss-crosses the country. It is a secret rarely let out: rich as Paul Robeson's voice was, he was a very monotonous singer. These songs all sound the same. (And boy, could this movie use something jazzy to pace it.)

As the sister, Amanda Plummer is photographed cruelly. She seems sallow and shrivelled and rodentlike in her initial scene; I could hardly look at her, and I barely registered what she was saying. But her words were repeated in a voice-over a little later, and I was struck by how eerily delicate her vocal rhythms were. In her second scene, I was prepared for the way she was photographed, and she seemed to transcend it—she brings a lyrical, otherworldly intensity to Susan's madness. The other performances range from Lindsay Crouse's fine, strong Mrs. Isaacson to Mandy Patinkin's grotesquely hyper Isaacson. I don't know what Lindsay Crouse is playing—Doctorow doesn't create characters; he has his own patented cutouts—but she plays well. She's a flesh-and-blood presence, and she's convincing as a politically involved woman of her time. Even her accent seems right. Patinkin, though, is like a crazily overenthusiastic football coach; a lot of the time, the camera seems much too close for what he's doing, and at other times we simply have no preparation for his manic cavorting. Hutton, meanwhile, grows ever hairier. He's swathed in so much beard that the only feature he has left to act with is his pretty blue eyes, and they become a little disconcerting, because they don't quite match up with the eyes of the various little kids who play Daniel in the earlier decades. (As an infant, Daniel looks as if he'd grow up to be Charles Laughton.) It's terrible to pick at details like this, but the movie is so unwieldy and so many platforms are mounted that details may be all you actually take in.

There are large quantities of performers in this movie. Ellen Barkin, for example, turns up as Daniel's wife and makes a striking impression in her few minutes of screen time. She fares better than most of the other women playing Jewish roles; the middle-class characters, in particular (such as Carmen Matthews, as the defense attorney's wife, and Maria Tucci, as Daniel and Susan's foster mother), are subjected to brutal long takes in which they expose their cold, ungenerous natures—they're like spiders presiding over their dark apartments. Mostly, we get a flash of the actors, perhaps in a closeup; then they'll turn up in a scene or two, and disappear. And it's impossible to know why they're in the movie. The only time we know for sure is when they're black, because then they're there to display their nobility and the Isaacsons' love of them—as when Mrs. Isaacson embraces a black prison matron before sitting down in the big chair. Her last act on earth is thus a demonstration of solidarity. What will people who don't know anything about the Rosenberg case and haven't read the novel make of the movie? If they get anything at all, it will probably be the idea that the Rosenbergs were killed because they were Jewish and because they believed in social justice. Social justice is what their spiritually reborn son commits himself to at the end, when he and his wife and baby boy take part in a peace rally. This is his parents' legacy to him. It's almost a sick joke, considering that it was the Rosenbergs' fervid dedication to principle that made them susceptible to Soviet manipulation. (There's another—even sicker—joke here: the rally footage is from the June 12, 1982, disarmament gathering. The parents gave the bomb to the Russians, and the son protests its use.)

The movie comes to us with all sorts of disclaimers in the press: Lumet says that it isn't about the Rosenbergs, that it's the story of the "thawing" of Daniel, who "buried himself with his parents—froze emotionally, intellectually." And this, I think, is supposed to exempt "Daniel"—which, of course, *is* about the Rosenbergs, and uses them to trigger viewer responses—from the obligation to make sense of the material. It was always possible to be sane about the case—as the Radosh and Milton book is, and as the writers I cited and many other people were at the time—but not if you saw the Rosenbergs as innocent martyrs to the cause of social justice. That is, however, the easiest way to get a response. "Daniel" isn't interested in sorting things out. Its confusion feeds a strain of public hysteria and a fear of anti-Semitism. Poor Mandy Patinkin—one moment he's lifting his arms in a dance, as if he were getting ready to play Tevye in "Fiddler on the Roof," and not long afterward he's being strapped in the chair, and the juice comes on and his body is rattling. Then Lindsay Crouse goes through her strapping in and rattling, but she's got more life in her than he does, and she needs more juice. She has got to rattle again. Is there any purpose in this except to make Jewish audiences quake and weep and feel helpless?

—PAULINE KAEL

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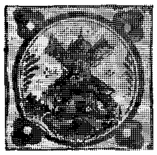

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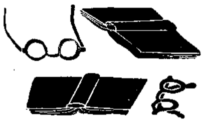
FICTION

Some Tame Gazelle, by Barbara Pym (Dutton; $13.95). " 'Miss Liversidge is really splendid,' she declared and then wondered why one always said that Edith was 'splendid.' It was probably because she hadn't very much money, was tough and wiry, dug vigorously in her garden and kept goats." Only a Barbara Pym heroine could think such thoughts, as readers of her nine other novels (all recently reissued in the United States) have come to appreciate. This one, her first (published in London in 1950), features a pair of slightly dotty, utterly contrary middle-aged country spinsters. One of them (the one who wonders about Miss Liversidge) has been patiently devoted to the parish's peevish archdeacon for thirty years; she consoles herself with the thought that his pushy wife must have proposed to him. Her bold and jolly sister (who cites Queen Victoria as a precedent for eating chicken with one's fingers) has been courted for almost as long by a mournful old neighbor—an Italian count always on the verge of reciting from Dante or Tacitus—but always declines his marriage proposals. Flirting with young curates is her mission in life. The story, which begins with the arrival in the village of just such a curate and with the departure (for a holiday) of the archdeacon's wife, concludes only after many wonders have been considered ("I wonder what it would be like to be turned into a pillar of salt"), and some of them, including the Embarrassment of Miss Prior and the Apes of Brazil, explained.



The Bonsai Tree, by Meira Chand (Ticknor & Fields; $12.95). A gentle Japanese businessman and a graceful Englishwoman meet in Pimlico. A year later—against the advice of the two friends at whose house they met (an English couple who have lived in Japan)—they marry and move to Japan, where, within the year, they prove their friends correct. It is the husband's ferocious mother, in whose house they live for the first few weeks, who works at shattering the marriage (she would prefer a wellborn Japanese daughter-in-law who could be pruned and trained, like a bonsai tree), but troubles persist after they move down the road; the wife's instinct for "an upright world of sideboards and tables" irritates the husband, and his conformity to the after-hours "bar culture" of Japanese business irritates her. A plausible subplot, about the husband's tenacious mistress, is balanced by a far-fetched one, about some ambitious Japanese gangsters, and together they lead to a dramatic ending, but the drama is stunted by pages and pages of sober sociological analysis—a fault absent from Meira Chand's previous novel, "Last Quadrant," a tense account of schoolchildren caught in a typhoon.

Midnight Water, by Geoffrey Norman (Dutton; $13.95). Mr. Norman's fine first novel is set along the Gulf coast of the Florida panhandle and recounts an eventful several days in the life of one Dan Carpenter, around forty, a Vietnam veteran, a onetime Washington politico, a former political consultant in Atlanta, who returns after the wreckage of his marriage to his home town of Westin. The novel is of moderate length and is sparely written, but it is full of substance. Mr. Norman seems to tell us about almost everything he knows: runaway adolescents, Los Angeles leather bars, Vietnam psychos, quail hunting, fishing for snapper, a migrating horde of monarch butterflies, stalking a woodpecker with a camera, the Florida drug wars, weight-lifting, good Southern breakfasts (eggs, grits, sausage, biscuits), the joys of sex, and the perils of violence and role-playing.

Note: "Franz Kafka: The Complete Stories," edited by Nahum N. Glatzer, has been published by Schocken ($22.50). John Updike's foreword to this collection of short stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*, in slightly different form.

GENERAL

Harold Lloyd: The Man on the Clock, by Tom Dardis (Viking; $19.75). Harold Lloyd (1893-1971), the comic genius of "Safety

Last," "Grandma's Boy," "The Freshman," and others, was born in Burchard, Nebraska, and grew up in a dozen little Western towns, the son of a feckless, hard-luck father and an imperious, self-absorbed mother, who were divorced when he was seventeen. He worked hard all his life, first at odd jobs, then in small-town repertory, then on the earliest one-reel slapsticks, then on the films that made him the peer of Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin, and, later, on his numerous expensive hobbies. He had no friends, though many associates; his marriage, though long-lasting and productive of two children, was never the center of his life; he made his first million (when a million was a million) at thirty; and his great estate, Greenacres, is now a subdivision. Mr. Dardis never knew Lloyd, but he knows and understands his pictures, silent and talking, and he describes them, dissects them, tells us how they were conceived (a laugh at a time) and produced, and how the many astonishing sight gags were achieved. He also has a good feel for the Hollywood of the earliest days and of the gaudy twenties and thirties. But Lloyd himself remains elusive: as genial, as energetic, as one-dimensional as any of his many Harold characters—which, perhaps, is what he actually was. With wonderful photographs—many of them movie stills—and a comprehensive "filmography."

SHORT FLIGHTS, by Barbara Probst Solomon (Viking; $18.95). "Possible Themes for Novel. 1974 in Europe. Focus novel with historic backdrop, the end of Marxist ideology, the recognition by European intellectuals of the bankruptcy of their beliefs." This exasperating book is not such a novel, but those words, scribbled in the author's "political journal" in 1974 in Europe, summarize some of its less self-indulgent concerns. Mrs. Solomon has written in a previous volume of memoirs (its publication and subsequent success in Spain are covered in detail toward this volume's close) about how she and an exiled Spanish Resistance fighter engineered two friends' escape from one of Franco's slave-labor camps. In this volume, she eventually focusses on the rebirth of Spanish political life after Franco's death (her political journal includes some interesting material datelined Ma-

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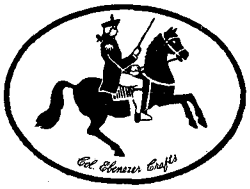

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drid, 1976), but not until she has constructed a patchwork backdrop that is less "historic" than confessional.

FRAMED: THE NEW RIGHT ATTACK ON CHIEF JUSTICE ROSE BIRD AND THE COURTS, by Betty Medsger, with a foreword by Richard Reeves (Pilgrim; $17.95). Rose Elizabeth Bird, who was appointed Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court in 1977, has been the target of a continuing series of political attacks, including recall campaigns, which failed, and an investigation, which found no wrongdoing. One reason she has elicited hostility is her efforts at economy (for example, selling the court's limousine), which have upset the court system's civil servants. A more powerful reason is her sex: fellow-judges (including those who coveted her appointment) and members of the bar (who might covet any judicial appointment) remain unable to accept a woman as their head. The author, who has worked her way through years of archives and interviewed hundreds of people, believes that the most important reason for the assaults on the Chief Justice is that she has been selected as a symbol by New Right movements trying, in the name of "law and order," to destroy the independence of the judiciary. These movements claim that under her leadership California courts have been soft on crime, although statistics show that only two nations—the U.S.S.R. and South Africa—have a greater percentage of their populations in prison than does the State of California. Perhaps the most troubling aspect of this book is its report on the role played in the right-wing effort by one of the Chief Justice's former colleagues, William P. Clark, who left the California Supreme Court to serve as President Reagan's national-security adviser.

GRANT AND LEE: THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS, 1864-1865, by William A. Frassanito (Scribners; $24.95). Using techniques he has employed in book-length photographic reconstructions of the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, the author covers the climactic year of the Civil War. That began when Ulysses Grant, newly called from the Western Theatre to command the Union forces, crossed the Rapidan River in May, 1864, and started the sweep through Virginia which would end

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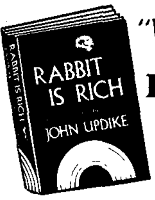

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at Appomattox Court House. The photographers who went along were amateurs and professionals, civilian and military. (The author guesses that, in all, more than a thousand were at the front at one time or another during the war.) The record they left of the Virginia campaigns was particularly rich, detailed, and confused. Mr. Frassanito's task has been to straighten out the record and give us a coherent narrative. He has done a capital job: we see the Union soldiers at work and in hospitals, and their generals at ease before their tents; we see river crossings, destroyed bridges, captured Confederate batteries; and we see the dead. Civil War photographers seem to have been able to capture every aspect of war but its putative glory.

PROMETHEAN FIRE, by Charles J. Lumsden and Edward O. Wilson (Harvard; $17.50). There is little question that our biological makeup has something to do with our social mores; the question is to what degree culture is determined by genetics. The authors of this fascinating and provocative book are sociobiologists, which means that they seek to account for much of our social behavior in terms of quantitative—or fairly quantitative—biological laws. E. O. Wilson is a professor of evolutionary biology at Harvard; Mr. Lumsden, the junior member of the team, is an associate professor of medicine at the University of Toronto. Their book is an attempt to respond in a reasoned way to the many critics of sociobiology. People who are interested will do well to read the book rather than to read about it. Whatever else it may be, it is never boring.

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE AND HIS WORLD, by Edgar P. Richardson, Brooke Hindle, and Lillian B. Miller (Abrams; $40). Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827) was probably the most productive of the portrait painters who flourished in the early years of this republic; he painted more than a thousand canvases, among which were seven portraits from life of his close friend George Washington and likenesses of every leader of note in the Revolutionary War; he lived long enough to do portraits of the young Henry Clay and of John Quincy Adams. Peale started life as a saddler, taught himself to "make pictures," and then went to London to

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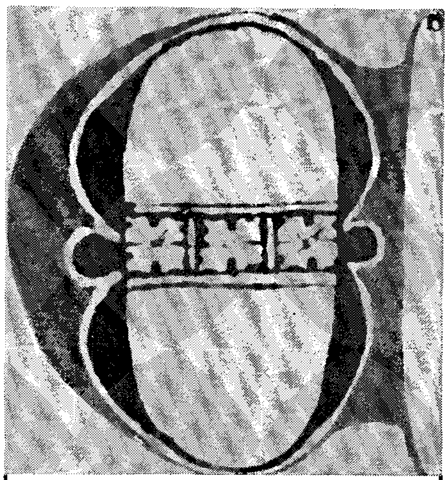
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study in the studio of Benjamin West. Back in America, he prospered as a kind of court painter to the planters who lived on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. Later, he fought in the Revolution, founded a popular museum of the natural sciences in Philadelphia, and added taxidermy, inventing, and the improvement of existing inventions to the list of his many activities. This beautifully produced book, by three historians, offers reproductions in color and in monochrome; they show the development of Peale's work from its fairly crude beginnings to the portraits of his mature years, which—although his drawing never lost a slight stiffness and uncertainty—were notable for their observation of human character and for their honesty.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AFRAID, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Margaret Duff (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.95). Returning from a police conference in Bordeaux, Maigret stops off at the small town of Fontenay-le-Comte for a visit with an old school friend, the local Examining Magistrate, and learns that three people have been beaten to death there in the past week—a man of wealth and position, a midwife, and the town drunkard. Maigret takes no part in the investigation, but he follows it with interest, and finally, with a nudge or two, sees to it that his old friend finds the curious answer. This is the first American edition of a book that was written in Lakeville, Connecticut, in 1953. Like all the work that Simenon did in that period, it ranks with his most mature and most obliquely rich and subtle novels. The France so knowingly depicted here is, of course, the France of the thirties.

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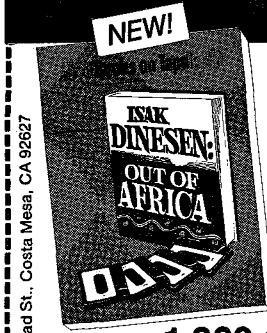
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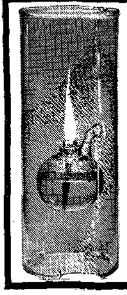
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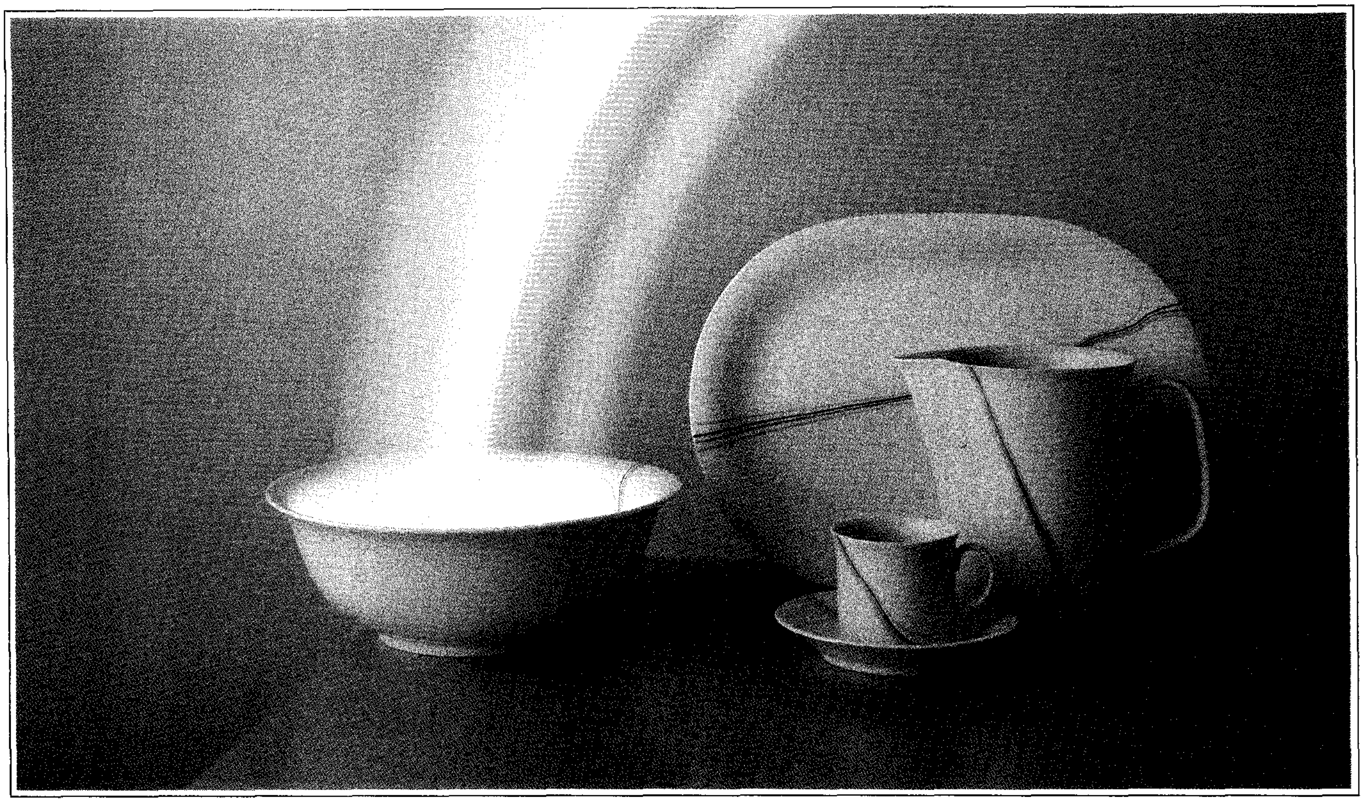

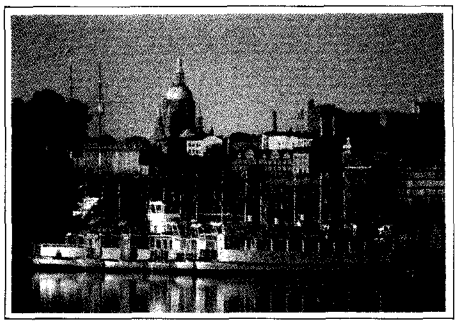

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